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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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No. CCCXCIII.

ART. I.—*The United Kingdom: a Political History.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1899.

IT may be confidently asserted that no one but a professor of history could have written this book. There is a flavour of the lecture-room in every page, in nearly every sentence of it; and, as we read, we can commonly picture to ourselves the tone of the lecturer, the attitude of his hearers. Notwithstanding its title, it is not a history in the ordinary sense of the word, nor does it really make any pretension to being one; it is a commentary—and a very admirable commentary—on the text-books with which the lecturer's hearers were—as now the professor's readers are—*ex hypothesi*, familiar. We do not go to it for facts, but for opinions; it makes no parade of original research; it is admittedly based on the labours of others; but of these it is a digest and interpreter. It frequently happens in the works of his contemporaries that the structure is concealed, the design altogether hidden behind the scaffolding; here the scaffolding is removed, and the plan made manifest, not in its full proportions or its wealth of detail, but in such guise as to show clearly what the building is, or, at any rate, what the author conceives it to be. In the interpretation of facts there is often room for difference of opinion. The light of incidents strikes the planes of imagination at different angles, and is differently reflected; or it strikes faulty spots, which give no reflection at all, and greatly alter the character of the image. It is thus that, in a work largely made up of opinions and interpretations, there must of necessity be a good deal which, to a careful reader, will seem doubtful, or even erroneous; but, whether we agree with what we read or not, the one thing that con-

tinually impresses us is the virility of the whole; we have here the opinions of a man—one who has been trained from youth upwards to read, and ponder well over what he reads, to form an opinion, and to give it vent, without undue favour, without undue reticence.

It would be a tedious, and indeed impossible, task even to attempt a full examination of the wealth of matter here offered to us; but some of the judgements, explanations, and character sketches are deserving of special notice; and, on the other hand, there are instances in which opinions of some importance are based on an inaccurate presentment of facts, and are worthy of being examined in detail. We do not stop to criticise the reference to the Heptarchy, though we had thought that no one now believed in such a thing; but when we find Alfred described as 'the model man of the 'English race,' we feel bound to enter a protest. Something of the sort is not unfamiliar to us; but we expected better from Mr. Goldwin Smith than a repetition of it. For, in truth, Alfred was not English at all; he was Saxon; and in his day, as, indeed, for long years after it, the difference between Angle and Saxon was very real, and in the struggle against the Danes was very important. The country of the Angles was overrun, conquered, and assimilated by the later Danes without much difficulty. It was only when these invaded the territory of the Saxons that the strenuous opposition began; and when the country was partitioned by the treaty of Wedmore, the dividing line followed very closely that between Mercia and Wessex. Of course, we all know how strongly Professor Freeman used to insist on the fact that the people of Wessex at this time called themselves English; but the name which they borrowed did not make them less Saxon, differing by race and language from the Angles, whom the Saxons often spoke of as Danes. Freeman's authoritative pronouncements have done much to obscure this point, which is, however, one of considerable interest, and indeed importance, as explaining much in our early history.

Mr. Smith rightly says of the country in 1066, 'The north 'was but imperfectly welded to the south. Provincial feel-'ing was strong; patriotism was not'—patriotism, that is, for England as a whole. But when he continues, 'The 'great earldoms had overtopped the Crown, and divided the 'nation,' he is, we think, confusing the antecedent with the consequent. Again, he says, 'Edwin and Morcar were weak, 'selfish, false to the national cause,' ignoring the fact that

neither Edwin nor Morcar had any conception of a national cause such as he understands it. In their eyes, the power that was broken at Hastings was that of Wessex; to them, the cause of Wessex was not a national cause; nor did they conceive that it particularly concerned them whether William, or Harold or Edgar claimed to be overlord of the northern part of England. It is quite possible that, of the three, they judged William the one who, by reason of his interests in Normandy, would be least likely to interfere with them. It needed the welding hammer of the Norman to convince them to the contrary—to teach them that Mercia and Northumbria and Wessex were but parts of one England. The non-recognition of this has led to many errors, as it has now led Mr. Smith to write:—

'Philosophic historians call the Norman Conquest a blessing in disguise. Disguised the blessing certainly was to those whose blood dyed the hill of Senlac, or whose lands were taken from them and given to a stranger. Disguised it was to the perishing thousands of the ravaged north. Disguised it was to the whole of the people, enslaved to foreign masters, and for the time down-trodden and despised. But was it in any sense a blessing? Why was England in need of the Norman? Could not Harold, her own elected and heroic king, have ruled her as well as the stranger? Could he not have united her, if it was union that she lacked, as well as William?'

To this question the answer must be in the negative. The Angle would not willingly be subject to the Saxon. Harold was a capable, possibly a great, man; but we have no reason to suppose him greater or more capable than Cnut, or Edgar *cum* Dunstan, or Edward the Elder, or Alfred—or that he could have effected what had proved beyond the power of these. We are taught that 'sweet are the uses of adver-'sity;' but they have other good qualities than sweetness, and the several tribes that made up the people of England were to learn some of them by hard and cruel experience. Mr. Smith sums up his view of the Norman conquest by describing it as forming the connexion with France which led to the Hundred Years' War, and as severing from England the Saxon lowlands of Scotland, and thus putting off the union of Britain. We do not dwell on the repeated confusion of calling the Scottish lowlanders Saxon, though they were and still are very pure Angle, nor of ignoring the centuries of hatred and war between Bernicia and Deira; but it is to this same confusion between Saxons and Angles and the countless subdivisions of Angles that we must attribute such sentences as

these. 'England'—a mere geographical expression as used, with no political significance—

'England had a polity, however rude or dilapidated. Normandy had no polity; it had only a feudal anarchy held down by an arbitrary duke. . . . England had laws, while Normandy had none. . . . Not by lack of worth was England lost; what was fatal was the lack of a leader in the hour of need;'

although partly, as he admits, 'by lack of national unity 'and military discipline.' It would be more correct to say 'chiefly' than 'partly;' and it was exactly this lack of unity which the Normans supplied—they welded the different people into one; but the process was both long and painful:—

'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.'

As to the question of the relative worth of the people, it would be difficult to decide. Each had some good quality which the others had not, and contributed it, in course of time, to the general stock; but any student of Darwin will understand that, in history as in nature, it is the fittest—not necessarily the best—which survives, and that a race, or two or three races, of disconnected, disunited geniuses, each striving against all others, must give place to a united people, acting under one head, even if their intellectual or physical forces are singly superior.

The accession of Stephen gives rise to some reflexions on the English law of succession to the crown which are of great interest, more especially as the real significance of that law is very commonly misunderstood. What Mr. Smith says of this particular instance, and of Henry's inducing the barons to take an oath of fidelity to the Empress Maud, is:—

'No woman had yet reigned; no woman could perform the duties of a Norman king. Legitimacy and the idea of a proprietary right to the crown had been gaining on the principle of election; but they had not yet got so far as this. The Lion might have known that oaths sworn in his dread presence to a female succession would be unsworn when he was gone. Accordingly, when a surfeit of lampreys had rather ingloriously sent the great king to a tomb . . . the barons broke faith with the dead. Setting Matilda aside, they gave the crown to Stephen.'

But in many different passages he emphasises the fact that from the earliest ages the crown of the English people—English, in this instance, including Saxon—has been really elective, though within limits which did away with

much, if not all, of the danger of intrigue and family feud. Thus he says of the early Saxons :—

'The king was elected by the witan, but always out of the heroic house of Cerdic, and generally by the rule of male primogeniture, though the witan, as the exigencies of rough times required, could sometimes exclude, and sometimes depose, as the Parliament, its successor, deposed Edward II., Richard II., and virtually, though not in form, the second James.'

Or, again, of John :—

'Had the present rule of succession to the crown been then in force, young Arthur would have been Richard's successor on the throne. But the rule was not yet settled, and the man was still preferred to the boy. John, when he had gone through the form of election and been crowned by the Archbishop, was rightful king of England.'

Curiously, he appears to lose sight of this principle in speaking of the accession of Henry VII., when he says :—

'On the field of Bosworth, Henry Tudor put on the circlet taken from the head of the slain Richard. This was his real coronation. His title was victory, though in deference to the principle of inheritance, by this time deeply rooted, he entwined with it that of succession from a legitimated bastard of Lancaster and that of marriage with the heiress of York.'

But much of this is contrary to fact, and all of it to the theory of the Constitution. It was, indeed, said that Henry intended to claim the throne by right of conquest, but desisted on its being pointed out to him that to do so would set all the Yorkists against him. It is quite certain that the enemy whom he defeated at Bosworth was Richard, not the Yorkists; and that without a friendly agreement with the Yorkists he could not have attained the throne. It is possible, and indeed probable, that he believed the limiting clause introduced by Henry IV. into the Act legitimatising the Beauforts to be valid; so that, while he spoke of coming to the crown 'by just right of inheritance,' he was careful not to particularise it; but the Parliament, called in his interest, put any claim of the sort on one side, and asserted simply 'that the inheritance of the crowns of 'England and France be, rest, remain, and abide in the 'person of our now sovereign lord, King Harry the Seventh, 'and in the heirs of his body.' He thus reigned by a title as purely parliamentary as that of Henry IV., or John, or Stephen—not to carry the instances still further back.

It may easily be said, What does Henry VII.'s title

matter now? So far as Henry himself is concerned, nothing; but to his descendants it is a matter of some interest, and to the right understanding of English history it is a matter of some importance. In 1536 Parliament modified the Act of 1485 by giving Henry VIII. power to regulate the succession by will, and it may well be that the reaction in favour of hereditary right, and the parliamentary approval of that reaction which brought James I. to the throne in despite of Henry VIII.'s will, had much to do with impressing on the Stuart sovereigns their theory of Divine Right. But of such a theory Parliament knew nothing. In strict accordance with old precedent, it elected William III. and Mary in 1689, and in 1700 passed the Act of Settlement, forming the title of the House of Hanover. We so frequently hear it said that the Queen's sovereignty is of the nature of a usurpation, and that our true legitimate sovereign is a nearer representative of the Stuart family, that we may be excused for pointing out that no prince of the House of Stuart can have a stronger title to the throne than that which was given to Henry VII.—that is, an Act of Parliament. The title of the House of Hanover has thus exactly the same force as that of the House of Tudor or the House of Stuart before 1689 or 1700; and to talk of the better and absolute right to the crown of England of any descendant of Charles I. is not only political nonsense—as everybody not qualified for apartments in a lunatic asylum knows it is—but is also historical nonsense, as to which some reasonably sane people have professed doubts.

The popular idea of Archbishop Thomas—very commonly called Becket—is that he was the champion of liberty against an arbitrary king, and died in glorious martyrdom for the cause to which he had devoted his life. This is not the student's view, and twenty years ago Mr. Rawson Gardiner pointed out that the liberties which the Archbishop defended were those of his order; that he was little more than the champion of his profession. This is the view which, in more positive language, Mr. Smith now enunciates. After speaking of Becket's early career as secretary and chancellor, he says:—

'Character does not suddenly change in middle age, but aims sometimes do. . . . We are told that he changed his life, practised asceticism, wore a hair shirt, &c. . . . That he set himself to reform the Church his biographers assure us; but to two great abuses, pluralism and sinecurism, he was bound to be kind, since he had

not only himself been one of the greatest of pluralists and sinecurists before his appointment to the archbishopric, but after his appointment had continued with his archbishopric to hold the rich archdeaconry of Canterbury.'

And again:—

'Of Christ in Becket's character there is little trace, except the courage of martyrdom. Nor was he the champion of any cause but clerical privilege. In that cause he fought stoutly and died bravely. In passing judgement on his case we have to determine how far privilege, in itself unreasonable and noxious, might in that stage of civilisation be useful as a bar against the despotism of kings. That sympathy is due to the Papacy or the Church as a moral power contending against a power not moral seems a fallacy. Superstition is no more moral than force. To effect its ends it has to become force.'

And after enumerating some dozen of political crimes, countenanced by the Pope, from the Norman conquest of England to the expulsion of the Huguenots, he asks:—

'What were these but acts of force commanded by superstition? Were they any the more spiritual or the less criminal because superstition, instead of doing them herself, had to enlist in her service, at the same time depraving, an earthly power?'

And on the subject of popular liberties and the welfare of the lower classes he has:—

'Fancy has pitched on the article [in the Constitutions of Clarendon] forbidding the ordination of serfs without the consent of the lords, and Becket, for resisting that enactment, has been held up as the tribune of an oppressed people and a subject race. There is nothing of this in the biographies or in the voluminous correspondence of Becket and his friends. . . . That ordination did open a door to the serf is true; let the Church have full credit for it. But the Constitution was not intended to close that door; it was intended simply to guard the property of the lay lord. The Church preached emancipation as a good deed; yet she held serfs herself, though probably in mild bondage, to the last. It seems also that she restrained her own serfs from ordination.'

Mr. Smith's bias against what may be called the political side of the Church of Rome is so strongly marked, that it is not surprising to find him taking the execution, by Henry IV., of Archbishop Scrope as quite the correct reward for getting up a rebellion in the North and issuing manifestoes which were 'worth about as much as the pro-'nunciamiento of a rebel aspirant to the presidency of a 'South American Republic.'

'The age of Becket,' he says, 'was past. The execution was a

strong measure for that day; to call it judicial murder seems too ecclesiastical. Scrope was taken in armed, unprovoked, and criminal rebellion. . . . The coat of mail in which the Archbishop had been arrested was sent to the Pope, with the question, "Is this thy son's coat?" Nor was the moral force of that argument touched by the Pope's smart answer, "An evil beast hath devoured him." Was the country to be devastated and dismembered with impunity by political intriguers styling themselves apostles of the religion of Christ?'

We may thus feel very certain that Mr. Smith has no prejudices in favour of the Papacy, and that, when he comes to speak of the Reformation under Henry VIII., he is not influenced by any partisan sympathy in saying:—

'More did no seditious act; he spoke no disloyal word; but he declined to swear against his conscience to the Act of Succession, framed to legitimise the marriage with Anne . . . or to the Act of Supremacy making an earthly despot head of the Church. It was the special infamy of these statutes that they violated the sanctuary of conscience, and required not only submission, but an oath of assent. . . . More was attainted and murdered. With him for the same cause died Bishop Fisher, the best of the Catholic prelates. . . . The sophisms by which these murders have been defended may be passed over with scorn.'

His comment on the death of the monks of the Charterhouse is not less frank:—

'Refusing, as not only every Catholic, but every Protestant worthy of the name, would now refuse, to take the tyrant's tests, they were iniquitously and cruelly butchered—partners with More and Fisher in martyrdom, not to the Catholic faith alone, but to spiritual liberty and truth.'

A man who can speak thus of the crucial instances of the king's tyranny may claim to be listened to when he speaks of the dissolution of the monasteries—a measure which he describes as suggested by Cromwell in order to provide the means of supplying the demands of his master's extravagance. He is fully aware that the commissioners were mere tools, sent to find reasons for a sweeping confiscation and finding them accordingly; that their report sometimes preceded inquiry; that charges of misconduct and treason were fashioned to order; and that the whole proceeding was as iniquitous and abominable as anything in our history. Nevertheless, he approves of the result. The monasteries, monastic life, monasticism in England were an anachronism:—

'Asceticism, a false aspiration, though useful in its day as a protest against barbarian sensuality, had by this time decisively failed. It had

degenerated into torpor, or something worse than torpor, with a prayer-mill. Rules had been relaxed. In the lesser monasteries especially corruption had frequently set in. Monastic life having become a life of drones, the lazy were sure to take to it, and laziness was pretty sure to breed vice. Monasteries in parts of the country where there were no inns were still useful as hospices. They fed the poor at their gates, fostering mendicancy, however, by their almsgiving. As havens of learning and places of education they had been largely superseded by universities, grammar schools, and libraries. Printing had put an end to the use of their writing-rooms for copying books. Instead of being in a narrow way pioneers of intellectual progress, they had become a bar to it. Of all that was reactionary and obscurantist in the Church they were the strongholds, and some of them subsisted by the grossest impostures of superstition. To parochial religion they were noxious as appropriators of parish tithes. Easy landlords they probably were, but not, as in the early Cistercian days, agricultural improvers. . . . They had, in short, generally become an incubus on the community.'

No fairer or clearer summary of this much-controverted question has perhaps ever been penned; and its writer is necessarily led to the conclusion that the time had come for the end of monasticism in England. But he thinks that

'dissolution might have been gradual. It might have respected local circumstance and feeling. In the wild and ill-peopled North monasteries were still useful as hospices, as almshouses, as dispensaries, as record offices, as schools, perhaps in a rough way as centres of civilisation. Their faith was still that of the people; their prayers and masses for the dead were still prized. Their destruction and the religious innovations of the government brought on a dangerous insurrection in the North, called the Pilgrimage of Grace.'

Mr. Smith has, however, omitted one consideration which must have seemed all-important in Cromwell's eyes, and rendered immediate action necessary. The monasteries were extra-diocesan, and under the immediate authority of the Pope; they were thus strongholds of the papal power, garrisons of the enemy to the king's supremacy. To maintain this, some radical change in the government of the monasteries was imperative, and the more so according as the individual houses were purer, better administered, doing better work. It was simpler, as well as more profitable, to overthrow them altogether and divide the spoil. The infamy of the means adopted to bring about the dissolution is Cromwell's; the infamy of the spoliation is Henry's. The money ought to have been devoted, if not entirely to purposes of religion and education, at least to the service of the State. As it was, a small part was spent in found-

ing new bishoprics or providing for the defence of the nation:—

'Far the greater part became the prey of the king and his minions. The vast estates of noble houses remain monuments of the confiscation, and they bound those houses to the cause of Protestantism and a Protestant government so long as the conflict lasted. This is the origin, and hence were derived the politics, of the houses of Russell, Cavendish, Seymour, Grey, Dudley, Sidney, Cecil, Herbert, Fitzwilliam, Rich, which replaced the feudal baronage of the Middle Ages, linked to Protestantism and Constitutionalism by their possession of the Church lands. The effect was felt as late as the Stuart rising in 1745. . . . The tithes, which had been appropriated by the monasteries, were not restored to the parishes, but embezzled by the spoilers, and, as the property of lay impropriators, remain a scandal to this hour.'

The ecclesiastical change brought about by Henry VIII. was in no sense religious: it was political or administrative only, and, notwithstanding the many abominations which ushered it in, it resulted in the rooting out of papal jurisdiction from this realm. For two hundred years—since the passing of the first Statute of Præmunire in 1353—kings and their ministers had had this before them as an ideal which they had never been able to carry out; it had only become possible when, consequent on the War of the Roses, a strong king found himself unopposed by a turbulent and powerful baronage, and thus independent of the Pope's alliance. The religious change, or reformation, followed in the reign of Edward VI.; and though the violence prompted or permitted by Somerset or Northumberland led to a reaction in the succeeding reign, the terrible scenes which, however contrary to the sentiment of the English people, were enacted by Mary's order, ensured victory to a Protestant revival, and led to a settlement which was not seriously disturbed for more than half a century. Not that it was altogether pleasing to Elizabeth. She would probably have preferred a return to Catholicism and the recognition of the Pope's authority in religious questions:—

'In her chapel, to the scandal of hearty Protestants, stood the crucifix with the lighted tapers before it. She disliked married clergy, and treated their wives with the insolence which always lay beneath her gracious airs. She announced her accession to the Pope . . . probably in full accordance with her own leanings. . . . But the daughter of Anne Boleyn had been born under the ban of the Papacy. Bastard as she was in the eyes of Rome, her only title to the crown was anti-papal, while there was a claimant at once papal and legitimate in the person of Mary, Queen of Scots. Elizabeth's part was decisively

cast for her when the Vatican not only repelled her overtures, but in course of time deposed her and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. Whether she would or not, the Queen of England became the head of the Protestant cause in Europe.'

Some of Mr. Smith's short character-sketches are admirable—snapshots of singular clearness—such, for instance, as that of John, who had 'force, fitful energy, even flashes 'of statesmanship and generalship,' but 'seems to have 'been thoroughly wicked.' 'The ecclesiastical chroniclers 'do not seem to have gone much beyond the mark in 'saying that when he died he made hell fouler by his 'coming. . . . His throne of cruelty, lust, perfidy, and 'rapine was upheld by mercenary troops, the scourge of a 'nation.' Of John's son he says: 'He would have been a 'good priest; he was a bad king. That he was a king 'instead of being a priest was not his fault.' Somewhat similar is his judgement on George III.: 'It was no fault 'of his that the part cast for him by destiny was not that 'of a ploughman, for which he had strength and virtue; or 'that of a soldier, for which he had courage; but that of 'a ruler of his kind.' James I. 'is the butt of history as a 'learned fool fancying himself the Solomon of kingcraft. '. . . He was kind-hearted, good-tempered, and, as a 'private man, would have most likely shambled through 'life an amiable though laughable pedant. But he was 'thoroughly weak, and destiny brought him to show his 'weakness on a throne, where it led him into public acts of 'folly, sometimes into public crimes.' But of all our kings, the only one whom Mr. Smith admires—the only one who seems to have been placed by destiny in his proper sphere—is Edward I.

'His reign,' he says, 'is an epoch in the history not of England only, but of the world. He reigns now, through the institutions to which he gave life, over almost all European nations, in America, in Australia, in Japan. He will continue to reign, even if his special institutions should pass away, as the statesman who achieved a union of authority with national opinion. . . . He was the real founder of parliamentary government; and had he lived, or not been thwarted by the malice of fortune, he would, in all probability, have been the founder of British union. . . . Richelieu in his day crushed feudal anarchy, and installed order in its room. But he did not call forth life, and the end was decay. Edward I. called forth life. His work did not decay.'

It would be impossible here to follow Mr. Smith through the details of his 37-pages-long eulogy of the 'Greatest of

'the Plantagenets,' even if considerations of space permitted the attempt. There is much with which every careful reader will cordially agree; much also from which many will dissent; but the general verdict must be essentially the same as Mr. Smith's. Edward's faults and errors were largely the product of his age; his goodness and greatness were his own; his work lives for his country. The author's judgement on Edward III. is, we think, less just. 'He was 'a brilliant soldier and a magnificent man, but hardly a 'general and still less a statesman.' A great war does not offer the best opportunities for constitutional progress or reform, and yet two statutes of Edward's reign—the first Statutes of Provisors and of Præmunire—indicate at least an intention, though it was left to his successors to reap the full benefit of them. In his later years his mind was under a cloud, but while in his prime his statesmanship was sufficient for his own needs and those of his country, and his generalship sufficed to win four great battles under his personal command, and three others by his deputies; to conduct a great siege to a successful issue, to direct a war of conquest, and to lay his enemy prostrate at his feet. What more is wanted? If we are to picture what he might have done if opposed by a Napoleon, let us at least allow him the five centuries of experience, and the roads, the guns, and the muskets which served Napoleon. But, in truth, it is impossible to compare the warriors of different ages.

The description of battles scarcely comes within the scope of Mr. Smith's work, so that very properly he passes them and the operations of war by with but scant mention. In the history of a great empire which has grown and been consolidated by war, such an omission is serious, and yet, on the whole, it is fortunate; for what little he has said shows that of this side of history his comprehension is imperfect. The subject is distasteful to him, and from time to time he repeats some variant on the familiar platitudes of those who preach peace when there is no peace—platitudes which often take the form of 'casting,' in the words of Captain Mahan,* 'the pearls of peace before the swine of self-'interest.' Thus we have: 'By war no one can really 'make trade flourish, since trade depends on wealth, which 'is destroyed by war.' This sort of thing has been repeated so often that people—some even of Mr. Smith's intellectual

* Lessons of the War with Spain, p. 45.

calibre—have come to believe in it. Mr. Smith seems to have done so. He elaborates the idea in different passages, as a summary of our greatest successes. Thus of the Peace of Paris, following the Seven Years' War, he says :—

> 'England kept Canada with consequences presently to be revealed, Minorca, some sugar islands, and some settlements in Africa which drew her more deeply into slavery and the slave trade, as well as her winnings in India. This was what she got for the expenditure of blood, the war taxation, eighty millions of additional debt, bringing the total up to a hundred and fifty millions, and, what proved to be a heavy item on the wrong side of the account, a renewal of deadly enmity with France. Pitt, his City worshippers said, had made commerce flourish by war. To create a factitious prosperity by the destruction of a rival marine and by war expenditure was possible. To create permanent prosperity by the destruction of wealth was not.

The necessary inference from all which is quite contrary to established fact. Several of the direct gains secured by the treaty can, indeed, no longer be counted. Minorca is a Spanish possession; the trade of the sugar islands is at a low ebb; the slave trade, having served to build up Liverpool, is a thing of the past, though Liverpool remains. But our hold on India has not been relaxed; and in the year 1900 we are not going to undervalue the acquisition of Canada, whatever Mr. Smith was ready to do in 1899. But even at the time the indirect gains of successful war were beyond comparison greater than those directly awarded. We had secured the practical monopoly of the world's commerce, and by the wars of the French Revolution and the Empire we sealed our possession. Mr. Smith speaks of the prosperity so won as 'factitious;' in history the possession for a century and a half may almost be called 'permanent.' Of course the statistics of the National Debt can be adduced as certain proof of the ruinous cost of war. The proof ceases to be a proof when the figures of the National Debt are collated with those of revenue, merchant tonnage, and the value of exports and imports. It will then be understood how it was that after each increase of debt it was found easier to pay the interest.

Mr. Smith's comments on the war waged by Henry V. are dictated by the same spirit, speaking, it would seem, without considering the special conditions. He supposes the war to have sprung *de novo* out of Henry's claim to the throne of France. But the war was no new war; it was

begun by the French king eighty years before, in the hope of winning back Aquitaine to the French crown, and had gone on pretty continuously ever since. There had been truces, but they were little more than nominal. The French had taken advantage of the political state of England—an imbecile king, a dying heir, and an infant successor—to secure great successes; it was equally natural for Henry to take advantage of the sanguinary quarrel which was rending France. And what he claimed, in the first instance, was not the crown, but the terms of the Treaty of Bretigny, with Normandy added—partly, we may suppose, as compensation for the delay, partly because of the weakness of France. Of all this Mr. Smith has nothing; he says:—

'The conduct of France had been unfriendly; she had fomented and aided Scotch hostility and Welsh rebellion; but unfriendly also was the occupation of Calais by England, to say nothing of her barring, by the retention of a remnant of Aquitaine, with Bordeaux and Bayonne, the unification of France. The union of the two crowns upon the same head was impracticable, and if it had been practicable would have been fatal.'

It is quite legitimate to put forward these conclusions, though they are stated with an excess of assurance. Potential history is an impossible study, and in this case all that we can certainly say is that the chronicles of the two countries would be very different from what they actually are if the union had been completed and had endured. It is equally legitimate to argue, as Mr. Smith has argued, that the holding of Aquitaine by the English was contrary to the interests of England, that the effort to maintain our grasp of it would, if rightly directed, have been sufficient to reduce Scotland to allegiance. But to suggest that England was under a moral obligation to give up territory which she had legally and peacefully inherited and had held for two centuries or more, solely because the French coveted it, is neither history, nor philosophy, nor common sense. The French, at any rate, give no support to any such theory. In the end of the seventeenth century, by force, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century, by fraud, France possessed herself of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany always desired to recover these provinces, either by diplomacy or by war, but by European concert was prevented. At last, after waiting from 130 to 200 years, her opportunity came, and she compelled the robber to disgorge. France, far from accepting Mr. Smith's theory, felt and

still feels aggrieved, and was and is ready to go to very great lengths to regain the lost provinces. That if ever she sees, or fancies she sees, her opportunity, she will make the attempt, may be considered certain; and meanwhile the loss and the hope of recovery colour and modify all her diplomacy and her foreign policy.

The only differences between the cases of Alsace-Lorraine and Aquitaine are that England had held this latter much longer, and that original acquisition of it was neither by conquest nor chicanery, but by marriage and inheritance. As the result of the war which, with varying fortunes, lasted for upwards of a hundred years, England finally lost this rich province in the unhappy reign of Henry VI.; but the memory of it remained. Every English king, every English government, held that it still belonged to England, and that it was their duty to recover it. This does not appear so prominently in history, for the English did not cry aloud for 'la revanche,' and the chroniclers did not always know of the wish for it. But the desire and intention appear in every negotiation—from those that were carried on in the reign of Henry IV. with Burgundy or Armagnac to those with France or Spain or Germany, which occupied such a large share of Wolsey's life. And though before the accession of Elizabeth people were beginning to console themselves with the belief that the grapes were sour, and that England was better without the grape-bearing province, the loss of Calais kept the memory green till near the end of the sixteenth century. But Elizabeth's reign was filled with present realities and future hopes rather than with fond memories of the past. Driven out of France, the English were spreading over the ocean or seeking compensation in the New World; and thus it is that

'a great part of Elizabeth's reign is a glorious gap in political history. Politics are almost lost in the struggle for national existence, and the history is military or diplomatic. The page is filled by the efforts of statesmen to support the Protestant and English interest, in Scotland against that of the Guises, in France to protect the same interests against the same dark power; by the deeds and sufferings of the English auxiliaries in the Netherlands and in France; by the war with Spain upon the sea and the defeat of the Armada. Patriotism takes the form of loyalty to the head of the nation. . . . Shakespeare is full of patriotic fire; but in the mirror which he holds up to his age no political forms are seen. He is himself monarchical, dislikes the mob, laughs a little at the sectaries, girds at the Pope, though he makes no allusion to the struggle with Papal Spain or to the Armada;

but there is not a trace in him of party feeling or of interest in constitutional questions. To him King John is the King of England defending the realm against the French invader; of the Great Charter he says not a word.'

For Mr. Smith the reign is practically a blank—not, indeed, that he does not devote a legitimate number of pages to it, but that the subject is not congenial to him, and his treatment of it is perfunctory, confused, inaccurate, and needlessly abusive of the queen and 'her vile favourite, 'Leicester.' But

'as the reign wears on and the danger from abroad passes away, home politics revive. The House of Commons shows a more independent spirit, vindicates its freedom of speech, attacks abuses, moots high questions of state, challenges prerogative, opens, in fact, the irrepressible conflict between government by prerogative and government by Parliament, of which the supremacy of Parliament is destined to be the result.'

This revival is the more interesting as calling attention to the fact that there was a House of Commons to revive. When the kings of France made themselves absolute, they so changed the constitution of their Parliament that it was powerless to resist their will, and they abolished the States-General altogether. During the greater part of the sixteenth century the Tudor sovereigns were at least as absolute as any of the French kings, but they were so under the forms of the constitution. They were careful to obtain a constitutional sanction for their most unconstitutional acts. It was easier for them to have a Parliament to bear the burden of responsibility whether for beheading queens, dissolving monasteries, or burning heretics. Therefore they contented themselves with providing a Parliament willing to do exactly what it was ordered. The majority of the peers were creatures of the Crown; the majority of the commons were its nominees:—

'In a certain sense the weakness of Parliament may be said to have been its salvation. Had it been strong enough to wrestle with the Tudors, they, with the influences and needs of the time in their favour, would probably have destroyed it. As it was subservient, they were content to let it live, to pay it a nominal deference, sometimes to let it relieve them of responsibility, and to wield supreme power under its forms.'

Henry VII., indeed, seldom troubled himself with one. He had other means of raising money, and felt that the exigencies of the time were best met by an absolute monarchy. His immediate successors, however, found their

hands strengthened by the pretence of parliamentary support and even parliamentary limitation. Parliament thus continued to exist, and when the time came the limitation ceased to be a pretence; the House of Commons asserted, fought for, regained, and extended its constitutional authority. The struggle occupied the greater part of the seventeenth century, beginning almost with the accession of James I. and continuing with varying success, amid stormy debates, clashing arms, and tragic interludes, to the deposition of James II.

In Mr. Smith's comments on the history of this interesting and important period there is much on which we would willingly pause; for though here, as in the later chapters of the work, his facts seem to have been occasionally selected by sentiment or prejudice rather than by authority, the merit of such a book by such an author is that it raises questions and leads or compels the reader to examine points of detail, as to which he may sometimes be resting in an attitude of what Paley used to call 'otiose assent.' In all serious studies, whatever breaks up this otiose assent is useful, and in history the suggestions which lead to a consideration of the real meaning of events, or of the true character of the actors, have a value which may be far beyond their intrinsic worth. Some of Mr. Smith's sketches of the most noteworthy men of the century are, however, admirable in their way. In the present year, that of Cromwell will bear repetition:—

'He had set out as a fanatic, though his fanaticism was sincere and grand; nor could he ever entirely put off the intellectual or the moral obliquity by which the character is beset. Up dangerous paths he had climbed, or rather had been drawn, to the height of power, and no doubt he had more than once slipped on the way. . . . He had undergone the evil influences, not only of faction, but of civil strife. His vision as a statesman could not extend beyond the horizon of his age, an age of state churches, of commercial monopoly, of religious and territorial war. But without being a demi-god, he may have been a very great man. Nor is it strange that to a very great man a great nation, in the throes of a revolution which stirred the depths of its soul, should have given birth. . . . A longer period of Cromwell, or of persistence in his policy, might have averted not only the reaction in England, with all the evil which it wrought, but the ascendency of Louis XIV., and have changed the course of European history. . . . For the time Cromwell's work was undone, and on his fame settled a cloud of obloquy, which now and then lifted when disaster and disgrace under other governments forced England to think of his glory. . . . The cloud is now dispersed, and Cromwell's

work and name are accepted by his countrymen, to some of whom, perhaps, he has become an object of excessive admiration. As the world goes on and intelligence spreads, the importance of individual leaders grows less. . . . Yet, at a crisis, there may still be a call for a leader, and it is something to know that England has produced a leader indeed. Posthumous influence through their works is given to many, personal influence beyond their lives to few, but among those few is Oliver Cromwell.'

As a fellow to this might be placed in juxtaposition Mr. Smith's picture of William of Orange—'a man of his 'century, a thoroughbred diplomatist and politician, the 'worthy heir of William the Silent'—whose portrait, he thinks, 'has somewhat lost by oratorical painting;' or, in striking contrast, that of James II., who 'was malignant 'and cruel in a high degree,' whose 'heart was as hard as 'flint,' who 'aimed at absolute power,' with 'Louis XIV. 'and French monarchy always in his mind,' though, 'for-'tunately for the nation, he was an obstinate fool.' They are, however, too long to quote at length, and do not readily lend themselves to extracts.

As we come into the eighteenth century the character of the work is in some respects changed; it more nearly approximates to an ordinary history, though the commentary is there also. As a summary of domestic politics it leaves little to be desired, but the constitutional questions were comparatively few, and those—the Union of 1707, for instance, or that of 1800—do not strike any sympathetic note in the author's bosom. He almost permits the inference that each union might have been better if confirmed on the lines sketched by Cromwell. But the main interest of the century lies neither in domestic politics nor in constitutional problems, but in our foreign relations and in the rude steps by which our commerce was extended and confirmed, our maritime supremacy established, our colonial empire developed. But such things are distasteful to the author and repugnant to his sentiment. He does not omit all mention of them, but what he does say is frequently inaccurate and always bald and perfunctory. War—everywhere and for every cause except, perhaps, against the Irish or Scottish Celt—is an abomination in his eyes; peace—at any price, by full concession to any demand—appears to be his ideal of statesmanship. Walpole is a nobler and greater man than Chatham.

'Hero-worshippers will not worship Walpole. But if he did not give the nation glory, he helped to give it the material elements of

happiness. After all, military glory is not the only sentiment. There is a sentiment attached to prosperous industry and the home. If the people are prosperous, they will be happy; if they are happy, as a rule they will be good; and there are those whose sentiment is satisfied by goodness.'

This sounds Arcadian; but in national affairs goodness is a relative term, and even in private life the influence which prompts a man to deliver up his purse to the persuasive pistol of the robber is not called goodness, but fear. It is not goodness in a public minister to yield to the unjust demand of an enemy, because by a false economy, and by neglecting the armaments of his country, he has made it difficult or dangerous to protest against violence and robbery; and it was not goodness that induced Walpole to acquiesce in the Spaniards seizing Naples in 1735, and converting the western basin of the Mediterranean into a Bourbon lake, the evil effects of which we were to feel nine years later, when France forced a war on us. But presumably there ought to have been no war—certainly not with Spain, who was justly irritated by our retention of Gibraltar, of which, however, there was no question at this time; and, in the name of goodness, not with France, when it would have been so easy to send the Elector of Hanover back to his German principality, welcome James III. as our sovereign, change our form of religion, adopt wooden shoes, and receive a French resident at our Court. But what is this paltry talk of goodness and generosity but a craven fear which Mr. Swinburne has well described as

> 'fain to prate
> Of honour in dishonour, pride brought low,
> And humbleness whence holiness must grow,
> And greatness born of shame to be so great'?

To very many readers the most interesting pages in the whole work will be those which treat of the revolt of our North American colonies, and the conditions under which they won their independence. Mr. Smith's English antecedents, and long residence in America, have naturally led him to consider this chapter of our history with fuller knowledge than falls to the lot of most Englishmen, and without the prejudice which hampers so many of the historians of the States. To Englishmen in general the rebellion and the war arose simply out of the Stamp Act and the Boston Port Bill. Among Americans, who ought to have known better, it was long considered a necessity of patriotism to speak of them as the uprising of a people

determined to be free against a wicked conspiracy, on the part of the king and his ministers, to enslave them, and to refer their good success to the military ardour and persistent bravery of their men, guided by the military skill of Washington. A better tone and truer statement are to be found in some of their recent writings, but they have not yet found their way into the books which are read by the bulk of the people, or are taught in the schools. Contrary to the lessons of these last, Mr. Smith shows that from the foundation of the several colonies, 'by religious or political 'exiles, who carried with them the spirit of resistance to 'oppression,' there had always been a strong degree of repulsion to the authority of the English Government:—

'In the north was the descendant of the exiled Puritan; in the south was the descendant of the exiled Cavalier; in Maryland the Roman Catholic had sought a haven of refuge from the penal laws; in Pennsylvania the Quaker had found freedom from a state church. To these had recently been added Irish Presbyterians, fugitives at once from the tyranny of the Irish episcopate and from British restrictions on Irish industry.'

He then gives a short outline of the different forms of government in the different colonies, and continues:—

'Though there was a certain amount of chronic friction between their local assemblies and the governors, they had politically little cause for complaint, nor did they seriously complain. . . . Commercially it was far otherwise. The colonies generally were treated by the mother-country, according to the notion universally prevalent in those protectionist days, as existing for her commercial benefit.'

He goes on to enumerate the several restrictions on trade as the practical working of the Navigation Act, and the jealousy of English manufacturers. This jealousy was no new thing; it was already well established before the end of the seventeenth century; and when some merchants of London suggested that the competition in manufactured goods might be prevented by developing the trade in colonial products, and proposed to found a company to import from New England the supplies of timber, masts, spars, tar, &c., needed for the navy, the influence of the Baltic merchants was sufficient to prevent the proposals being approved or the company's getting a charter; while, at the same time, the influence of the manufacturers was sufficient to procure a prohibition of all manufacturing industry in the colonies. Some privileges, supposed to be countervailing, were conceded:—

'but these privileges did by no means countervail, and the colonial

system of England, though liberal compared with the Spanish system, and practically mitigated by contraband trade, was still so galling that in spite of the ties of race, history, and a common flag, there would probably have been a rupture long before, had the colonies not been bound to the mother-country by a strong tie of another kind.'

This tie was the need of protection against the French.

'The English colonists outnumbered the French thirty to one, and were certainly not inferior to them in natural valour. But they were farmers and traders, while the French-Canadian was as much of a bushranger as either, and was backed by the army of France as well as aided by the tomahawk of the Indian savage, to him a too congenial ally.'

The French were one compact body, governed by one despotic will. The English were split up into many different bodies, with many mutual jealousies; none was willing to take arms for the defence of another where the interest was not common. The danger from the French was more threatening to the New England colonies, and the southern provinces washed their hands of it; and similarly when Virginia was suffering from the invasion of the Indians, in 1763–4, New England refused to assist.* It was not—as is commonly said, and as Mr. Smith has repeated—to meet the cost of the war with France that Grenville imposed the Stamp Duties, but to ward off the ill consequences of this disunion by providing an armed force for the common defence. As is well known, the colonists refused to see the necessity or to pay the tax; all they would understand was that the French danger was removed:—

'After the conquest of Canada there was an outburst of loyal affection, and Pitt was as much idolised† in British America as in Great Britain. But, as shrewd observers at the time foresaw, when the fear of France departed attachment to England cooled. From that time there was among the Republicans in Massachusetts a party which aspired to independence, and was ready to embrace the first occasion of breaking the chain. Its apostle was Samuel Adams, who, finding himself unfitted for trade, had turned his mind to political agitation.'

This first occasion came with the passing of the Stamp Act:—

'Massachusetts was ripe for revolt. Samuel Adams and his circle had leavened her with his doctrines; lawyers were her political

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* Cf. Lecky's 'History of England,' vol. iv. pp. 57–8.

† The memory of this is preserved in the name of Pittsburg, a town which occupies the site of Fort Duquesne.

pastors; her taverns were full of political debate and agitation. She rose at once in angry protest, forcibly resisted the execution of the Act, levelled the stamp office, wrecked the house of the stamp distributor . . . and gutted the mansion of the Lieutenant-Governor, who barely escaped with his life. Her lips continued to speak the language of loyalty, but her hand had raised the standard of rebellion.'

Whether, in the state of public feeling thus excited, any ministry could have prevented the rebellion may be doubted; but all possibility was at an end when the reins of government were entrusted to Lord North:—

'North, round whose head an historic aureole of infamy has gathered, was neither bad nor wanting in capacity. He had great aptitude for business, great industry, great tact and readiness, as well as imperturbable good humour in debate. . . . Nor, though the king's nominee and a minister of prerogative, was he by any means himself disposed to violent or tyrannical courses. His easy good nature was his fault. His crime was compliance with the arbitrary and obstinate temper of the king. . . . His infamy shows that amiable weakness is criminal in a statesman.'

And so the rebellion began and the civil war. War, conducted in the cabinet by such men as Sandwich and Germain, and in the field by a Gage or a Howe, was not likely to have any happy result. Still the inherent superiority of disciplined over undisciplined forces was gradually showing itself. Enthusiasm, like a river in flood, may threaten to carry everything before it, but it dashes in vain against an army buttressed by discipline, and in cold, in wet, in hunger, and defeat, will surely die out. In presence of these difficulties raw levies will melt away. It is the rule of human nature, and once more proved itself in 1777.

'When from patriotic oratory or the tarring and feathering of Tories it came to real war, and that war opened with reverses, colonial fire began to cool. Men compared the cost of the conflict with its cause. Discontent, disunion, defalcation, and cabal set in. The militiaman would fight for his own homestead, but not for the common cause. Bodies of militia, when their time was up, marched away from the camp on the eve of battle. . . . Despair begot treason, and Benedict Arnold conceived the design of playing Monck. The salvation of the colonial cause was its leader. . . . Yet at last even Washington almost despaired.'

And just in the nick of time came the surrender of Burgoyne and the French intervention:—

'For some time it had been apparent that France meant mischief, and that her disclaimers were lies. She now impudently threw off the mask, and sent a fleet and army to the assistance of the Americans. . . . All the enemies of England gathered, vulture-like, round her

apparently fainting frame. Spain joined the league, not from sympathy with the Americans, but from the passionate desire of recovering her Rock. Holland was drawn in while she contended against the right of searching neutral vessels for enemy's goods. Russia and the other Baltic powers formed a menacing league of armed neutrality with the same intent.

This last is, indeed, an exaggeration. The Armed Neutrality—or, as Catherine called it, the Armed Nullity—was never, in reality, menacing, for the Russian navy, largely officered by Englishmen and Scotchmen, was powerless. But the coalition was sufficiently formidable, and more especially when England was weakened by ten years of maladministration. And so the fatal blow fell. Cornwallis was compelled to surrender, North resigned, the king yielded, and the American colonies were free.

'The loss,' according to Mr. Smith, 'was a gain in 'disguise, so far as military strength, commercial profit, 'or real greatness was concerned.' It is difficult to see where these advantages came in; how England's military strength, for instance, was increased in the war with France ten years later, by having the ports of the United States closed to her ships as bases of operations, open to the enemy as harbours of refuge. But he is possibly right in saying that 'the parting was sure to come;' he is certainly right in saying, 'What was deplorable was the 'manner of the parting, which entailed a deadly schism of 'the race and left a long train of bitterness and mutual 'animosities behind.' When, however, he goes on to say that much of this animosity 'is due to the retention of 'Canada,' with the very obvious suggestion that we were morally bound to give up Canada because the States would have liked it, we venture to think that, with all his ability, all his experience, he does not realise that the affairs of man are controlled by man's nature.

The story of Canada follows in due course, and is an interesting though short account of the solution, after many unsuccessful attempts, of the problem of how to settle the government of a country peopled by two distinct nationalities. Mr. Smith's work is here more historical than elsewhere, and rightly so; for English historians have not yet learnt that the history of our colonies is the history of England herself, that what affects the one affects the other. If the events of the past months have brought this more truly home to our comprehensions, the united exertions of England's sons will have given not only a present support, but a strength for all time to the integrity of the Empire.

ART. II.—*Histoire de la Marine Française de* 1815 *à* 1870. Par E. CHEVALIER, Capitaine de Vaisseau. Paris: 1900.

IF any one should be disposed to believe that Captain Chevalier's latest contribution to the history of the French navy is a pamphlet rather than a purely historical work, the supposition may be traced to the date of publication. Within a brief period of time there has been a remarkable display of belligerent inclination throughout the civilised world. The long course of heavy expenditure on armaments has at length produced what, without exaggeration, may be called an explosion of pugnacity restricted to no one hemisphere and regardless of both latitude and longitude. As though there had arisen a deliberately malicious desire to controvert the theories of the complacent school of political philosophers, eagerness for combat has been as conspicuous in the industrial nations as in others. If observation, with extensive view, surveys mankind from Japan to Chicago, this is clearly perceived. The whole world, in spirit at least, is out on the war-path, and has been since the Spanish-American war began. It is no disparagement to the public-spirited and patriotic attitude of her Majesty's subjects, both in the United Kingdom and in the Colonies during the present South African war, to say that the rush of volunteers to the front has, in some cases at least, been prompted by a longing to fight somebody. It would be worth while for a philosopher to inquire, and presumably not impossible to ascertain, how long after the conclusion of a great war a disinclination to engage in a fresh one continues. If we may hazard a suggestion, we would propose thirty years, or a little more, as a probable average on which to base investigations tending to establish a more precise figure. The period will be longer in the case of some nations than in that of others. The dominating factor will probably turn out to be the influence on public sentiment of the generation which has had no experience of war, and which fails to understand what it really involves.

We have been led into these reflexions not only by the date at which the book before us has been published, but also by its final chapter, a postscript containing a disquisition on future belligerent methods which closely concern the British Empire and on which we shall remark further

on. Captain Chevalier's name has been honourably known in naval literature for a good many years. He stands at the very head of French naval historians. Though inferior in philosophic insight and breadth of view to Captain Mahan and less gifted with the faculty of enforcing particular principles of maritime warfare, he is nevertheless a powerful writer and perhaps the one who best deserves a place—if with a long interval between—next after his eminent American contemporary. In 1877 Captain Chevalier published his striking 'Histoire de la Marine Française 'pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance Américaine.' He followed this up in 1886 with two volumes, one containing the history of the French navy 'Sous la Première République,' and the other its history 'Sous le Consulat et l'Empire.' The work, especially the earliest volume, is of great value. It is based on the study of original documents preserved in the archives of the Ministry of Marine, which the author has examined with industry and used with discretion. The style has all the lucidity which we expect to find in French works of the kind, and the narrative has a sustained interest with which naval historians rarely succeed in investing their writings. Captain Chevalier is eminently impartial. He can do justice to an enemy as well as to a friend; and, if not entirely free from national bias—and what author worthy of respect is?—his account of maritime events in the period with which he deals is fair and trustworthy.

The present book is a continuation of the other, and we have thus a connected account of the navy of France for nearly a hundred years by an author whose qualifications entitle him to be listened to with respect. It is to be regretted that Captain Chevalier did not carry his narrative down to a rather later year than 1870. We should have been glad to have from his pen a real history of the brilliant services and devoted gallantry of the French officers and sailors in the defence of Paris where they won the admiration of friend and foe alike.* We hope that it is only postponed; but we must confess to some disappointment at finding that in this latest volume he has not given us a disquisition, such as few besides himself could make equally attractive, on the effect of the general adoption of the new *matériel*—the armour-clad, the heavy rifled gun, the torpedo—on naval policy and tactics. No one will suppose

* Some years ago he published a study called *La Marine Française et la Marine Allemande pendant la Guerre de* 1870–71.

that the naval history of the years from 1815 to 1870 can be made as interesting as that of the five-and-thirty preceding them. The age of Rodney and Suffren, of Howe, of Hood and Nelson was filled with deeds, great in themselves and important in their effects, which have had no parallel since. Nevertheless, the story of the French navy since the fall of the Great Napoleon is one which was well worth telling and well worth the attention of Englishmen. It may be said decidedly that it is highly creditable to French seamen. What they have done within the period under review, when learned from Captain Chevalier's pages, will be likely to surprise those who have omitted to study naval affairs since the close of the last great war on the ocean. A record comprising accounts of Navarino, the expedition to Algiers, the forcing of the Tagus, the reduction of San Juan d'Ulloa, the campaigns in the River Plate, and against Russia in 1854 and 1855, the acquisition of Cochin-China, and the operations in Chinese waters and on the coast of Mexico—not to mention others—is one of which any navy might be proud. Though only briefly described, the proceedings of the naval brigade serving before Sebastopol should excite our interest, especially as it will probably be news to most of us that the French had a naval brigade in the Crimea at all.

There is one striking thing in this work. Of the fourteen 'books' or chapters of the historical part no fewer than eleven deal with operations carried on by the French in combination or in formal alliance with the English, and to these operations seven chapters are wholly devoted. One may be permitted to wonder if Frenchmen ever consider the facts on which this presentment of their naval history primarily and certainly rests. A people far less acute, if they were to consider them fully, would quickly perceive what difference the friendship or hostility of England makes to the prosperity and influence of France. Captain Chevalier's last historical chapter contains an account of the Mexican expedition of 1862–67, with which is associated the recollection of the dismal tragedy of Queretaro. Though the French navy can look back without dissatisfaction to its own particular share in that expedition, it can hardly be blind to the humiliating position into which France was led when she ceased to act in Mexico in concert with the English, and had adopted a policy which no longer received their material support or commanded their confidence.

A word has to be said of Captain Chevalier's method,

He does not give precisely detailed information. Even in the earlier works he rarely put before his readers tabulated lists of naval forces; and those who wished to have exact accounts of the size, armament, and crews of ships had to look for them elsewhere than in his pages. In the present work he is even less communicative as to details. His plan is to give a succinct and clear narrative of events; and in this it must be allowed that he succeeds. A consequence of this is that, though his book gives pleasure to the reader, it is rather insufficient for the student of naval warfare. One could have spared several of the pages devoted to an account of inconsiderable operations on the Mexican coast had the space thus economised been utilised for a fuller description of the landing of the army in Algeria in 1830. While a detailed account—from the French side and by a seaman—of the French landing operation in the Crimea could hardly fail to be of value, and would certainly have been welcome to those who desire to have evidence in support of their opinion that both the operations just mentioned were creditable to those who performed them. Captain Chevalier is rather sparing of dates. It is perplexing to have to go back, occasionally, through several paragraphs to recall in what month operations are being conducted, and through several pages to make sure of the year.*

The quick succession of political changes in France in the years 1814 and 1815—the fall of the Empire, the restoration of the Bourbon family, the re-establishment for the celebrated Hundred Days of Napoleon's government, the flight of the Bourbons, the second fall of the Empire, and the second Bourbon restoration—naturally disorganised the administration of the French navy. The state of things was made worse by the necessity of doing something for the returned exiles who had been supporters of the old monarchy. If their navy ever had a golden age, Frenchmen would be unanimous in placing it in the days of the *ancien régime*. No English seaman will deny that its most brilliant period is to be looked for in the reign of Louis XVI.—in the war of American Independence. It is unlikely to be a mere accident, but the greatest naval names of France, for example Tourville and Suffren, are those of royal officers.

* The present book, like the earlier, might have been more carefully revised for the press. In the early volume there is an error in the title-page. In the present volume a name is not always spelled in the same way.

The royalist *noblesse* has—at any rate till very recently—shown less reluctance to serve in the navy, the glories of which are closely associated with the *fleur de lys*, than in the army which counts as its greatest achievements those performed under the tricolour.

The restored government felt itself compelled to admit into the service former emigrant officers who, as Captain Chevalier says, had ceased to have anything to do with the sea for more than twenty years and who were generally unfit for the duties of the ranks in which they were placed. The adoption of this procedure was an abandonment of the principle that had made the old Bourbon navy so efficient. 'In 1782,' says the American historian Theodore Roosevelt,* 'the French marine was at its highest point; it was commanded by officers of ability and experience, promoted largely for merit, and with crews thoroughly trained, especially in gunnery, by a long course of service on the sea.' The French navy proved to be formidable in direct proportion to its 'blue water' experience, a thing to be specially commended to British naval officers of the present day when training in harbour or on shore takes up so large a part of the time of those whom we wish to make into seamen. The French government had not long to wait before learning the result of giving commands to naval officers who had spent most of their lives on shore. The catastrophe of the 'Medusa,' which occupies so prominent a place in the literature and art of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was directly traceable to it. The command of a squadron, in which the frigate 'Medusa' was the principal vessel and which was despatched in 1816 to take over the restored territory of Senegal, was given to an officer who had left the navy as a lieutenant at the beginning of the Revolution and had had no connexion with it for five-and-twenty years. This officer was not less ignorant than desirous of concealing his want of knowledge. He would take no advice from the real seamen with whom he was associated. It is not surprising that the frigate was wrecked on the north-west coast of Africa. Part of the crew took to the boats; a large number, including a company of soldiers, were put on a raft, and most of the latter perished miserably. One good result followed on this disaster. The government put on the

* Late leader of the 'Rough-riders' in the Cuban campaign of 1898 and present Governor of the State of New York, in his valuable 'Naval War of 1812' (6th ed., 1897), p. 505.

retired list the greater part of the emigrant officers, 'whose 'restoration to the navy in 1815,' says Captain Chevalier, 'had become a national peril.'

The Restoration government wished to regain the influence which France had enjoyed in the Mediterranean before the Revolution. It accordingly sent ships of war to the Levant, and, in 1819, ordered a small squadron to join some English ships in a sort of naval demonstration at Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. At this time France had the good fortune of being served by a Minister of Marine who understood his work. The state of the public finances rendered it extremely difficult to find money enough to keep up a strong fleet. Baron Portal, the minister, was convinced that the possession of a respectable navy was a necessity for France; anything less would be a useless expense. 'You must,' he said, 'either abandon the insti-'tution to save expenditure, or increase expenditure to 'preserve the institution.' He gained his point, and the French navy was in a position to make a respectable show when called upon to support the Duc d'Angoulême in his operations against Cadiz in 1823. The part played by the French squadron at the battle of Navarino, where it fought side by side with British and Russian ships, was creditable to both the seamanship and the valour of its crews. In England we are familiar with the details of this action, as far as our own fleet is concerned; and we may find an excellent account of the French share in it in Captain Chevalier's pages.

The next operation on a large scale in which the French navy was engaged, and which—though primarily a military undertaking—was nevertheless of naval importance, was the expedition to Algiers in 1830. Attempts to put pressure on the Dey by naval means alone had been going on for three years; but the result was disappointing. Employment in these, however, had been an admirable preparation of the French naval officers and seamen for what was to come. It was decided to invade the territory of the Dey and reduce him to submission by means of an army. The expedition was on a large scale. The fleet was composed of one hundred men-of-war of various sizes and five hundred and seventy-two merchant vessels. The army to be transported was to consist of 37,000 men and 4,000 horses; and a large stock of provisions, stores, and war-material had to be carried across the sea at the same time. Many of the ships of war were used as transports for the troops. Con-

ducting this prodigious armament of 674 vessels from Toulon to Sidi-Ferruch Bay, where the landing was to take place, was an operation requiring no small talent in the admiral and a fairly high average of seamanship in his subordinates. It is interesting to find, when we remember the date, that seven steam-vessels took part in the expedition.

Admiral Duperré, who was in command on the sea, carried out his part of the undertaking in a very efficient manner. Off the Balearic Isles the fleet encountered a heavy gale. The merchant-vessels—many of which, as may have been deduced from a consideration of their number, were small—had to run into port. The men-of-war kept under way under the lee of the islands. The fleet started again, and on the evening of the third day anchored in Sidi-Ferruch Bay. The disembarkation began at 3 o'clock on the following morning (June 14, 1830). The Algerines had made some preparations to dispute the landing. They had erected batteries on the neighbouring heights. The disembarkation of an army is an operation in which, just now, we take special interest, and this will justify a rather full account of the one under notice. In accordance with his method Captain Chevalier does not give us details, so they must be looked for elsewhere. M. Troude* tells us that the First Division was composed of

Infantry	. . . .	9,600 men
Artillery (18 field guns)	. .	702 „
„ (mountain battery)	.	100 „
Engineer troops	. . .	308 „

It was on shore by 4.30 A.M., two steamers having given valuable assistance in towing the boats filled with troops. The enemy's opposition was soon overcome, and he was driven from his positions, the French loss being about fifty killed and wounded. The Second Division, rather less than 10,000 strong, was on shore by 6 A.M.; and by noon the Third Division, of equal force. Thus in nine hours, counting from 3 A.M., in the face of a feeble opposition, the French had landed an army of a little over 30,000 men, with four field batteries, one mountain battery, 200 horses, a quantity of ammunition, and ten days' rations. Several thousand men, over 4,000 horses, the siege-train, and a multiplicity of stores were still afloat, and the work of putting all† on

* Batailles Navales en France (Paris, 1868), vol. iv. p. 262.

† The Annuaire Historique for 1830 (p. 74) gives details of the composition of the expeditionary army. It was significant of the

shore was not finally completed for nearly a fortnight, the work having been impeded by bad weather on June 16, 23, and 27. Several vessels had parted their cables and had gone ashore.

The ships of war were employed in making a diversion in aid of the army by cannonading the defences of Algiers; but this proceeding had no useful result and was given up, but not however until an unfortunate accident had occurred in the fleet. A gun burst on board one of the ships, killing ten men and wounding an officer and fourteen men. On July 4, twenty days after the disembarkation, the French army entered the city of Algiers, and the admiral took possession of seven small vessels forming the Dey's navy. A squadron was sent to seize Bona and to bring the Bey of Tripoli to terms, both of which it carried out successfully. The navy had done its work well; but, as Captain Chevalier is careful to point out, during the expedition to Algiers it had not been called upon to fight, and, moreover, was not in a condition to do so. It is important to bear this in mind. A moderate amount of opposition on the water would have seriously

royalist government methods that an enormous number of persons were included as members of the staff. 'Une foule de jeunes gens des plus nobles familles et d'étrangers, un prince de Schwartzenberg, un aide de camp du grand-duc Michel, le colonel Philosophoff, un capitaine de la marine anglaise, M. Mansell, avaient sollicité et obtenu l'honneur de faire cette campagne.' The numbers were:—

—	Officers	Non-com. officers and soldiers	Horses
General staff, &c. . .	569	8	577
Staff of divisions . . .	54	—	159
,, artillery . . .	27	14	49
,, engineers . . .	7	7	35
Gendarmerie . . .	24	120	36
Infantry	1,010	29,772	326
Cavalry	33	501	503
Artillery	73	2,254	1,309
Engineers	38	1,272	133
Departmental workmen .	15	813	10
Military train . . .	26	825	1,330
Post office, &c. . . .	—	45	45
Total .	1,876	35,631	4,512
Grand total .	37,507		

hampered, and probably would have entirely prevented, the disembarkation of the army. The little Algerine navy of vessels carrying from eight to twenty guns was too insignificant to attempt to oppose it. The French, in fact, held the undisputed and, in the circumstances, indisputable command of the sea, and were therefore able to put their army on shore without any risk of molestation.

Before the close of the month which saw the French occupation of Algiers there had been another revolution in France, the Bourbon family had been again expelled, and the Monarchy of July had been established. The new government soon had an opportunity of employing the navy in an operation which was more distinctly naval in character than that just effected in North Africa. France had cause of complaint against Portugal. As this did not receive proper attention, it was decided to send a squadron to enforce reparation. Early in 1831 this squadron, after fruitless efforts to obtain satisfaction of the French demands, seized several Portuguese merchant-ships off the Tagus and also a corvette and a man-of-war brig at the Azores. The Portuguese authorities still held out, and Admiral Roussin was sent with a fleet of six line-of-battle ships, four frigates, three corvettes, and a brig, to insist upon submission. In case this were refused, he was ordered to force an entrance into the Tagus, proceed to Lisbon, and impose conditions on the Portuguese by arms. The admiral sent in his demands, and, these being rejected, he proceeded on July 11, 1831, to carry out his instructions.

The wind was fresh from north to north-west. The pilots thought it was not favourable enough to ensure a passage of the channels through the bar at the mouth of the Tagus. Admiral Roussin nevertheless determined to go on. Fort St. Julian and Bugio Tower, about 2,000 yards apart and able to cross their fire, were the first obstacles to be encountered. After passing them ships going up the river would come under the guns of Belem Castle and several batteries established along the shore as far up as Lisbon. The admiral's plan was to anchor at Paço d'Arcos if his ships were damaged by the fire of St. Julian and Bugio; otherwise to push on to Lisbon itself. To take a fleet of sailing-ships with a 'scant' wind past a succession of hostile forts and batteries required no uncommon resoluteness of spirit in the admiral and unfaltering reliance on the seamanship of his captains. Navies then did not know so much about passing in front of forts as was afterwards

learned in the American civil war. What little was known, for example as regards Duckworth's passage of the Dardanelles in 1807, tended to foster a belief that, though the passage could be effected, the damage done to the ships would be considerable.

The six French ships of the line formed one column and were directed to engage Fort St. Julian. The four frigates and the three corvettes formed a second column on the starboard side of the first and were to cannonade Bugio Tower. The two Portuguese works opened fire as soon as the leading ships came within range. The fleet reserved its fire till it got near. After five or six broadsides St. Julian and Bugio, which suffered considerably, were practically silenced; and the admiral continued his route towards the city, exchanging shots on the way with the shore batteries, the opposition offered by which was not very serious. Belem Castle was engaged about 4 P.M. at a range of half a cable or a hundred yards. A few broadsides from one of the frigates induced the vessels of the Portuguese squadron to strike their colours. 'At five o'clock,' says Captain Chevalier, 'the whole fleet was moored six hundred yards off the 'quays of the city. The victory of the French fleet was 'complete.' The Portuguese government ceded all that was demanded. The operation just concluded was one of the last on any considerable scale carried out by the old sailing fleets, and it merited the approbation conveyed by our author in the following words:—

'To appreciate correctly the success obtained by the French fleet we ought not to lose sight of the fact that the entrance to the Tagus was, at that date, considered impassable. The resistance of the Portuguese government to the demands of France had no other support than this opinion. It is, above all, for this reason that the result obtained did the greatest honour to Admiral Roussin and to the captains of his fleet. As a seaman the admiral showed a decision and a *coup d'œil* which cannot be too much praised.' (P. 78.)

The next achievement of the French navy also was to be performed in an engagement with coast fortifications. There had existed for some time, between France and Mexico, difficulties which, as Captain Chevalier states, 'la 'diplomatie ne parvenait pas à résoudre.' The Mexican coast was blockaded, but without effect; and stronger measures had to be tried. Admiral Baudin, a veteran of the great war, in which he had gained high distinction and had lost an arm, was sent to Vera Cruz, where he arrived on October 26, 1838. His force was composed of four frigates,

two corvettes, three brigs, two bomb-vessels, and two steamers.* Receiving an unsatisfactory reply to his representations, he prepared to attack the fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, the chief defence of the city of Vera Cruz on the side of the sea. It lies about half a mile to seaward of that city, being built on a shoal covered by only a foot or two of water. This was of itself a defence against close attack by ships or assault by landing-parties. It was a bastioned work of four faces, and at the time in question was armed with 186 guns of different calibres and seven mortars. 'The 'French squadron,' says Captain Mahan,† 'though few in 'numbers, deliberately undertook to batter by horizontal fire '—as well as to bombard, in the more correct sense of the 'word, with the vertical fire of mortars—the long-renowned 'castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the chief defence of Vera 'Cruz. It was still the day of sailing-ships, both of war and 'of commerce.'

The attack was made on November 27. The frigates anchored with springs on their cables about half a mile from the works. The bomb-vessels were towed by the steamers to a position a mile distant. The Prince de Joinville, who died only a few weeks ago, was in command of a corvette, and signalised himself by the bold and skilful manner in which he joined in the attack with his ship under way. The engagement began at 2.30 P.M., and was continued till 8 o'clock, when darkness ended it. Half an hour later the Mexican commander asked for an armistice, and on the following day the fortress was delivered up to the French, who garrisoned it; and a convention was made by the terms of which only a thousand Mexican troops were to remain in Vera Cruz. The fire from the ships had been well sustained. They discharged 320 mortar shells, 177 shells from guns, and 7,771 shot. The French loss was small: 4 killed and 29 wounded. Of a garrison of 1,100 men, the Mexicans in San Juan de Ulloa lost one-half.

The Mexican Government refused to recognise the convention made with Admiral Baudin, sent troops to reinforce those left in Vera Cruz, and declared war against France. The admiral's care now was to disarm the sea-face of the city fortifications. To do this he landed twelve hundred men

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* The first steamers to cross the Atlantic under the French flag: Mahan's 'Admiral Farragut' (London, 1893), p. 80.

† In his Life of Admiral Farragut (p. 75). The admiral, then commanding the U.S.s. 'Erie,' was an eye-witness of the French attack.

from his squadron in three columns, he himself going with the centre column. The reinforced Mexicans resisted at several points. One party of French stormed a house and captured a Mexican general, the Prince de Joinville in person receiving his sword. The celebrated President Santa Anna, who was in the building, managed to make his escape. It was hopeless to try to subdue or hold the city in the face of the force of Mexicans now occupying it. Admiral Baudin, therefore, having spiked, broken the carriages of, or thrown over the parapet, eighty-two guns, which were mounted where they could annoy his ships or the fortress in his possession, decided to return on board. The retreat was carried out in good order in the face of the advancing Mexicans. The French in this spirited affair had eight officers and men killed and fifty-six wounded. Captain Chevalier's comment is, 'The 'action of the navy is effective within the range of its guns; 'but for it, a landing in force is a delicate operation.' Negotiations were now begun between the governments of France and Mexico. On their conclusion San Juan de Ulloa was restored to the latter.

Like other recent French writers on naval affairs, Captain Chevalier expresses a high opinion of Admiral Lalande, who commanded in the Levant in 1840, while we were assisting the Sultan in his campaign in Syria against Mehemet Ali of Egypt. Admiral Lalande's fleet, we are told, 'was the 'only one since 1793 which was in a state to meet an 'enemy without disadvantage to itself.' The admiral exercised his ships until he had got his fleet into excellent order, which no one more readily admitted than our own officers. He was by no means the only French admiral of whom this could be said. It is not uncharitable to suspect that his celebrity among his own countrymen rests largely on his request, discovered afterwards, to be allowed to make a treacherous attack on the British fleet when he could take it unawares. We may suppose that he could not have been ignorant of the instructions to do the same thing given in 1778 to the Comte d'Estaing by the French government, which Captain Chevalier himself, writing in 1877,* unreservedly condemns. That Admiral Lalande was troubled with few scruples will appear from what a French historian (Capefigue) says of him when the Capitan Pasha carried the Turkish fleet over to the Egyptians: 'Tout cela

* Histoire de la Marine Française pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance Américaine, p. 79.

'se faisait sous les yeux de l'amiral français, M. Lalande, 'déjà un peu en opposition avec l'ambassadeur le baron 'Roussin [the admiral of the Tagus expedition], qui loyale-'ment voulait soutenir les intérêts de la Porte Ottomane, 'et surtout ce principe : que la trahison d'une troupe sous 'le drapeau est un fatal exemple pour tous les gouverne-'ments.' Admiral Lalande, Capefigue also informs us, proposed to fall upon our fleet without any declaration of war. Luckily for the peace of the world, he did not add to the morals of a buccaneer a buccaneer's courage. He hesitated to act without the shelter of superior authority. M. Thiers, who was in power at the time, would probably have sanctioned the admiral's proposal, but Louis Philippe would not entertain it. It is well to remember this episode. We may suspect, reasonably enough, that it was far from being a solitary instance of treacherous intention foiled by timidity when the moment for action drew near. Mommsen, speaking of the Gauls, says that all their history shows that they 'boldly challenge danger while future, but lose their courage 'before its presence.' Breaches of international honour are best averted by making would-be perpetrators dread the consequences.

We may pass over the operations on the coast of Marocco in 1844, one of which—the attack on Mogador by a squadron under the Prince de Joinville as rear-admiral—cost the French fourteen killed and sixty-four wounded, and gave a name to a ship of war. The next event in French naval history which claims notice is the action at Obligado on the river Paraná. In this brilliant achievement the French and English navies acted together. Rosas, the dictator of the Argentine Republic, had closed the navigation of the river. Hostilities between him on one side and England and France on the other had been practically in progress for some time. At Obligado, on the right bank of the Paraná, the Argentines had constructed a barrier stretching from bank to bank, and consisting of twenty-four large hulks held in position by three chain cables. This was protected at its eastern end by four batteries, two of them being sixty feet above the river and two *à fleur d'eau*, mounting twenty-four guns and supported by eight field pieces. The other end was defended by two gunboats and a small vessel of six guns. Ten fire-ships were kept in readiness on the right bank.

Six English vessels, a corvette, two steamers, and three brigs, under Commodore Hotham, and five French, one of which was a steamer, under Captain Tréhouart, started to

force the passage on November 20,* 1845. The breeze was light, and the advance necessarily slow, as the sailing vessels formed the attacking columns; the steamers being kept in reserve. One by one the vessels came up, having suffered severely as they advanced. The 'San Martin,' on board of which Captain Tréhouart commanded, was reduced to a wreck, and the captain shifted his broad pennant to another vessel. The enemy's fire-ships proved ineffective, his armed vessel was set on fire and blown up, and his gun-boats withdrew. English and French boats' crews were employed to sever the chain, which was done under a heavy fire, and a passage was made through the barrier. The batteries were now cannonaded by the steamers, and landing parties of both navies were put on shore. These drove off the hostile troops, destroyed the batteries, and threw their armament into the river, the navigation of which was now free. This was only one in a series of operations in the Plate and other rivers. It was a most spirited affair, in which our officers and men behaved with distinguished courage. Yet it is hardly known in this country. In France, on the contrary, its merit was rightly appreciated. A man-of-war was called 'Obligado' after the action; and Captain Tréhouart has had another named after him.

The later more important proceedings, of which Captain Chevalier gives us an account, are those in which again the English and French navies acted together. These are the Black Sea, Baltic, and other campaigns of the Russian war of 1854–56, and the campaigns in China in the years 1857, 1858, 1859, and 1860. The history of these is too well known to need repetition here. Captain Chevalier tells it with his usual clearness, but in a necessarily abbreviated form. He does not omit to mention the British share in the operations, but he naturally deals principally with the proceedings of his own navy. Hostilities in the Crimea began with the landing of the allied army of 61,200 men—English, French, and Turks. The two former nations landed about 27,600 men each.† The French landed no cavalry; the English 1,200. The infantry and part of the artillery were put on shore in a day. The whole work took, as Kinglake states, 'five September days' before it was

* Captain Chevalier (p. 125) says merely 'le 20,' and October is the last month named by him. The action, however, took place in November.

† Bazancourt, L'Expédition de Crimée (Paris, 1856), i. p. 193.

complete. The transport of this considerable army to the shores of the Crimea was effected without even apprehension of interference. It was another and striking example of the advantages due to having command of the sea :—

'The fleets of the Allied Powers were at hand, and their ships had dominion over all the Euxine to the Straits of Kertch. They had the command of the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, the Mediterranean, of the whole ocean, and of all the lesser seas, bays, gulfs, and straits from the gut of Gibraltar to within sight of St. Petersburg.' (Kinglake, 'Invasion of the Crimea,' ii. p. 97).

We now take leave of Captain Chevalier as an historian and are called upon to consider him as a naval strategist, if not as an anti-English pamphleteer—a part which his previous literary performances in no way suggested that he was likely to assume. His fifteenth and last 'book' or chapter is devoted to a discussion of the best way of making war on England. This portion of his work ought to interest us most. He begins by saying that during the period which elapsed between 1815 and the end of 1869 the French navy took part in many expeditions, but in no war that could be properly called maritime. Before 1815, on the contrary, French naval history is made up almost entirely of the narrative of conflicts with England. It is therefore necessary to inquire if France employed the best means of combating a Power which, since the reign of Louis XIV., disposed of forces superior to hers. The point to be determined is the method that a weak navy should adopt if it has to contend with a stronger one.

It is to be noted—though we are unable to estimate the full significance of this fact—that Captain Chevalier assumes throughout that his country will have to carry on alone the naval struggle which he contemplates. He makes no provision for an alliance with any other continental power. However much he may disapprove the naval strategy adopted by his countrymen in former wars, it is unlikely that he would go so far as to condemn their habit—invariable throughout the greater part of the time he specifies—of trying to get the help of a naval ally. We claim to be justified in concluding that the plan he advocates is one that would really be suitable for two navies acting in concert against the English. A glance at the additions to the Russian navy, proposed or actually being made, will give rise to a belief that they are specially adapted for the kind of warfare against England which Captain Chevalier is not alone among his compatriots in thinking the most likely

to succeed. With next to no commerce of her own to protect, Russia is building quite a fleet of fast cruisers, which —having no protecting work to do—can only be used offensively, if used at all, against the commerce of an opponent. Their general design would, to say the least, permit co-operation with ships of a similar class belonging to France. We may keep this in view as we go through Captain Chevalier's proposals.

It has, he says, always been the object of the British government to destroy the enemy's navy. We fear that he pays far too high a compliment to nearly every British government that has existed. If ever in this maritime country there has been a place where ignorance of sound strategy, or indeed contempt for it, reigned supreme, it has been in the cabinet-council room. Certain British admirals, and most notably Nelson, acted on the principle that our navy's true objective was the enemy's fleet. We hope that this principle may never be forgotten. If, says Captain Chevalier, the result in question is brought about, England is freed from all apprehension of attacks on her home territory and her outlying possessions, and can utilise the whole of her naval force in the protection of her maritime commerce, in conquering her enemy's colonies, and, if circumstances are favourable, making attacks on the latter's coasts at home. We must point out that this is stated with perfect gravity. It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that, when its enemy's navy has been destroyed, the British would have absolutely nothing to do if it did not occupy itself as above specified. One does not see clearly, if there is no enemy afloat to prey on it, why British commerce should need a whole navy to protect it.

After supporting the above view with an historical disquisition covering the period from 1694 to 1761, Captain Chevalier comes to the war of American Independence. As he rightly says, we could not in that conflict confine ourselves to the offensive; we had to stand on the defensive also. He suggests, though he does not distinctly give, the reason. We had the three greatest navies in the world opposed to us. We had barely enough strength to make head against them, and we never had a government less capable of conducting a great maritime war. Nevertheless, our enemies did not come out of the struggle very triumphantly. The best that they could do was to fight generally without being seriously defeated and to seize some small British colonies. The only decisive victories on the

sea were won by us. Nevertheless, our commerce did undoubtedly suffer, partly because we were not strong enough to protect it from so many enemies as were united against us, and partly because such forces as we had were badly distributed by an incompetent administration:—

'On the other side of the Channel commercial interests come before everything else, and war is only felt when those interests are affected. This being so, if the damage done is considerable, the English people imperiously demands a pacific solution, and the crown and the ministers bend before its will. If, on the other hand, commerce continues to flourish, public opinion attaches little importance to the war, and the government is free to continue it. Shipowners, merchants, manufacturers—in reality, if not in appearance—are the masters of England. On their opinion alone war or peace depends. Consequently, in every war with England the object ought to be to strike at her commerce. (P. 414.)

This is not the first time that this has been said by a Frenchman. Indeed, the doctrine is at least two hundred years old. We admit at once that if our commerce were ruined we should have to stop fighting. The proposition is self-evident, and applies, with proper limitations, to every belligerent, has always applied, and will continue to apply till wars shall cease. It is equivalent to maintaining that, if you could only get hold of all your enemy's resources, he would not be able to fight any longer. The history of war shows that where there is anything like equality in two parties in conflict, this is impracticable. In such circumstances, if there is exhaustion it is felt on both sides. The history of naval warfare shows more than this. A plan of campaign against England based on destruction of her commerce has always failed. Captain Mahan has devoted a considerable part of his great works on sea-power to demonstrations of the futility of campaigns of the kind.

'Such a mode of war,' he says, 'is inconclusive, worrying but not deadly. . . . Where the revenues and industry of a country can be concentrated in a few treasure-ships, like the *flota* of Spanish galleons, the sinew of war may perhaps be cut by a stroke; but when its wealth is scattered in thousands of going and coming ships, when the roots of the system spread far and wide and strike deep, it can stand many a cruel shock and lose many a goodly bough without the life being touched.'

He has examined in detail the effects of commerce-destroying on our resources, and has established by statistics not likely to be refuted that they were small. He found that, where proper arrangements were made for the defence of our trade, 'the losses by capture amounted to but 1 per cent. on

'the property insured, being less than those by the dangers 'of the sea.'

When a thing is said often enough some people are pretty sure to believe that it is true. We have no desire to disabuse our French neighbours of a belief in which their volunteer strategists find so much comfort, but we do think it well to make it clear to our own people that timidity in relation to our maritime trade in war has no proper justification. Captain Chevalier appeals to two cases of our being compelled to make peace by the inroads made on our maritime commerce. Speaking of the war which followed on William III.'s accession, he says that our mercantile marine suffered great losses, and that—though the king was disinclined to peace—the complaints of the merchants and shipowners were so strongly urged that he had to agree to the treaty of Ryswick in 1697. The conclusion is based on a misreading of history. Macaulay, who gave full credit to Jean Bart and Duguay-Trouin for their activity as commerce-destroyers, lets us know the true reason of the distress which unquestionably did prevail in England. It was the state of the currency, the evils due to which were aggravated by bad seasons. When the currency is found to be insufficient we get indirect evidence of a tendency in trade to increase, not to diminish. The period was one when business operations on a large scale were becoming common. Great sums for the purposes of the war on the Continent were drawn from a currency already too limited to meet the new requirements, and there naturally followed stringency and distress. Macaulay's view is that 'the material wealth 'of England, indeed, had not been very seriously impaired 'by the drain which the war had caused; but she was 'suffering severely from the defective state of that instru-'ment by which her material wealth was distributed.' He remarks: 'Compared with France, indeed, England might 'well be considered prosperous.'

The second case appealed to by Captain Chevalier is that of the war of American Independence, in which, he says, our commerce was seriously injured; and he specifies among the causes obliging us to make peace in 1783, the losses suffered by our merchants and shipowners. In the war in question our maritime trade did suffer greatly. That has never been denied. Nevertheless it is the fact that in no maritime war that we have waged with her did France so little make commerce-destroying a leading characteristic of her strategy. 'Only by military command of the sea,' says

Mahan, 'by prolonged control of the strategic centres of 'commerce, can such an attack be fatal.' Our naval force was not large enough to assure to us this command; and such as that force was, the government of the day distributed it badly. All this is but one among many proofs that the command of the sea and, consequently, a strong navy are essential to our national existence.

We were never stronger on the sea than we were during the war which began in 1803 and ended with the fall of Napoleon I. Never was our commerce more formidably attacked than during the last years of that great contest. The French had practically abandoned attempts to bring about engagements on a large scale, and carried on a vigorous *guerre de course*. In the years 1813 and 1814 their commerce-destroyers were powerfully reinforced by those of the Americans, with whom we had got into a war. The mere loss of the American market—the United States ports being, of course, closed to us during the hostilities—must have had an injurious effect on our shipping. Adding this to the results of our enemies' activity, we should expect to find that the shipping figures had shrunk seriously. They did not shrink, but, as a matter of fact, increased. On the other hand, the results were disastrous to our opponents. In 1811 there were 24,106 British ships measuring 2,474,774 tons. In 1814—the returns for 1812 and 1813 were accidentally destroyed when the Custom House was burned—the figures rose to 24,418 for the ships and 2,616,965 for the tonnage. There was, indeed, an invariable annual increase from 1805 to 1815. We had a great trade: we had also a navy strong enough to defend it against its many enemies.

Captain Chevalier is, after all, but a disciple of the Prince de Joinville. In the celebrated pamphlet, 'Notes sur 'l'Etat des Forces Navales de la France,' published in 1844, his Royal Highness asserted that to make war against England with certainty it was only necessary for the French to attack 'two things equally vulnerable—the confidence of 'the English people in their insular position, and their 'maritime commerce.' Let us see how our present author proposes to effect this. He first lays down as a principle that the country which goes to war with England should not have a continental war on its hands at the same time. This may indicate an oblique glance at alliances; but he does not specify any. The next thing is that every expeditionary force ought to be got together with the greatest secrecy, and the starting and course of the ships so arranged

that they may arrive at the point where they are to act without serious risk of being intercepted on the way. This makes us think of the instructions—already referred to—given to d'Estaing and of the proposal of Admiral Lalande. We may not assume that the plan suggested will not be put into execution.

Our commerce ought, of course, to be attacked; but—except with that object—the weaker navy should engage only in offensive operations which can be carried out quickly and finished before an English force can reach the spot. This is merely the method of warfare by surprise. We may look to a naval historian to tell us when such a method ever succeeded in a conflict waged on a great scale, as one between two first-class powers must of necessity be. It is, we learn, especially necessary that the French 'Ports of 'Refuge'—a curious phrase indicating a strategy anything but bold—and colonies should be put in a state to offer effective resistance to assailants by both sea and land. This, perhaps, explains the recent strengthening of the garrison of Madagascar, and suggests the supposition that Captain Chevalier's views are shared by persons in a position to give effect to them.

If this be so, his views on ship-of-war design merit special attention. 'If,' he says, 'we wish the French fleet to make 'a good show on the field of battle, it is clearly necessary 'that the armour-clads forming it should be equal to the 'strongest armour-clad in any foreign navy.' What this can mean, except dissatisfaction with the design of most existing French battleships, is not easy to discover. That it does mean it seems probable. We were told in Brassey's 'Naval Annual' for last year that foreign contractors were copying more closely the English type of battleship, and it will be interesting to see if future French ships of the class are to approach in displacement-tonnage the newer battleships of our own navy. Captain Chevalier argues in favour of cruisers of great size. He may not wish to copy exactly our 'Powerful,' but there is no doubt that he wishes French cruisers to be equal in force to the 'largest ships of the 'same type belonging to the enemy.' As regards submarine boats he suspends judgement.

Summarised, his opinions are that the French fleet should not seek for occasions to fight pitched battles, that squadrons should be kept in readiness to go to places where we should least expect their arrival, and that our commerce should be actively and vigorously harassed. The idea seems to be to

keep us in a constant state of apprehension—not of real invasion, but of moderately serious attacks on our territory both at home and beyond sea. It is hoped by this to keep our navy so fully employed in preparing to ward off the attacks just mentioned, that it will be unable to give sufficient attention to the defence of our ocean commerce, which, therefore, will suffer so greatly that we shall be compelled to give in. The general principle advocated, we can see, is to make war without fighting. We are satisfied that it will not be difficult to disconcert strategy of this kind. With forces sufficient to give us the command of the sea, and intelligent direction at the seat of government—a condition which it is necessary to emphasise—we may look in the face, and without shrinking, the possibilities of the future.

ART. III.—1. *History of the Knights Templars.* By C. G. ADDISON. London: 1842.

2. *Monuments Historiques relatifs à la Condamnation des Chevaliers du Temple.* Par F. J. M. RAYNOUARD. Paris: 1813.

3. *Histoire de la Condamnation des Templiers.* Par PIERRE DU PUY. Bruxelles: 1751.

4. *Histoire des Croisades.* Par J. F. MICHAUD. Fourth edition. Paris: 1825.

THE records of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries are essentially the records of incidents and biographies. Their history is signalised by episodes which dramatised for the moment the levels of human life; their facts, as surveyed from a latter-day standpoint, appear as though truth masqueraded in the garb of fiction and events under the semblance of an incredible romance. Moreover even the annals that chronicle the progress of thought are stamped with the impress of a personal note. We read in the pages of the past not the story of nations, but the lives of kings; again and again the isolated exploit of one dauntless adventurer usurps the whole stage of vast war-dramas; the personal fortunes of the discoverer eclipse the interest of the developements of science. The masses of mankind claimed as little attention from contemporary spectators as the shifting crowd in a theatrical time-scene. 'Il y a dans l'homme deux hommes, l'homme de son siècle, 'l'homme de tous les siècles,'* and the history of bygone ages is essentially the history of the individual in antithesis to the history of the species. Historians, moral and philosophic, have since arisen and with infinite pains and laborious deductions have turned their magnifying glass upon the common herd: peasant and artisan, agriculturist and merchant. They have detected phases of the thought and life of the multitude, and attained to some knowledge of the conditions, material, intellectual, and moral, of the undistinguished many. Their researches track the march, retrograde or progressive, of general civilisation. But to the unphilosophic reader the pictures their toil conjures from the mist are apt to produce that insurmountable impression of remoteness all telescopic vision conveys to the unscientific

* Chateaubriand, 'Études Historiques.'

beholder. They lack the spirit of individualism to which the mediæval world owes its vividness, and the broad bird's-eye retrospects of accurate criticism tend rather to obscure than illuminate the narrow but vital images the elder records of men and actions evoke.

Indeed, historically, as in other fields, the memory of the unlearned shows but a small sense of proportion and persistently ignores the relative importance of things at large. The pageants of history abide with us, while the vast audiences who witnessed them are held of no account; and, further, in the acquisition of knowledge memory continually conspires with the trivial concrete as opposed to the momentous abstract of life. Its calendar is one of graphic details, it is by chance episodes it registers the upgrowths of social revolutions. Moreover its real appropriations, the permanent print it retains, are more often than not mere matters of individual sympathy and emotion. For emotion and sympathy sway remembrance with a potency few resist, and the issues of earth's widest battles are not seldom engraved upon its tablets only by the fate of one known face amid the thousands slain.

Few records betray a stronger tendency to such individualisation than those of the most conspicuous of the great military orders, the Order of the Temple. None transcend in dramatic interest the story of the 'Militia 'Christi' who for two hundred years dominated the imagination of Christendom as the ideal soldiery of God, to close their career in ignominy, torture, and death as apostates from the religion whose cause they had for two centuries vindicated with their blood. Perhaps at this distance of time, and across the chasm dividing the sympathies of earlier and later generations, few institutions are more irreconcileable with modern sentiment than those of the warrior monks originated in the twelfth century. Churches, convents, secular and religious guilds and associations still exist among us, representing more or less adequately the church, the monastic life, the confraternities, spiritual or mercantile, of the middle ages. But the conception of a sacerdotal knighthood is one the renegade aspirations of a new world have instinctively transferred to the regions of Monsalvat, Sarras, and Corbenic, to the legends inscribed when the ecstatic fantasies of the soul wakened and the sane reason of humanity slept.

With mediævalism it was otherwise. It persistently identified the creed of the ideal with the creed of the

possible. On this basis of identity it founded its societies of men and women whose lives were to demonstrate the practicabilities of the impossible. And, by coincidence, or by operation of some natural working of the human mind, belief in the attainability of superhuman perfection would seem never to have been more profound or more invulnerable than at the very epoch when the savage failures to scale those moral heights were most grossly apparent; when every exploit to lift man above the tide of his vices and brutalities proved the fruitless endeavour of a forlorn hope. Perpetually frustrated, faith, in those days, may be said to have regarded defeat merely as an individual accident. With unflinching elasticity it devised new remedies to salve new woundings, new elixirs for the spiritual regeneration of a world of recreant souls. The enterprise of the monastic orders became, as their greatest modern apologist writes, 'to 're-temper the debased metal of humankind in a furnace of 'such virtue that the prodigies of evangelic perfection 'might become the daily story of the Church.' * Measured by another standard the annals of conventual life rather serve to epitomise the hopes and overthrows of man's most tenacious aspirations than the successful embodiment of such a scheme of redemption. Sanctuaries at once of the most sublime ideals, and asylums of the most signal degradations of man, the monasteries summarised the special phase of religious devotion characteristic of the time, and while the conception of attainable holiness had reached the mountain summit illuminated with eternal snow and sunrise fire, the actual lives of men were steeped, if not in the deepest, at least in the most overt, physical criminality.

No order presented an ideal more resolutely incompatible with actuality than the Order of the Knights Templars. In their history the ideal and the actual, purpose and practice, confront each other in sharpest antagonism; each contending urgently for the prize—the souls of men, unstable, fashioned of earth, yet of earth in which gems crystallised. The ideal, few would be at pains to deny it, suffered defeat. Nevertheless 'blessed are they that have failed'—a new benediction accrues to such overthrows—and those to whom the honour of such defeat has never been accorded may echo the blessing. For, if Truth's divine certificate is an infinity transcending the grasp of finite intelligences, so it may well be said the Divine Ideal would forfeit its warranty of divinity

* Montalembert, 'Les Moines de l'Occident.'

were it attainable by that undivine humanity which is man's mortal heritage.

The history of the Templars has been often and variously told; the controversy to which it has given rise seems likely to remain a drawn battle between their champions, apologists and foes. But howsoever the events be recorded, and despite the wide discrepancies of statements and the conflicting testimony of witnesses, the story conveys a curiously distinct and single-noted impression. Howsoever contradictory and incongruous the narratives of differing historians prove with regard to the annals of the rise and extinction of the Order, we are conscious of an underlying unity of feature, of a singular and uniform continuity of character, of—if one may so express it—a spiritual race-distinction, dividing the members of the confraternity, alike in good and ill doing, from their fellows.

'Every event has its time.' Every phase of men's minds, and souls, and instincts has its epoch when it finds its incarnation in men's actions, or in that minor but potent form of action—men's words, spoken or written. The Order of the Templars must, to be understood aright, be regarded as one such embodiment of what may variously be defined as a phase of thought, of sentiment, or of instinct. It was the phase which, as expressed in the religions of the world, had localised the presence of the Godhead, and, by an inevitable sequence of ideas, had given birth to the sacramental principle—to the doctrine of the sanctity of material things. By the consecration of that Divine presence, and the virtues emanating from it, the common clay of earth became holy ground; the water of springs and rivers, the masonry of stones and rocks, all the manifold shapes of substantial and visible matter by Divine contact became possessed of qualities alien to their original condition. Henceforth to defraud them of reverence was to defraud the Godhead of worship. Other nations and later ages have done much to deconsecrate matter. They have eliminated spirit from substance, and for the sceptic, whether his scepticism be materialistic or spiritualistic, whether he deny soul to substance, or substance to soul, creation remains impoverished. Matter, incapable of spiritual infection, has been relegated to the impenetrable prison of its own nature. The fires of heaven are declared impotent to fuse the iron bars of its captivity, even in the crucible of Divine vitality.

But to the Westerns of the Dark Ages the holiness of God

was a fiery furnace, the forms of earth might burn in it, unconsumed indeed, but impregnated to their very core with its inalienable heat; and from the recognition of this fusion sprang a whole idolatry of shrines and relics—fractions of the material world severed from the unvenerated residue. Secularised, the instinct of such associative sacredness abides among us. It is an instinct faded into an emotional sentiment. Abandoning the Divine, it clings to the human; in faint counterpart to those spiritual dedications of matter to God, the heart hallows its own relics of personal affection, and substitutes the consecrations of earth for the contagions of heaven. But such sentiments at their strongest are merely the wavering individualised shadows of that immense storm-tide impulse which of old drove the souls of men not to the *train de luxe* pilgrimages of the nineteenth century, but to the endurance of physical hardships, worldly calamity—the actual soldiership of our figurative Christianity. Metaphor, allegory, with us 'cette croisade spirituelle que 'les chrétiens soutiennent jusqu'à la mort,' was for them a deed and a fact; 'die Wallfahrt zum heiligen Grabe' was with them no symbol of life—as Novalis defines it—but a literal actuality, and the lives of millions of men sought unflinchingly that single goal.

The translation of the conception, the embodiment of the instinct which prompted them to action, takes its place among the vast tragedies of humanity. It was a necessary tragedy; the incarnation of an idea predicates its passion, the Eternal only puts on mortality to die.

And with the pilgrim host its dying was in truth a death agony. It is difficult to grasp the immensity of suffering incurred by those motley hordes, outcasts and sinners, princes, peasants, vagabonds, scholars, poets, sages, with whom the idea of that imputed sanctity of place and matter, in its most emphatic phase, practically expired. Concentrated round the tomb of Christ the idea bore the semblance of a personal passion. Before the crusader the sepulchre 'arose as the form of a youth, pale and 'stately, upon a massive stone in the midst of a savage 'multitude; cruelly maltreated, gazing upwards with mourn-'ful countenance.' Imaged after such a fashion, the doctrine became a trumpet call to arms. In the pollution of the holy place Christ was again defiled—in a desecrated Calvary Christ was recrucified. 'Cursed be he,' cried St. Bernard, as he summoned men to vindicate the outraged honour of

their God—'cursed be he who does not stain his sword 'with blood.'

The response was electric. Already towards the end of the previous century, some 200,000 pilgrims had set out for Jerusalem. 'But few reached their destination.'* In the twelfth century 'more than 100,000 pilgrims were slain, a 'far greater number were lost by disease or shipwreck.'† No more pathetic record exists than that of the 'Children's 'Crusade' [1212]:

'Cinquante mille enfants . . . s'attroupèrent et parcoururent les villes et les campagnes. . . . Lorsqu'on leur demandait où ils allaient et ce qu'ils voulaient faire, ils répondaient: "Nous allons à Jérusalem pour délivrer le sépulcre du Sauveur." . . . Plusieurs de ces jeunes croisés s'égarèrent dans les forêts, périrent de chaleur, de faim, de soif et de fatigue . . . plusieurs recueillirent les palmes du martyre.'‡

Five shiploads were sold as slaves, M. Jourdain gives the further detail,§ by two merchants of Marseilles.

In such brief sentences historians again and again epitomise the tragic episodes of those centuries when love, worship, and war, 'le paradis, la gloire et l'amour de sa mie,' borê undisputed lordship over the souls, the hearts, and the bodies of men; of those days when the pilgrim tide streamed eastward, fighters to redeem the Holy City, penitents to efface their sins and find an antidote to those remorses the conscience of later generations bears with the fortitude of indifference. Soldiers went to conquer and saints to pray, 'porce que cil pardon fut issi gran, si s'en esmeurent mult 'li cuers des gens et mult s'en croisierent porce que li 'pardon ete si gran.' And, moreover, they went gladly. As Thibault, the troubadour king, sang, as the spokesman of Christ, death was no foe to flee but a friend to welcome—an open door into that other Jerusalem which, being above, was free.

'Vos en irez là où li angele sont,
Là me verrez, et ma mère Marie.
Et vos, par qui je n'oi onques aie,
Descendez tuit en enfer le parfont.'

It is nevertheless recorded, even by contemporary chroniclers, that for the most part the men, women, and children found

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* Russell's 'Modern Europe.'

† Gibbon, vol. xi. ch. lix. p. 144.

‡ Michaud, 'Hist. des Croisades.

§ See Michaud, 'Eclaircissemens,' No. iv., vol. iii.

the road of paradise a downward track. 'More Christians 'became Mussulman than Mussulmans Christian.' So Michaud sums up the accounts of international apostasies . . . 'when all the vices of Europe and Asia met. . . .' And significant enough is the statement of the chronicler of the twelfth century. 'Scarcely one good woman is to be 'found,' wrote the soldier bishop,* 'in all Jerusalem;' where beautiful Pasque de Riveri, the avowed mistress of Heraclius the Patriarch †—'qui beau clerc estoit et por sa 'beauté l'ama la mère du Roi et le fist arcevesque'—displayed in the sanctuary the gifts of her lover purchased with the alms of the faithful. 'A lamentable case,' exclaims old Fuller, 'that the devil's black guard should be God's 'soldiers!'

No land has, perhaps, witnessed a stranger aspect, moral and material, than that presented by the little stretch of sea-washed, desert-bounded, Syrian shore, with its fruit-gardens, its olive-yards and vineyards, when Jerusalem was alike the goal of the warrior and the devotee of two of the greatest religions of the world, when the children of Islam and the 'Sons of Baptism' alternately conquered and worshipped, with rival veneration, in the vast buildings which bore successively the titles of the 'Temple of the Lord' and the 'Mosque of Omar.'

Amid this clash of contending faiths the tragedy of the Knights Templars—the tragedy that was to close in Paris—took its rise in Jerusalem. In the year 1118 the 'New 'Chivalry' was inaugurated. Nine knights, followers of Godefroi de Bouillon, banded themselves together for the defence of pilgrims. Their names—with one omission—are supplied in the Acts of the Council of Troyes:‡—Hugues de Paganis, Geoffroi de St. Omer, Fr. Roral, Fr. Gaufridus Bisol, Fr. Paganus de Monte-Desiderii, Fr. Archimbald de Santo Aniano, Fr. André, and Fr. Gundemar, make up the roll-call of the new order. For nine years the brotherhood remained in obscurity. No single recruit joined himself to their ranks, their penury was such that Hugues and Geoffroi, the founders of the society, shared one war-horse, as the legend of the first seal of the order records.§ The fair dream of a great confraternity of succour

* William of Tyre.

† By whom the 'round' of the Temple Church in London was consecrated, 1185.

‡ See Du Puy.

§ The riders of the first seal may be represented by the wings of modern times. The second seal was the Agnus Dei.

seemed destined to fade unrealised in a world which so far had scarcely so much as recognised its existence. But the difficulties of attainment lie, more often than we think, in the weakness of the desire. To want long enough, and to want strenuously enough, the aims we strive for, are the initial difficulties of success in days when a doubt is twin to each purpose, and a question is born with every enterprise. But in those elder days the hearts of simpler men knew less of the ebb-tide of their desires, and Hugues de Paganis, undaunted by failure, set sail for Europe, and with five of his companions sought in the all-powerful abbot Bernard the Cistercian an auxiliary for the cause to which their Order was dedicated.

Bernard was swift to appreciate the immense possibilities presented in the novel ideal of a monastic soldiery. The Blood-Royal of God within the convent walls may still have claimed old human affinity with the soldier-blood of twelfth-century France, and the call to arms may long have echoed in ears whose office was to listen only to the bells of the sanctuary. Be this, however, as it may, Bernard became forthwith a zealous advocate of the Templars. Upon the basis of the Rule submitted to him for reconstruction or revision, he appears to have developed the final statutes of the Order, and at the Council of Troyes, with the sanction of Honorius II., it was solemnly confirmed, with added ecclesiastical privileges. From that moment recruits poured in, chosen from the noblest blood of France, Italy, Germany, and England, and while the chief house of the Order remained at Jerusalem and its Grand-Masters were domiciled in the precincts of the Temple of Solomon—of which the Virgin's Church, with its round tower (erected by Justinian), became the pattern of many later edifices—the Templars acquired lordship over not less than 9,000 manors in the various kingdoms of Europe, and drew from these estates an income of some six millions.

Yet, if the splendour of the Order eclipsed the glories of the kings and potentates of Western Europe, the Rule in its austerity embodied what Michelet has called 'la 'dernière rêverie du moyen âge.' Obedience, silence, mortification, the abnegation of all earthly joy, the annihilation of self, were sacrifices already demanded from the members of countless monastic communities. The Templar must tread a yet untried path. 'La règle, c'était l'exil 'et la guerre sainte, jusqu'à la mort. Les Templiers 'devaient toujours accepter le combat, fût-ce d'un contre

'trois, ne jamais demander quartier, ne point donner de 'rançon. . . . Le soldat a la gloire, le moine le repos; 'le Templier abjurait l'un et l'autre. Il réunissait ce que 'les deux vies ont de plus dur.' Secular knights might strive upon the dusty battlefield with lance and sword, but the knights of religion had a double task: they truly, as their seal symbolised, bore a double burden. The creed of their day recognised a dual world of antagonists, the natural was the twin of the supernatural. To the host of the infidel, to be overcome with strength of arm, there was a spiritual counterpart of unsubstantial agencies, of immaterial influences, spirits of evil who strove with keener weapons than Islam's scimitars against the Christian armies. With these, in the dark silence of the Virgin's Church, reared upon its gigantic blocks of granite to the honour of the Christians' God, the Templar must wage a warfare fiercer than any that raged upon the plains below. In that place of combat he must lay aside the futile accoutrements of knightly prowess. In that strife the hands that gain the mastery are empty and weaponless. There the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Other men must combat with their bodily powers, the Templar must give battle with his soul. In that dim, indefinite contest no banners wave and no battle-cry is heard. The flesh must faint under the scourge, the limbs must fail with fasting, the eyes that would confront death unflinchingly must learn their fearlessness in the slumberless vigil of eastern nights. The morrow's call to arms must be born of the muteness of dumb lips. So ran the Rule. And howsoever we view the matter, whether we hold it for true or false that there do actually exist adverse forces of which the defeat can only be secured by the voluntary privations of the ascetic life, it is at least true that no other community of Christendom exemplified the application of that doctrine of a dual strife with more rigorous completeness, or evinced a more undaunted courage, a more invincible valour, alike as martyrs, combatants, and fanatics. That the Templars, as combatants, achieved the ideal of intrepid soldiery even Gibbon allows. 'The knights ever maintained their fearless and fanatical 'character; if they neglected to live, they were prepared to 'die in the service of Christ.' That they attempted no less gallantly, if less effectually, to conform to their standard of monastic asceticism few readers of history can doubt. As soldiers their story is a story of nearly two centuries of

chequered warfare, followed by final and irremediable defeat. As monks, it is the common record of the gradual declension of aspiration, of the gradual demoralisation of practice consequent on the enforcement, as a formal discipline, of those austerities which, with the first pioneers of spiritual adventure, were a personal instinct, and both as soldiers and as monks their story is simple and complete.

It threads itself through every page of crusading narrative from the epoch of the second crusade onwards. For 170 years under the rule of some seven-and-twenty Grand-Masters * the swords of the Order were never sheathed, while upon the Syrian plains and hills fortress after fortress arose, the convent keeps of the new chivalry. North of Galilee 850 workmen with 400 slaves toiled in the building of the famous seven towers of Saphet with their massive walls and their mystic number of which the significance is still a matter of conjecture, and when in the Virgin's Church at Jerusalem the Christian bells were once more silenced and the innumerable lamps of the Moslem faith re-illuminated the 'Mosque al Acsa,' the Templar's stronghold at Acre, with its ten-sided church, its double row of arches, its strange carvings of man and beast, was well qualified to supply the place of the parent house, and Acre became at once the chief seat of the Order and the last outpost of defeated Christendom.

Graal legends, in which some critics have detected an emblematic history of the Temple Order, tell of the exploits of the 'Signourie,' of the good knight Joseph of Arimathie, and of the high adventure of the Roche of Blood, where King Evelach witnessed the superhuman prowess of that 'semely Knyht'—

> 'Abowte whose necke hung a white scheld
> Which that was seyn over all that Feeld,
> In which scheld was a Crois so Red
> In sign of Him that suffred did.' †

But his valour in no wise surpasses the courage of those other white-clad combatants, the Frieri del Tempio, in the feats of arms related by old chroniclers, prodigies of heroism, Michaud admits, with more candour than satis-

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* The number is variously recorded. Du Puy gives twenty-seven names, Addison twenty-four, and Fuller ('Holy War') gives two names found in neither list—Fr. Oliver between 1220 and 1230, and Peter Belvise, 1280–90.

† Lonelich's 'Sanct Graal,' E.E. Text Society.

faction, 'we have now great difficulty in believing.' Such records as that recounting the death of Jaqueline de Maillé rival in truth the battle scenes of the romance. Mounted on a white horse, surrounded by heaps of the slain, Jaqueline remains a lonely figure upon the field of carnage and slaughter, refusing surrender to the encircling foe. And the white horse, wounded sorely, sinks outworn beneath its rider, and covered with dust, stained with blood, pierced with multitudinous arrows, the Temple knight, lance in hand, charges once more the surging ranks of Moslems, and with every thrust sends an infidel to hell. Charging thus Jaqueline died. The Christians deemed he had descended from heaven, so mightily he fought. The Saracens saw in him Saint George, the saint of the sword, and they washed the blood from his body, and treasured the rags of his clothes and the splintered fragments of his war-harness, and venerated with awe his relics. So Jaqueline fell on the first day of May, 'when flowers and roses are gathered in the fields.' But for roses the Christians gathered nought save the bodies of their dead. These they buried in the Church of the Virgin with the chaunted lamentation of the prophet, 'Daughters of 'Galilee, put on your garments of mourning, and you, O 'daughters of Sion, weep.' The Grand-Master, Gerard de Riderford, and two knights of the Order alone escaped from the field of carnage [1187].* Nor in the great battle of Tiberias, fought in the sultry July weather of the same summer, when the heat, the drought, and the dust of the eastern plain heightened beyond bearing the sufferings of the European soldiers, does the scene centre less upon the Templars. Eastern writers have vied with Western in portraying the fortunes of that day. They tell of the strong wind which rose at dawn, covering the Christian host with blinding dust, of the firing of the dry grass by Saladin, of the gleam of swords through the smoke and flame, as the sons of Paradise and the children of fire fought out their quarrel beneath the blaze of the noonday sun; of the Holy Wood borne in the field, of the dauntless rallying of Templars and Hospitallers round the sacred standard. 'The Franks 'flew round the cross as moths round light,' wrote Saladin himself when that cross lay captured and its despairing champions cast themselves on the weapons of the victors, courting a death which held no terror for hearts whose best

* Michaud, 7th Book, and Addison.

treasure had been wrenched from their hands. 'I saw the 'hills, valleys, and plains covered with dead,' Saladin's secretary testifies. 'Seeing the slain I deemed there were 'no captives; seeing the captives that there were no dead.'

The defeat was followed by a scene which condenses the sharp contrasts of moral sentiment characteristic of the period. Three captives were brought to Saladin's tent: Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem by right of his wife (his sometime mistress, Sybilla), fair indeed of face, but whose record of a coward stands almost alone among the records of those days of courage; Renaud de Châtillon, likewise commemorated for his singular beauty, a turbulent, lawless adventurer, loved and hated, the very type of the rapacious soldier of fortune, was the second prisoner; the Grand-Master of the Temple the third.* To Guy, in honour of his kingship, and to the Grand-Master, Saladin offers the snow-cooled cup, the pledge of security; to Renaud, apostasy or death. 'That traitor,' said the victor, 'drinks not in 'my sight.' And at a signal the unarmed prisoner, with all the sins of his fierce past upon him, died a martyr to the creed of which the deeds of his life had been one long denial.

Nor did that multitude of nameless captives, 'whom the 'cords of the tents sufficed not to bind,' die less gallantly. The days when men held faiths for whose sake they counted it well to die were no less the days when men held faiths for whose love they counted it just to slay. 'How fair an 'ornament is the blood of the infidel!' cries the Eastern, and the cry was echoed from the adverse hosts of the West, and each in turn massacred his enemies in the name of his God. On the hill above Tiberias, as the sun set, the knights of the Temple and Saint John, weaponless and bound, were cut down by the noblest of Saladin's train. Emulous of their martyrdom, from the troops of the undistinguished many rose the challenge to a like honour, 'For we, too, are Templars.' For three nights, so tradition told, a radiance hung over that hillside of the slain; a heavenly illumination from the gates of paradise set wide open for the in-marching of that slaughtered host whose blood still discoloured the down-trodden grass. So ever in chronicle after chronicle, the Temple soldiery of 'le

* The name of the Grand-Master of that year is given by Du Puy as Thiery; by Addison as Gerard de Riderford, of whom Du Puy states that 'il ne gouverna que durant quelques mois . . . il fut tué le 4 oct. 1188.'

beau Sire Dieu,' the knights whose lives were lived between a battle and a dream, outrivalled the gallantries of secular hardihood. They were ever the first, as, except the dead, they were the last, upon the field. 'Non nobis, non nobis, 'Domine, sed nomini Tuo da gloriam,' was their battle-song, preluding the combat in which, according to their rule, 'none might turn him back.' The roll-call of their slain, recurring continually in summaries of victory or defeat, tells its own story. At the entry of Ascalon 'all' the Templars were slain. At Jacob's ford all were slain or taken, and at the firing of the Temple fortress the knights flung themselves into the flames or to death on the rocks rather than surrender. Odo de St. Amand, Grand-Master of the Temple (1170), the well-beloved son of Alexander III., 'who feared neither God nor man,' taken captive near Sidon, offers jeeringly, as ransom for his life, 'nought save his girdle 'or his knife,' and dies a prisoner,* servant of a God who we may well believe held a free pardon for that brave sinner. At Acre, the Grand-Master, Fr. Gaultier, perished with all his knights. At Tiberias, 300 Templars perished. Again, on that disastrous day, when a Christian knight challenged destiny, heralding the battle with the rash cry 'Let God be neutral and the victory is ours,' the Templars and their leader were destroyed. At Mansourah, to come down to the thirteenth century, when the young Count of Artois, mocking Fr. Guillaume de Sonnac's warning, charged the foe, the Templars almost to a man fell, partners and victims of a lad's undisciplined folly, Fr. Guillaume le Guerrier escaping, blinded with his wounds, to die a few days later in a second battle. At the capture of Saphet 600 Templars were tortured and 'sent into the company 'of God, pour la Sainte Foi.' At Gaza, four only escaped alive.

Disparities of dates, displacements of names, localities, and incidents, numbers given we may divine almost at random, contradictions of facts, abound in these statements. But whether it were here or there, north or south, at Acre, Damietta, or Galilee, whether it were this man or another, a Fr. Gerard or a Fr. Thiery, a Fr. Gaultier or Fr. Robert, whether ten died or three scores of tens, beneath the confusions of legends time has transmuted into history, or of history which time has transfigured into legend, there lies

* Vertot in his 'Hist. des Chevaliers Hospitaliers' contradicts this statement.

one consistent picture. It is of an impassioned, almost an unstained, fearlessness, of an invincible courage surviving the exhausted enthusiasms of monastic devotion, the spent ecstasies of asceticism, surviving the demoralising corruptions of early victories and later defeats, the enervating ambitions of political ascendency, the degradations of satisfied avarice, and the slow certitudes of a final despair; surviving too, to touch upon another phase of the story, those strange developements of secret and mystical faiths which a crude Catholicism denounced as apostasy, and a cruder Christianity misinterpreted as idolatry.

Hated they were, in truth, of many, as the documents published by Du Puy in his justification * of their suppression prove. Fierce rivalries, the defiance of all authority, grew with the growth of their Order. As early as the grandmastership of Odo de St. Amand the action of Odo with regard to the murder by a Templar of an envoy sent by the sect of the Assassins was the signal for an outbreak of strife, and, according to Vertot, 'commença à 'affoiblir l'estime que l'on avoit alors pour tout l'ordre.' Shortly after Alexander was forced to issue a bull for the restoration of peace between Fr. Roger des Moulins, of the Hospital of St. John, and the Templars, Odo doubtless showing himself as little fearful of Roger as he was said to be of God, and as he proved to be of man. Under the rule of Gilbert Roral (1196–1198) similar exhortations bear witness to the continuance of the quarrel when Odo lay in a prisoner's grave, and five grand-masters—Arnold de Torroge, Fr. Thiery (slain in battle), Gerard de Riderfort (likewise slain), Fr. Gaultier, and Robert de Sablé—had reigned successively in his stead. A following bull indicates that the master and all his knights lay under sentence of excommunication. In 1199, when Pontius Rigaldus ruled, the Templars not only refused succour to the Christian King of Arménie, but violently invaded his territory; and when Philippe du Plessis sat in Pontius's seat he and his knights are upbraided for their contempt of the representative of Christ. Hermance de Perigord (1239–1245) incurred the opprobrium of Christendom for having permitted Moslems to celebrate their rites in buildings belonging to the Order. During the crusade of St. Louis, Renaud

* 'Le dessein des Messieurs du Puy étoient de justifier la mémoire de Philippe' (see Introduction to edition of 1751).

de Vichier, Grand-Master, refused treasure for the ransom of the Comte de Poitiers, and the coffers of the Order were violated by De Joinville to the amount of 30,000 livres on behalf of the king. In 1255 Aimery de la Roch being grand-master, Alexander IV. refers to the 'abhorrence' in which some men begin to hold the Temple, and finds it necessary to prohibit 'à tout laïcq de les molester;' while the fair fame of Thomas Berard, Aimery's successor, suffered evil things in later days at the lips of tortured witnesses, and has come down as that of 'le mauvais grand-maître,' albeit his name, his fame, his date, and his sins are inextricably confused with those of a certain 'Grand-Maître Roncelin,' and likewise with those of Grand-Maître Thomas de Montaigu of a far earlier period. For neither in this nor in any other matter does the testimony evoked by Philip the Fair from racked victims or bribed traitors agree.

And amidst the cloud of hostile suspicions, of common slanders, slanders of estranged friendships, vindictive rivalries, and open antagonism, the untarnished record of their soldiership ends with the fall of Acre. No place could have served more fitly for the theatre on whose stage the last act of Christian dominion in Palestine should be played. The banners of almost every nation and creed had waved in turn from its battlements—the green and the saffron flags of Mahomet had alternated with the oriflamme of France, with the Teutonic eagle, with the royal standard of England; its war-battered ramparts recorded the heroic traditions and savage memories of the horrors of the long siege, when for two years it had withstood the assembled armies of Europe. At the end of the thirteenth century Acre had become the refuge of the retreating Christian population of the Holy Land. It was a city in which the sins of all nations had found themselves a home. The remnants and the refuse of armies, the fugitive garrisons of taken cities had congregated there. A lawless, rapacious, licentious mob starved, fought, robbed, drank, and sickened in the thronged streets of the town, whose luxuries, with its marble fountains, almond and orange groves, its gardens, its aqueducts and canopied walks, had been the byword of the East; a populace forming a sordid and brutal human background to the stately churches and austere fortresses built in older days. Polluted by its denizens, the city cried aloud for the purification of fire and sword and sea, a city where life defiled appealed for the restored 'virginity of death.'

And in the spring days of 1291 death came. Two hundred thousand troops from the east and the south gathered around the doomed walls under the command of the Sultan Aschraf Khalil. Of the motley hordes of Christians within the gates, all who could fled to the ships which rode at anchor in the great harbour. But under the leadership of Guillaume de Beaujeu, Grand-Master of the Temple, some 1,200 soldiers, the knights of the two military Orders, and their armed companies, remained to defend this their last stronghold. The annals of the siege have been left, with their legends of heroic incidents, of undermined towers, of broken fortifications, of breaches where man by man stood and fell, checking for a while, as one to a hundred, the onsurging myriads of the besiegers; of Henry, King of Jerusalem, who fled by night, of the handful of Hospitallers who sought a swift dying, charging into the very camp of the enemy. Then figure after figure vanishes from the scene. Guillaume de Beaujeu, the hero of the Cursed Tower, toils no more night by night with his own hands to replace the stones dislodged during the day's assault. Slain with a poisoned arrow, he at length takes his well-earned rest. And the seven survivors of the gallant band of Hospitallers have embarked, not, as we may well believe, for any fear of death, for the serene shores of the island of Cyprus.

Acre indeed is lost, for the key to it is in the hands of the foe. But some few hundred Templars still garrison its inner citadel, the Bourg of the Temple, for in battle 'none may 'turn him back;' and the fellowship are minded to observe the Rule to the letter. The sequel was strange enough. On the threshold of the last refuge of the Christians the Sultan paused; the Templars, with all refugees there harboured, shall depart in safety. The conditions are accepted, and a guard of Moslems are admitted within the Bourg. But the infidel soldiery lay hands on the women, and the Templars' swords avenge the violence. Vowed to accept no service at a woman's hands, they may yet accept death for a woman's sake. For some few days they still hold the Tower, then, once more assaulted by the enemy's host, the undermined walls fall, burying in one grave the knights, their assailants, and those few nameless women whose honour has been bought with so dear a price.

The siege of Acre closes the record of the Templars as the knights militant of Palestine. Jerusalem was irrevocably lost, the Holy Land was delivered over to the infidel. The Order

—numbering, it is said, some 15,000 knights *—remained scattered throughout Europe, 'soldats délaissés, sentinelles 'perdues.' With the trail of past splendours, the glories of battles lost or won, with the vast treasures accumulated from the spoils of the East and the bequests of Western piety, with immense revenues and wide domains, it readjusted its existence to new conditions, while the close consolidation of its internal organisation, with the widely spread influence of its affiliated secular associates, made it a power to be feared and conciliated in every land. Its centre and treasure house was Paris. The precincts of the 'Temple' occupied one-third of the city, with privileges and immunities which presented a barrier to the encroachments of royal or civic authority. As a military order it was independent of the nationalities among which it was domiciled. As a religious order it was independent of the secular law. Exempted from episcopal discipline by the prerogatives bestowed by successive pontiffs, it was estranged from ecclesiastical Catholicism. As a spiritual aristocracy and as an aristocracy of birth it was alienated from the parochial priesthood, who could not share its prerogatives, and from the mendicant orders—then at the apogee of their fame—whose recruits were drawn from all ranks and classes. Isolated likewise from ties of natural relationship by their monastic vows, the knights formed a caste and a race apart. In their isolation lay the germ of their destruction, and the day of wrath found them forsaken of all men. Their pride was a proverb in all lands. 'My covetousness,' so ran Cœur de Lion's traditional bequest, 'I leave to the Cistercians; my lusts to the priest-'hood; to the Templars my pride.' 'Comme ils se passaient 'de femmes, ils se passaient aussi de prêtres . . . ils se 'passèrent de Dieu encore.' Their god, Michelet adds, was their Order, while the veneration still yielded to them by the lower classes of the populace tended to increase the venom of their rivals and antagonists.

Yet it is neither in their position as a military brotherhood whose swords had lost in mercenary warfare the consecration of their aim, nor yet in their annals as degenerate ascetics of relaxed discipline and doubtful morals, that the riddle lies which gives to the history of their abolition its singular interest. For the ruin of the Militia Christi was due, not to their violation of their original Rule, nor even primarily to the alleged infamy of individual associates of

* Ferrati Vicenza, quoted by Mill, 'Hist. of the Crusades.'

their fellowship, but was compassed and sealed by the charge, deadly indeed in the fourteenth century, of secret apostasy from the faith of which the members of the Order had been for one hundred and seventy years the most loyal defenders and the most valiant champions.

In 1307 the storm broke. Philip the Fair—'le Roi des 'légistes'—'la mala pianta' of Dante's visions, had yet time by one last sombre misdeed to prelude, or it may be foredoom, the extinction of his line. His powerful adversary, Pope Boniface, the friend of the Order, was dead. 'Philippe, par 'la grâce de Dieu Roi des Français, à Boniface, prétendu 'souverain pontife, peu ou point de salut,' so Philip had phrased his missive to the Pope, and when Nogaret and his band brutally assailed the old prelate at Anagni, they could count upon Philip to endorse their deed. In 1305 (after the brief pontificate of Benedict XI.) Philip was able to raise his nominee Bertram de Got * [Clement V.] to the papal dignity —a dignity which the transference of the Pope's residence to Avignon rendered in the matter of authority a sinecure. With Clement, whose concurrence was essential to his purpose, a docile if reluctant instrument in his hands, Philip perpetrated his crime. The riches of the Templars were immense. Philip, 'le faux monnayeur,' in whom 'avarice had subdued to itself the blood of the Capets,'† was the debtor of the Order, whose wealth he had long coveted, and 'lie could not get the honey unless he burnt the bees,'‡ therefore the Order must be suppressed. But there was then no precedent for the suppression of a religious order, and the atrocities he was about to commit with a callous ferocity, hardly surpassed by the savage barbarities of the Albigensian crusade, demanded a pretext and a justification, lest the formidable pity of the populace, by whom the Templars were venerated, should frustrate the royal scheme. To estrange the sympathy of Christendom, no less than to mask the nature of his crime, he framed his indictment upon a deliberate groundwork of calumny. The Templars were the sworn defenders of religion, Philip denounced them as enjoining and enforcing by the very institution of their Order the formal renunciation of the Christian faith with every circumstance of sacrilegious rite and profane ceremony. The Templars were 'honoured in Syria, dreaded by the

* The 'shepherd without law.' Dante, 'Inferno.'

† Purgatorio, xx. 85.

‡ Fuller, 'Holy War.'

'Turks,' as Guiot, the troubadour satirist of the morals of other religious communities, wrote. They must be held up to infamy and contempt. Sins against man and God must be brought to their charge; Philip denounced them as enjoining and enforcing the formal violation of the moral law, by a secret system of terrorism, upon each initiate of the confraternity.

In such an indictment, brought against the Order itself, that the known innocence of individuals might not be adduced as justification, Philip proved himself in advance of his time by conforming to its superstitions and credulities.* During the years that followed the evacuation of Palestine the general attitude of religious thought in Europe was such as might readily confirm such accusations. Neither censures nor persecutions had availed to eradicate Gnostic doctrines, in their last recrudescence of Manicheism, from the Christianity of mediæval Europe. 'During the two centuries 'preceding the fall of the Templars it was eagerly embraced 'in France. . . . At its source in Syria it had doubtless 'carried away as large a portion of the inquiring spirits of 'the Temple as it was intoxicating in Italy and France,' King† avers, although he acknowledges its connexion with the Order to be 'one of the most difficult problems 'of history.' And with the spread of Gnostic doctrine arose the suspicion of the revival of practices based upon the symbolic rites of Eastern and Egyptian mysteries—suspicions, be it remembered, which the first converts of orthodox Christianity did not escape, and which throughout the history of religion have been continually incurred by suppressed sectaries of Gnostic or other origin. The early Christian Church had, in truth, itself adopted many ceremonies associated with pagan creeds. 'The primitive 'Christians used several of the terms employed in heathen 'mysteries, and proceeded so far as even to adopt some of 'the ceremonies of which these renowned mysteries con-'sisted,' Mosheim states,‡ and it is probable that other orgiastic rites, likewise borrowed from the mysteries of Greece and Egypt, but unappropriated by the Church at large, were observed by various individual bodies of both primitive and mediæval Christians; for while the Latin Church developed its system of the authoritative definition of dogma, the minds of men as persistently, and perhaps in

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* See Raynouard.

† Gnostics.

‡ Ecclesiastical Hist. vol. i. p. 183.

corresponding ratio, set forth upon new or retraced old byways of forbidden thought. The chivalry of the Temple more especially invited suspicion, both from the tolerant spirit exhibited by the Order with regard to Eastern religions and from the strict secresy the rule enjoined in the observation of the initiatory rites, which King asserts were 'faint traditions of the penances or "tortures" exacted 'from the neophyte in the Mithraic cave.' Von Hammer in Germany,* Edward Clarkson in England,† have detected evidence of the Templars' secession from orthodox Christian faith and practice in the Order's assumed possession of Gnostic gems, and in the sculptures and architecture of their churches. More recently M. Jules Bois‡ has classed them unconditionally, with many other sectaries suspected of kindred opinions, with 'les Albigeois, les Parfaits, les 'Croyants, les Bons Hommes . . . les Albigeois qui 'reçurent une initiation filtrée du Temple;' while in referring to the Albigensian massacres he adds: 'Les 'Templiers se taisent, tristes et méfiants. . . . Eux ils 'dédaignent l'occident chrétien. N'ont-ils pas touché les 'Chamites, là-bas, au Saint-Sépulcre, qui ne leur a appris 'que la mort du Christ et non pas sa résurrection? . . . 'Le Christ est mort, crachons sur le Christ; et ils 'crachent sur le Christ. . . . Les Templiers nourrissent 'l'orient dans leur cœur sombre.'

Michelet also, in his 'Sorcière,' appears in more than one sentence to endorse an adverse verdict with regard to the morals of the Temple Knights, which, logically considered, seems to imply, if not their total repudiation of Christian faith, at least their adoption of exotic beliefs. In his history, nevertheless, he exonerates the Order as essentially an order of symbolists, a confraternity of mystics. There was, he says, a significance in their very name. 'L'Eglise est la maison du Christ, le Temple celle du 'Saint-Esprit. L'idée du Temple, plus haute et plus 'générale que celle même de l'Eglise, planait en quelque 'sorte par-dessus toute religion. L'Eglise datait, le Temple 'ne datait pas.' And they perished, he adds, referring to the special charge that the brethren caused the cross to be trampled upon and profaned—a charge which drew upon them the execration of all Christendom—as symbolists by

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* Notes to Michaud.

† Introduction to Billings's 'Temple Church.'

‡ Bois, 'Le Satanisme.'

reason of the 'misinterpretation of a symbol;'* while M. Raynouard, a still more whole-hearted apologist, in his exhaustive investigations, acquits them alike of moral and ecclesiastical crime, discrediting wholly the veracity of imputations which accused one and the same body of the grossest idolatry and the boldest iconoclasm, of the negation of God and the worship of idols, and Addison, following in Raynouard's track, unhesitatingly sums up the 'monstrous 'and ridiculous articles of accusation' as 'a monument of 'human folly, superstition, and credulity.'

But, howsoever these later disputants have, each according to his own theory, solved the problem, the charges, when first promulgated by Philip, met with small credence at the ear of Clement. He made scarcely a feint of conviction; the crimes adduced were 'invraisemblables, incroy-'ables et inouies.' Voltaire has pointed out that it shows an indifferent knowledge of human nature to suppose the existence of societies based upon the depravity of their morals, and 'Why league together to do what each man can do 'without rule?' De Quincey inquired pertinently in our own century. Even in the fourteenth century the same question presented itself to Philip's allies, and tended to retard the execution of his project. But Philip lacked leisure to tarry for the laggard credulity of priests and potentates, and, stimulating the superstitious fury of the ignorant multitudes throughout France by the agency of denunciatory Dominican friars, he created a public opinion upon which he could safely rely. Allaying the aroused fears of the Order by an increase of royal favours bestowed upon Jacques de Molay, Grand-Master of the Temple and godfather to one of the *enfants de France*, he prepared in secret the sudden and decisive blow which left the whole society helpless in the hands of its most envenomed foes, the sons of St. Dominic.

On October 12 De Molay was summoned to take a place of honour at a royal funeral; on the 13th De Molay, with

* These special impieties might possibly point to a community of belief with those Christian sectaries who denied the material but accepted the mystical crucifixion of Christ. The Paulicians (ninth century) of Armenia 'loaded the cross with contempt and reproach,' rejecting the doctrine of a veritable crucifixion. There are also parallel instances of sacrilege in the great iconoclastic controversy where the Christian reactionists against the prevalent image worship cast out the cross from the churches and committed it to the flames. See Mosheim, 'Eccl. Hist.' Michelet, however, suggests that the denial of St. Peter was re-enacted in these mystic initiatory rites.

every Templar throughout the realm of France, was seized and consigned to the dungeons of convents and fortresses.

During the months that intervened between the arrest of the knights and their trial the orders of the king were carried out relentlessly. In Paris alone 140 were tortured by the officers of the Inquisition. The alternative offered to the victims was a full confession of the accredited crimes, or death with every circumstance of protracted torture; while forged letters, it is said, were produced purporting to be from the Grand-Master, exhorting his brethren to allow their guilt.

Under the torture the greater number confessed; released from torture the greater number retracted their confessions. 'Toutes les accusations sont fausses,' so ran the retractation of Ponsard de Gisi as he stood before the Papal commission. 'Nous avons cédé à la crainte, au péril, à la violence. Nous 'étions torturés par Flexian de Béziers, prieur de Mont-'faucon, et par le moine Guillaume Robert, nos ennemis. 'Devant l'épreuve des tortures 36 Chevaliers étaient morts,' and Ponsard de Gisi, as a relapsed criminal, was led from the tribunal to the stake. 'I persist in maintaining the 'errors imputed are false,' the veteran Aymeric de Villar le Duc declared. 'Though overcome by torture, I myself con-'fessed them. I have seen fifty-four knights led to the 'flames. I doubt if I, like them, could be of so noble a 'constancy. I believe, so threatened, I would slay God 'Himself,' he added in a phrase, of which the brief simplicity attests its sincerity. And so knight after knight, as Ponsard and Aymeric, confessed, retracted, and died. 'Ils avouèrent dans les tortures, mais ils nièrent dans les 'supplices;' the old traditions of the glory of the heroic slain of Eastern battlefields revive amidst the illumination of those slow fires in which they agonised, affirming their innocence, at Paris.

The archives of the day register a picture of those torture processes we may do wisely to pass by in silence. In the history of the crimes of humanity, no less than in the biographies of individuals, there are reticences we cannot infringe with impunity. There are undoubtedly chapters of life we cannot decipher without loss, there is a realisation of cruelties we can scarcely acquire without some shadowy participation in their essence, a knowledge of sins committed which to have gained is to risk if not to forfeit something of the health and much of the delicacy of our own moral nature. There are iniquities best combated by

the incredulity that cries 'It is not possible,' and the saner instincts of men warn us that it is well to shut our imaginations to those visions which from the dust of dead centuries reiterate their sullen affirmation 'It has been done.'

Such iniquities are those recorded by the pages telling of the long-protracted trial of the captive Templars as the tragedy of torture and death approaches, step by step, the final scene. Like sombre phantoms actor after actor passes across the background: Clement—the lover of the beautiful Countess de Perigord—the shameful semblance of a pope, eager to share the spoils, yet loth to share the full magnitude of Philip's cruelty, stands for a while in clear relief. Guillaume de Paris, the pitiless Dominican; Marigny, the archbishop of Sens; Nogaret, the lawyer, himself doomed with Flexian de Béziers, the informer, and Noffo Dei, the witness, to suffer in their turn, two at the block and one at the halter, the penalty of their ill-doing—all these play their own parts in the scene. And behind and above them all stands Philip the king. Dishonour waits upon the house of Capet. His three sons shall each in turn ascend the throne of France, but not one shall leave a son to carry on the royal dynasty. Their wives shall bring infamy upon them, and for Philip the Fair death lies near at hand. A boar's tusk in the gay forest shall wound his body, a nameless malady of mind shall poison his soul, and he shall die and pass before the bar of that tribunal where Clement will precede him, and where a great cloud of witnesses may well await his coming.

And on the other side, confronting the accusers, are arrayed the pale spectres of the accused. Again and again some single figure among the victims stands out alone upon the pages that chronicle the trial, stands out by virtue of a more vivid individuality of word or deed or suffering. More often it is of some unnamed company of knights that we catch a sudden glimpse, emerging from the shadow of dark prison gateways to cancel an hour's weakness by their gallant dying. Or, it may be, we see a group—as that band of more than fifty souls who in the space of twenty-four hours were interrogated, judged, sentenced, and burnt—invoking death with the dauntless courage of a martyr's constancy. Nor are we ever suffered to forget that these disfigured captives, mutilated, bruised, racked, chained, and dishonoured, claim yet by spiritual heritage, if not the birthright of God's saints, at least the blood of earth's noblest heroes.

Then, company by company, group by group, figure by figure, they fade from our sight, some in the dusk of life-long imprisonment, some to expire in the death-fires of the open market-place, where a thronging populace watch with growing disquiet executions which so strangely simulate martyrdoms. 'Ils sembloient par dehors,' wrote cautiously the author of the 'Roman de Favel,' 'estre bons,' and the old verse chronicle quoted by Raynouard sums up the evidence with greater boldness:—

'En cel an qu'ai dist orendroit
Et ne sai à tort ou à droit
Furent li Templiers sans doutance
Tous pris par le Royaume de France.
. . . . .
'Mais je ne sai si il mesdient
Et mains ou monde condempnez
Sont lassus ou ciel couronnez.'

Non nobis Domine! The battle psalm of the Temple, the clash of spear and sword, was at length hushed for ever for the chivalry of Christ. Beauseant,* the black and white banner, the standard of the most gallant victories, of the most forlorn hopes of Christendom, is blazoned by mendicant monks of Dominic with the bar sinister of apostasy. Yet the hatred of the king, bankrupt and coiner, was not slaked. Jacques de Molay, the last Grand-Master of the long roll-call of heroes who had held that title, still lived. There are men whose history is the history of their death, for whom a sentence epitomises life and an hour serves as the abstract of years. Among such De Molay takes his place. Admitted to the Order during the rule of Thomas Berard, he had served among the Frieri for some forty-eight years. He had been an actor in the last scenes of the Christians' dominion in Palestine, he had taken part in the final expedition of 1298. He had defended the honour of his Order with vehemence, he had been betrayed, he had been tortured, he had yielded. The confession of the veteran soldier had been the crowning triumph of his antagonists. He bore on his body the scars of war and the wounds of torture; he bore upon his soul, how silently and

* The piebald banner—Beau- or Bienseant—preceded the banner with the red cross introduced during the grand-mastership of Des Barres. Beauseant has been taken as an evidence of the Templars' adoption of Eastern tenets, the black and white symbolising the light and darkness, the good and evil principles of magianism.

secretly the sequel shows, the wounds of those rack-extorted avowals.

Upon a scaffold erected before Notre-Dame, Jacques de Molay was brought forth from his five years prison on March 18, 1313, with the Grand Preceptor and two other high officers of the Order, to reiterate his confession in the presence of the Legate, the prelates of France and the assembled people, that all the world of Paris, and all the world beyond Paris, the world of that day and of this, might hear. Two of his companions who, it would seem, were first called upon to re-testify their guilt, fulfilled the expectations of their gaolers, confessed and were exempted from further sufferings. Then De Molay, standing between the ranks of listening ecclesiastics and the pile of wood, which in sinister menace was laid ready beneath, addressed the vast and surging crowd of the assembled populace. He spoke, say the records, in a 'clear voice.' 'I do,' he said, 'confess my guilt.' He was guilty of the greatest crime possible to man. To his eternal shame, through pain of torture, and through fear of death, he had imputed sins to the innocent, blame to the guiltless, had avowed dishonour where dishonour was none. This falsehood he had been summoned hither to repeat; infamously to save his life by confirming a first lie with a second. But 'de bon cœur,' he will rather renounce that life which has become abhorrent in his eyes. So far with 'contenance 'assurée' De Molay had spoken, some suspense of surprise holding all silent around him. Then dragged fiercely from the platform with his remaining companion he met the death he unflinchingly challenged.

Legends have gathered confusedly round that evening's scene when, as the dusk fell over the city, De Molay died, by Philip's swift decree, a lingering death in the charcoal fires kindled upon the little island in the Seine. Legends of the victim summoning his persecutors, pope and king, to meet him at the judgement of God; of Philip, in his palace near by, coldly triumphant in the consummation of his iniquities, blindly unconscious of the doom by which his feet should follow so soon the death track of the Templar. Legends of men regarding fearfully the spectacle, the glow of the burning across the night waters and the veil of smoke over the quiet tide of the river; of women gathering up the ashes, when the fires were spent, and covertly treasuring them as the relics of saints. And legends go on to tell of Clement struck down within that year, his body consumed

by the flames of a burning church; of the heaped-up calamities of the last days of the doomed king, of the violent and shameful dying of the chief actors in the drama of blood. All such legends may be, in part, but traditions, inventions of a day which sought to track God's judgements upon the very earth where His justice might seem to have hung in suspense; for truly, 'Dieu par sa piete souffre faire moult 'de felonies.' They may be but the mere hearsay of history, yet they have none the less their own significance; and De Molay, we may well believe, did not die unavenged by that spiritual vengeance which has overtaken his wrongers in the execrations of mankind. And once again, as from many another chapter of life, we may learn that, if the vengeance of the strong is to strike, the vengeance of the weak—silent as Calvary's—is to suffer.

ART. IV.—1. *Annual Reports of the Congested Districts Board, I. to VIII.* Dublin: 1892–1899.

2. *Annual Reports of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, I. to V.* Dublin: 1895–1899.

3. *Annual Reports of the Irish Industries Association.* Dublin.

4. *The Agriculture and Technical Instruction (Ireland) Act,* 1899.

THE truce of parties so happily proclaimed on the occasion of the recent visit of the Queen to Ireland, and so admirably observed by her Irish subjects during her Majesty's sojourn in Dublin, forbids any endeavour to draw from the remarkable reception accorded to the Sovereign in her Irish capital anything in the nature of a political moral. It is certainly not in these pages that any departure is likely to be made from the respectful reticence which, alike in recognition of the regal impartiality of the throne and in deference to the susceptibilities of the Irish people, has refused to invade the semi-private character of the royal visit, or to attribute to the calculating motives of a subtle statecraft an undertaking to which it is manifest that the Queen was prompted solely by frank, generous, and womanly impulses. Far from desiring to infringe the understanding which all political sections in Ireland have loyally respected by deducing from the warmth of the greeting accorded to her Majesty conclusions which the representatives of the majority of the Irish people have been careful to condemn by anticipation as unwarrantable, we should be much more solicitous, were discussion of the matter becoming, to deprecate the tendency (natural and inevitable on the part of those who know nothing of Ireland at first hand, but withal erroneous) to accept the recent evidences of Irish good feeling towards the throne and its illustrious occupant, as necessarily indicative of an enduring change in the attitude of the Irish people in relation to the connexion with Great Britain. Such a mistake is indeed one into which few who are really familiar with Ireland are likely to fall; and it is highly undesirable that an assumption which is certain to be falsified by experience, and which can therefore lead only to disillusion and disappointment, should be suffered to take hold of the public imagination.

For the popularity of royalty as such among Irishmen is no new discovery. If the hearty greeting of an English

sovereign could be accepted as the token of satisfied acquiescence in English rule, there had been no need to wait till the closing year of the nineteenth century for a solution of the Irish difficulty so happy and so simple. It is close upon three centuries since an astute observer, Sir John Davis, noted that 'the people of this land, both English 'and Irish, did ever love to be governed by great persons,' and insisted on the continual absence of the kings of England from their realm of Ireland as a main cause why Ireland down to his time had 'never been entirely brought 'under the obedience of the Crown of England.' And perhaps there is no surer antidote to excessive exaggeration of the possible political results of the reception accorded to Queen Victoria in Dublin than remembrance of the fact that the outburst of personal loyalty which her Majesty's presence evoked, cordial and remarkable beyond expectation as it has undoubtedly been, cannot be said to have exceeded the enthusiasm of the welcome which, according to the well-authenticated records of the time, was given to King George IV.

If the cautious observer refuses to accept the gratifying cordiality of the proceedings in Dublin last April as affording a valid proof of any fundamental change in Irish political sentiment, he will equally decline to be betrayed into premature optimism by the enthusiasm which the valour of the Irish regiments in South Africa has evoked in every part of the three kingdoms. The gallantry of her sons in the battlefield is no new laurel in the wreath of Erin's merit; nor have the stricken fields of the Transvaal campaign been the first in which Celt and Saxon have together found a soldier's grave in the cause of England. It needed not the clarion cry that stormed Talana Hill, nor the harder heroism that endured alike the helpless slaughter of Colenso and the long agony of Ladysmith, to supply the answer that Waterloo and the Peninsula furnished long ago to Sheil's impassioned question, 'Did the alien blench?' The fighting qualities of the Irish soldier, and the devotion of which he is capable, have never had any serious relation to the causes in which they have been exerted; and no inferences as to his political sentiments can safely be drawn from his military conduct. It is unfortunately true, but it is a truth which no prudent estimate of the facts of the case will be tempted to ignore, that, when all due allowance has been made for Hibernian extravagance of phrase, the political sentiments of the average Irish elector, in regard to a war

which has added so much to the laurels already won by Irish valour, are more accurately represented by the language of those leaders who have publicly prayed that God might strengthen the arm of the Boer than by the actions of those whose prowess has contributed so largely to the vindication of the supremacy of the Queen in South Africa. Nay, so far are we from finding in the readiness of an Irishman to die in England's battles the symptoms of a closer approximation of Irish to English feeling, and so much does atmosphere count for in colouring Irish sentiment, that we are satisfied that many of those Irish soldiers who have fought for the Queen in Natal, would still give their votes at a general election to Home Rule and anti-English candidates.

But while thus careful to avoid the error of an ill-founded optimism and refusing to adventure upon forecasts which, always hazardous, are in the case of Ireland more than ordinarily liable to be confounded by the event, we cannot resist the temptation which is suggested by the fourth visit of the Queen to Ireland to indulge in a retrospect of the past and a survey of the present. The long interval of forty years—that is, of considerably more than a generation—has elapsed since her Majesty last came among her Irish subjects, and it is impossible not to be struck by the suggestive contrast between 1861 and 1900. Such a space represents a very large part of even the longest life. For the Queen herself the changes have indeed been vast. The interval has been marked by the gradual but decisive changes which such a period must witness in the most fortunate of human existences, and by those heavy strokes of mortal fate from which the most illustrious are not exempt. The prime of womanhood has slowly given way to the infirmities of advanced years, and the domestic circle, which in the summer of 1861 was still unbroken, has had to endure other and serious losses besides the grievous one which befell so soon after the last royal visit. For the Queen as sovereign the changes have been happier, but not less conspicuous. She has witnessed a vast expansion of the bounds of her Empire, a vast increase in the number of her subjects, and a vast addition both to the aggregate and the average wealth of the people of the three kingdoms.

But large as have been the changes in the personal outlook and environment of the Queen, and in the condition of her Empire as a whole, they can scarcely be said to be more far-reaching than those which have effected a silent revolution in the condition of Ireland and the outlook of

the Irish people. To hark back from 1900 to 1861 is to contemplate a state of things, political, social, and economic, which has absolutely passed away, and of which the working generation of Irishmen are fast forgetting even the tradition. At the time of the Queen's last visit the Church of Ireland was still by law established. Of the long sequence of Acts of Parliament by which the tenure of land in Ireland has been so profoundly modified—to use no stronger term—only the first and least remarkable, that known as Deasy's Act, had received the sanction of the Legislature. In the sphere of political agitation the term 'Fenian' had not yet been invented; 'Home Rule' as a party catchword was still unknown; Isaac Butt was still the Conservative member for Youghal; and the parliamentary representation of the country was still predominantly in the hands of the Irish gentry. The entirely fresh conditions which have been substituted for those which subsisted in 1861 are best indicated to readers of the 'Edinburgh Review' by the recollection that the principal preoccupation in that year of one who knew Ireland as intimately as did the late Mr. Nassau Senior, was the question of the partial endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood. More than a generation has passed since any practical statesman has seriously considered the possibility of solving the Irish problem by any such measure as this.

We have already disavowed any intention of discussing the political aspects of the Queen's visit. As little do we intend to dilate in the present article on the existing state of Irish parties, however fruitful that topic may appear. Speculation upon the probable developements of political parties is always attractive and not without its value upon fit occasion; but never, perhaps, was any effort to forecast the political future more hopelessly foredoomed to failure than the attempt to cast the political horoscopes of Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy. For the moment we are concerned with the consideration of factors in the Irish problem more potent and more abiding than the most prominent and most piquant of political personalities, and admitting to the full that, under whatever leadership, the Irish electorate has no present intention of marching under any but a Home Rule banner, we proceed to consider the outlook of the Irish people from the point of view of their social and economic environment. It is in this sphere that we shall find the most striking evidences of the changes silently wrought in the face of Ireland during the past forty years.

The political and religious geography of the island remains, and to all appearance is destined to remain, as immutable as its physical configuration. But the social and economic maps happily exhibit no inconsiderable readjustment of important features, and bid fair to mark ere long a complete transformation in the material welfare of its people.

For although, as we have already admitted, the attitude of the average Irish elector in regard to imperial questions remains unshaken and unchanged, in spite of manifestations which, superficially regarded, might seem to denote an abandonment of the old animosities, and a readiness to forget the old wrongs, we think that those who look below the surface will find that, while the conventional hostility to England is maintained as sturdily as ever, while rival journals and politicians, competing for popular support, find it necessary to assert on every seasonable opportunity, and even upon occasions which most people would regard as unseasonable, their inveterate antagonism to Great Britain, not a few currents of Irish life are trending in a different direction and tending to assuage the bitterness of traditional hatreds in the mass of the people. The patient solicitude which has been shown by a succession of statesmen in recent years to get to the root of the chronic discontent of Ireland, joined to the slow-moving but powerful effects of modern legislation, is beginning to produce its natural fruits. The process which Mr. Gerald Balfour at the outset of his Chief Secretaryship was so unfortunate as to designate as killing Home Rule with kindness, is indeed likely to be a longer one than he anticipated before he had acquired those lessons which his five years' experience of Irish administration must have taught him as to the hopelessness of inducing the majority of Irishmen to abandon their party shibboleths or to surrender their conventional nationalism. But it is none the less true that the people generally are becoming more and more penetrated every year with the conviction that the connexion with Great Britain is not without advantages too material to be lightly jeopardised. And though no formal admission to that effect is likely to be made by the representatives of the electors, the people themselves are more ready than formerly to recognise that, whatever their defects in point of sympathy and comprehension, the rulers of Ireland, irrespective of political parties, have been animated by a sincere desire to do justice among Irishmen, and to seek the advancement of Ireland as the one end of their statesmanship.

To bring about this calmer and more reasonable spirit many causes have combined. Some of these may be found in the gradual effects of the legislation of the last forty years, which has undoubtedly served to raise the standard of comfort and to augment the means of providing it among all ranks of the people; some in the enhanced prosperity which has been secured for the bulk of the existing population by the gradual reduction of its numbers to the point which the country is capable of maintaining; and some in the brighter prospects of material developement which have been opened to the people by the combined efforts of public and private enterprise to utilise the dormant resources of the country. It is our purpose in the present article to indicate, so far as is possible in a brief survey, the scope and character of the various influences which have been thus working together to effect that permanent amelioration of the conditions of Irish life which has undoubtedly characterised the recent history of Ireland.

In noticing the changes which have been wrought in Ireland within the last forty years, a conspicuous, if not the first, place must unquestionably be given, in the sphere of social legislation, to the long series of enactments which form what is known as the Irish Land Code. Perhaps no body of laws has ever been the object of more sustained or more vehement criticism from mutually contradictory standpoints; and certainly never before in the history of Great Britain has legislative sanction been given to a sequence of measures which conflicted in so marked a manner with the general spirit of English law. But the time for controversy over the principles of Irish agrarian legislation has long passed by. Apologised for by one party and denounced by the other, they have been adopted by both; repudiated at every stage by the representatives of the class they were designed to appease, as palliatives wholly inadequate to remedy the ills to which they were applied, they have been embraced by the vast body of the Irish tenantry, with the result that, directly or indirectly, almost the whole of the agricultural land of Ireland may now be said to be held or occupied under or by virtue of its provisions. The results which the legislation has effected are certainly not the results which those primarily responsible for the Land Acts professed to anticipate. That it has placed the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland upon the basis of mutual goodwill and good feeling, no indifferent observer who has been a spectator of the proceedings in an Irish land court

will for a moment venture to assert. That it has been productive of grave hardship, and has inflicted an irremediable legal wrong upon large numbers of innocent persons dependent on incomes derived from land, it is impossible to deny. But it is not less true that, speaking broadly, the Irish Land Acts have achieved, though in a manner widely different from that intended by their authors, one, at least, of the objects for which they were designed. They have effectually killed Irish agrarian agitation in the sense which that expression denoted forty years ago. To say this is not to say that legislative finality has been reached, or that Parliament is unlikely in the future to be troubled with proposals for extending the scope and provisions of these Acts. By no means. It is less than five years since the last great addition to the Code occupied a chief place in the labours of the parliamentary session. Scarcely a year has passed since then without suggestions in one form or another for further modification or extension of the principles and provisions of these Acts. And although some considerable time will probably elapse before any Cabinet consents to promulgate a fresh Land Bill, it is as certain as anything in the legislative and political future can ever be deemed, that further provision will sooner or later be made to facilitate the acquirement of the absolute ownership of their holdings by the present occupiers.

But while it is undoubtedly true that the evolution of agrarian legislation has not yet reached its final stage, it is equally true that the Land Acts have wrought a profound change in the condition of the Irish peasantry, and that however loudly politicians may complain of the alleged insufficiency of the Code, however keen the criticism alike from landlord and tenant of the competence and impartiality of the tribunals by which the Acts are administered, agitation on the part of the tenantry has, upon the whole, given way to acceptance, while the murmurs of the landowners are slowly giving place to sombre acquiescence. Any one who has the curiosity to turn back to the voluminous literature of Irish grievances of thirty years ago, or to the parallel records of Irish crime, will be surprised to find to how large an extent the suggestions and even the ideals of those who were then considered the most extreme reformers have been adopted or realised by legislation, an how absolutely the old excuses for criminality have disappeared. The memories are unhappily still recent of the outrages which, however revolting in themselves, however unprovoked by

those who suffered from them, had their origin in an atmosphere of prejudice and agitation which the legislation of the last quarter of the dying century has rendered impossible for the future by removing every shadow of a pretext for complaint. We are not here concerned to criticise the objects or the methods of the United Irish League, or to discuss the action (or inaction) of the Irish Government with relation to that body. But it is instructive to note that, while according to the language of the founders of the League the Irish tenant is still exposed to the oppressions of a grinding tyranny, the people, whose rights it professes to advocate, have hitherto given it but a small measure of dubious and hesitating support. The comparative failure of this new propaganda to attract any large number of disciples by the mere appeal to agrarian cupidity as distinguished from political advantage is eloquent of the practical contentment of the people with the results of legislation.

Of causes less directly related to politics which have profoundly modified the condition of the people in the last forty years, perhaps the most important has been the growth of railway communication. That the Irish railway system leaves much to be desired the frequent demands for a system of State management sufficiently indicate, and the private bill proceedings at Westminster of recent years have too often borne testimony to the extent and seriousness of the deficiencies which have hampered its developement. But in the extended period we are surveying, the defects so much complained of bear only a very small relation to the magnitude of the improvement which has been steadily, if slowly, effected, and by which the habits of the people have been profoundly modified. At the time of the Queen's last visit little more than fourteen hundred miles of railroad were open for traffic, and, roughly speaking, railway locomotion was confined to the great trunk lines from Dublin to the provincial centres. There is now a mileage of much more than double that extent, which reaches to every extremity of the island, so that whereas ten years ago many important districts were separated by fifty or sixty miles from the nearest station, there is now scarce a single town which is more than thirty miles from one. This extension has been mainly due to the initiative of Mr. Arthur Balfour, who, seeing the importance of developing the remoter districts of the north, south, and west, and as a complement to the policy which is embodied in his Congested Districts Board Act, of which we shall have a word to say presently, encouraged the extension of

the trunk lines by State grants, thus enabling the railway companies to undertake developements from which they had previously shrunk as unremunerative. The more remote districts of Donegal in the north-west, of Mayo and Galway in the west, and of Kerry in the south-west, have thus been brought within easy reach of Dublin ; and Achill, Connemara, and other picturesque resorts have been rendered accessible to the tourist.

The result is seen on all sides in the fast changing condition of the people of these districts. However much the seekers after the picturesque may deplore the inevitable effect of these increased facilities for intercommunication between the centre of the three kingdoms and their extremities, whether in the matter of costume or of language, the loss must be held to be more than compensated by the material benefit to the poor people, to whom many of the cheap conveniences of modern life are now accessible, and who are provided with readier and more profitable markets for the produce of their industry and of the natural resources of their districts. It is indeed not without a pang that the traveller in the far west finds that, save in the case of a few survivors of a past generation, the old frieze costume of the Irish peasant, with its knee-breeches, swallow-tailed coat, and high hat, has given place to the fustian and felt of Manchester and Leeds; or that the student of folklore seeks in vain in all but a very small and steadily dwindling number of districts for Irish-speaking children, who shall perpetuate the fast perishing traditions and legends of their Irish hearths. But it is impossible in Ireland, any more than in other countries, to defy the operations of an irresistible tendency. However much and sincerely we may deplore the triumph of a dull uniformity, no real well-wisher of the people would elect, if the choice were open, that they should surrender the comforts and advantages of advancing civilisation for the barren gratification of preserving the distinguishing traits of an earlier but less prosperous stage of national developement.

To say this is by no means to disapprove the movement for the preservation of the Irish language, which has recently been initiated, in so far, at least, as it seeks to secure greater facilities than are at present afforded for the teaching of Irish in the National schools, and thus to preserve the ancient language of Ireland as the spoken tongue in the districts where it still survives. Thanks largely to the passive indifference to and sometimes to the active discourage-

ment of the native language by the Irish clergy, who for the last generation or two have had the dominant voice in primary education in Ireland, and still more to the effects of that close intercourse with America which has had more to do, perhaps, than any other single cause with the change in Irish ideas, and of which a very curious illustration is to be found in the rapid anglicising of Irish surnames in the west of Ireland, the districts which can now be regarded as Irish-speaking are so few and far between that it is scarcely unfair to say, with Swift, of the efforts of the Gaelic League that 'when nothing's left that's worth defence, they build a 'magazine.' It may, indeed, be doubted whether the extension of the use of Irish into districts from which it has died out would be productive of any national benefit; and, were there any substantial likelihood of such a result being achieved by the operations of the League, we should feel indisposed to rejoice at the activity of an association which commends the cultivation of the lost language as 'the most 'effective means of recalling to vigorous life the decaying 'nationality of Ireland,' and as 'the most essential factor of 'Irish nationality.' The promoters of the Gaelic League are, indeed, not wholly untainted by that infirmity which in Ireland tends to the conclusion that nothing is really national which is not Nationalist; and some of its aims appear, unfortunately, to have more concern with politics than philology. But, in so far as it seeks to preserve the vitality of the most ancient of the living languages of Europe in its last outposts, its efforts deserve the approval of many who cannot sympathise with the ulterior objects of those whose interest in the movement appears to be prompted mainly by political, not to say anti-English, motives. The proposition upon which the latter rely—that a nation cannot retain its individuality without a national language—is confuted not only by the example of other nations, but by the history of Ireland herself; and the task of re-creating the Irish language in a country from which it has almost died out, as the living language of a people which the last seven centuries have left perhaps the most mixed in Europe, is one which is best designated, in the language of Lord Russell of Killowen, as 'absolutely futile and impracticable.'

We have alluded to the decline in the rate at which for several decades, and since the potato famine, the population of Ireland has been reduced from considerably more than eight millions to barely four millions and a half, as showing that the shrinkage has reached or nearly reached—the

limit at which it no longer becomes necessary to throw off a surplus for which room cannot be found at home, and as evidence of the increasing prosperity of those who remain. The statistics of emigration show a remarkable diminution in the volume of the stream which has so long and so steadily flowed westward; and although quite recently a considerable outcry has been raised at the increase noted in the returns for the spring months of the present year, it is unquestionable that the impulse to emigration is to a great extent stayed. For several years the numbers have fallen steadily; and there is no reason to question the validity of the official explanation of recent fluctuations—viz. that it is due to the increased demand for labour in the United States. To this may, however, be added the influence exerted last winter by the dread of a possible conscription. While we fully agree that the rapid depletion of the Irish population, through emigration, in the last half-century is evidence, were evidence wanted, of the comparative poverty and industrial weakness of Ireland, we have never been able to sympathise with those who deplore the failure of the Irish population to combat the operation of the natural law which decrees a constant exodus from countries thickly populated and slender in resources to lands less crowded, and presenting more opulent possibilities. With the views of those who denounce emigration as in itself pernicious and deplorable we have absolutely no sympathy; nor can we understand how either the permanent benefit of Ireland or the happiness of the people themselves can be served by the maintenance of a population in excess of the resources available for their support, or beyond the economic possibilities of the country. But it is matter for legitimate satisfaction that the tide of emigration has been stayed by natural and wholesome causes, and that the leakage is diminishing to a point which will shortly represent little more than the outflow natural to every civilised community. It is a significant evidence of the altered conditions of emigration from Ireland, and of the fact that the emigrants no longer represent the stern pressure of physical necessity, but are voluntary seekers of new homes, that the Congested Districts Board have never found it necessary to resort to their powers to assist emigration. No doubt that body has done something to provide an alternative in the more congested areas by its migration schemes, and by its useful system of enlarging small holdings to the point at which they may be expected to afford adequate means of livelihood to their

occupiers. But we think the improved condition of the country fully warrants us in the prediction that no revival of emigration on a large scale as a consequence of acute distress will be witnessed in the future, and that no occasion will be found for such devoted philanthropy as that of which the public has lately been reminded in Sir Edward Fry's admirable memoir of the late Mr. James Tuke.

The beneficial influences of the railway extension, to which we have referred, must have operated but slowly had they been left to work their effects unaided by any active efforts of the State to turn to account the machinery thus provided for the developement of the material resources of the backward districts of the country. But the extension of the railways proved to be a part only of a larger policy. Possibly no measure of the past forty years has had more important or more beneficial influence upon the economic condition of Ireland than the Congested Districts Board Act, which is the enduring memorial of the second and more constructive period of Mr. Arthur Balfour's Chief Secretaryship. The apparently hopeless condition of chronic poverty which has for generations stamped with misery vast regions of the west has always presented one of the most difficult of the many problems afforded by the deficiencies of Ireland in material resources. At each recurring famine the wild wastes of the west have defied every effort of public munificence and private philanthropy to give adequate succour to a population barely removed, even in its most prosperous moments, from the verge of starvation. Alike remote and barren, but thickly crowded with a people deficient in all the comforts, and barely supplied with the necessaries, of life, these districts have always yielded to the first onslaught of famine; while even in times of comparative plenty they have been barely self-supporting, and incapable of contributing anything to the common stock of the national resources. We have no intention of attempting in the present article to describe the operations of the Congested Districts Board, as recounted in the eight reports published since its inauguration in 1892. They are patent to any observer; but its achievements are both so considerable in themselves and so encouraging, as showing what may be effected by judicious methods, that it will be no digression from our main purpose to summarise the objects aimed at by the Board, and the broad results already attained.

By the Act of Parliament creating it, the districts em-

braced by the activity of the Congested Districts Board are thus defined:—

'Where at the commencement of this Act more than 20 per cent. of the population of a county . . . live in electoral divisions, of which the total rateable value, when divided by the number of the population, gives a sum of less than one pound ten shillings for each individual, those divisions . . . shall form a separate county (in this Act referred to as a congested districts county).'

Of such counties or districts there existed in 1892 as many as 84, distributed among eight counties through the north-west, west, and south-west of Ireland. They embraced an area of some three and a half million acres, or one-sixth of the whole surface of Ireland, and were inhabited by a population of rather more than half a million, the poor-law valuation per head being just above one pound. The Board was empowered to take steps for improving these districts in respect of such matters as agricultural developement, forestry, breeding of live-stock and poultry, amalgamation of small holdings, migration and emigration, fishing, and the developement of suitable industries. The first report of the Board contains a statement of the character of the problem set before it, intended to serve as a base line from which its future work might be judged and measured, which so concisely describes the districts and their population as they were in 1892 that we cannot do better than cite it here:—

'In the first place practically all the inhabitants of congested districts in Ireland are in possession of small plots of land, so that the development of agriculture and the improvement of the breeds of live stock and poultry are of primary and universal importance. Secondary sources of income vary in different districts. In many localities the results of sea-fishing are as valuable as the produce of the land. In other districts wage-earning in England, Scotland, and elsewhere is an indispensable source of livelihood. Weaving, knitting, sewing, kelp-making, sale of seaweed, sale of moss and peat, sale of illicit whisky, donations from relatives in America, occasional employment at home are sources of income of greater or less importance in different localities. . . . In some of the inland mountain glens where the inhabitants have very small patches of land tilled in primitive and unskilled methods, where their cattle and sheep have deteriorated in breeding and diminished in numbers, where little effort is made by the men to earn money through migratory labour or otherwise—in such mountain glens are to be found those people who endure the most comfortless and cheerless lives of all the inhabitants of congested districts in Ireland. In a "good year" they are little more than free from the dread of hunger, while a complete or partial failure of their crops involves as a consequence proportionately greater or less suffering from insufficient food.'

The report goes on to observe that the resources and earnings of a whole family in many instances do not exceed a total of 15*l.* a year, that the standard of living in even the most prosperous of these districts is very low, the diet being altogether vegetable, that the dwellings are mean and comfortless, and the clothing ragged and scanty.

The method adopted by the Congested Districts Board to meet the difficulties it was established to remedy have naturally followed three main lines of activity. Agriculture and fisheries were obviously the two most important sources of wealth. A third was found in the developement of a number of minor industries suited to the cottage and the farm, a work in which excellent results had already been achieved by a body known as the Irish Industries Association. In all three directions remarkable and most satisfactory results have been attained, and that without doing violence to the golden principle that the salvation of these districts must be worked out by the people themselves; the part of the Board being wisely limited as far as possible to the business of providing instruction and opportunities for those who were found willing to struggle to improve their own condition. While much has been done for the improvement of agriculture and the developement of subsidiary industries, it is undoubtedly in the improvement of the fisheries of the west coast that the most remarkable results have been achieved. By a curious mockery of nature the squalid poverty which has oppressed the inhabitants of these wretched districts has reigned in the near neighbourhood of the sources of abundant wealth. The congested districts lie for the most part along the fringe of one of the most deeply indented coast-lines in Europe, and the adjacent seas are filled with a practically inexhaustible supply of fish. But the inhabitants of the western coast, curiously deficient in aptitude for a seafaring life, and without the means of equipping fishing boats fit to encounter the winds and waves of the western ocean, had been unable to utilise the sources of wealth which nature had placed so close at hand. They had neither the skill nor the appliances necessary for reaping the marine harvest so close to their doors. They were without proper fishing-boats to catch the fish, and they equally lacked a market for the fish when caught, save where they chanced to possess piers and harbours to which their boats could be brought. The Board had, therefore, to create the fishing industry by coping with the double task of instructing the people in the management of boats and

providing the means of bringing the fish when caught to a profitable market. How large a degree of success has attended this effort of the Board may best be measured by one or two facts. In the spring of 1898 the Midland Great Western Company carried 22,000 boxes of mackerel from the fishing-stations of Mayo and Galway; the earnings of twenty-eight boats engaged in the Donegal fishing amounted to over seven thousand pounds in one season; and in the spring mackerel fishing the fishermen employed earn as much as 23*l.* per man in the space of three months.

No account of latter-day progress in Ireland could make any approach to completeness which should leave out of account the work which is primarily associated with the name of Mr. Horace Plunkett, of which the most conspicuous embodiment is the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. This association was founded in 1894, but it had already existed in embryo for some years in the informal exertions of a small body of individuals, among whom Mr. Plunkett was the leading figure. Its objects, as formally promulgated, are to improve the condition of the agricultural population of Ireland by teaching the principles and methods of co-operation as applicable to farming and the allied industries; to promote industrial organisation for any purposes which may appear to be beneficial; and generally to counsel and advise those engaged in agricultural pursuits. The first efforts of Mr. Plunkett and his friends were confined to the promotion of co-operative creameries, owned and managed by the farmers themselves. Of these societies thirty had been effectively established in 1893 with a total number of 1,509 shareholders, and a capital of 13,845*l.*; and the farmers estimated the increased profit on the return of their cows when supplying milk to these creameries at from 20 to 35 per cent. The next developement was the establishment in connexion with these creameries of a co-operative agency society to secure in the distribution of their produce the same benefits which had been found to accrue from the improved system of production. In three years the sales through these agencies had reached a gross value of 77,000*l.*; and the number of creameries, which, after the formal constitution of the Organisation Society, multiplied with great rapidity, is now 225.

The next business of the society was to apply the principle of co-operation to non-dairying districts and to form associations for the cheaper and improved production or distribution of such farming requirements as seeds, feeding-

stuffs, manures, implements, &c., in which it was found possible to effect large savings to the farmer; and there are now in existence upwards of a hundred of these societies distributed widely throughout every province and county of Ireland. Poultry societies for improving the egg and poultry trade have also been started, and kindred organisations for the developement of small industries have been found to thrive. But perhaps the most remarkable developement due to the initiative of the Agricultural Organisation Society has been the facilitating and cheapening of credit for the purposes of agricultural enterprise by means of the co-operative credit or Raffeisen banks, which, started only within the last three years, have already become so popular and successful as to bid fair to realise in Ireland results almost as noteworthy as those which they have achieved on the Continent, where their influence, particularly in the agricultural districts of Southern Germany, has been likened, with little exaggeration, as a stimulating factor in production, to the discovery of steam.

It would be claiming too much for Mr. Plunkett's organisation to assert that the societies promoted through its instrumentality have been in every instance successful, or that the business habits and system upon which alone they could hope to thrive have been uniformly exhibited in their management. Many difficulties, not a few disappointments, and some failures have had to be encountered and endured. But the broad result to any one who knows Ireland has been unmistakeably encouraging both from the material and the moral standpoint, and forms an ample justification of the exertions of the small but increasing body of Irishmen who, in the words of their leader, have for ten years past 'endeavoured to infuse into the agricultural portion of the 'population a spirit of self-reliance, and to show them how, 'by combination and mutual help, they could give effect to 'that spirit in the way best calculated to benefit both the 'individual and the community.' It is this which Mr. Plunkett and his friends hold to be the thing most needed for the developement of the material resources of Ireland, and the improvement of its social condition, and it is upon the maintenance of this principle that the future of the organisation which has done so much depends. It is devoutly to be hoped that those associated with Mr. Plunkett in this enterprise will not rest satisfied with the acknowledgement of the efficacy of their methods implied in the constitution of the new Board of Agriculture and Industries;

but that on the contrary, recognising that the new department must rely in large measure on the same methods which the society has found so successful, they will take care to maintain in extended efficiency an organisation which is capable of lending the most efficient aid to the State in its efforts to foster agricultural enterprise.

We shall make no attempt here to estimate the degree of success likely to be attained by the new Board of Agriculture and Industries which is now being inaugurated under the appropriate direction of Mr. Plunkett, to whose ceaseless advocacy and untiring energy its foundation is almost exclusively due. It is enough to say on this point that, certain as must be the failure of every government department to realise all the expectations entertained in regard to its usefulness by those it is designed to benefit, this endeavour of the State to foster Irish resources by means of State supervision and assistance will have thoroughly justified the somewhat empirical statesmanship which conceived it, if it shall be found to have achieved at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century a solid result proportionate to what has been accomplished in the last decade of the nineteenth by the private activities which have been called into being under Mr. Plunkett's inspiration and by the public exertions of the Congested Districts Board in the restricted area of its energies. In Ireland whatever is directly connected with Government is generally unpopular, and in clothing himself with the mantle of office Mr. Plunkett has elected to run a very considerable personal risk. But ten years of sustained labour have established his reputation for disinterested and practical patriotism too firmly to be easily shaken, and the results of the elections to the Consultative Council, which is to form part of the administrative machinery of the new Board, and which is manned by representatives of the Irish county councils, joined with persons nominated by the department, sufficiently prove that Mr. Plunkett as minister is as well able as he has shown himself in his private capacity to enlist the support of representative men of all classes in his effort to promote the developement of Ireland on its material side.

What most encourages belief in the possibilities of the new undertaking is that it is founded, as all Mr. Plunkett s undertakings have been, upon the basis of self-help, rather than of State aid, and that, as in the case of the Congested Districts Board, the assistance given to industry by the department is mainly to consist in helping the Irish people

to help themselves. The doctrine of what Mr. Plunkett is fond of calling the economic salvation of Ireland rests upon a foundation of business capacity and practical energy—qualities which, though not perhaps those for which the reputation of Irishmen stands highest, have been exhibited so conspicuously among the humblest and poorest classes in connexion with the agricultural co-operative movement as to give solid ground for confidence in an undertaking conducted on the like principle. Nothing could be better evidence of the spirit in which the assistance to be rendered by the State is being accepted by those conversant with the real needs of the country than the observations on the subject contained in the last report of the Agricultural Organisation Society:—

'The great legislative event of the year (1899), as far as Ireland is concerned, has been the passing of the Act by which Irish agriculture is at last to be put on a par with the agricultural industry of its foreign competitors. The Act creates a department which is designed to foster in every way possible the spirit of self-help which this society has sought to engender in Irish farmers by its teachings. It does not propose to do for the Irish farmer what he ought to do for himself, but to lend him a helping hand by education and other means in developing his industry wherever he shows himself worthy of such help. The proposed department, if it is not to do more harm than good, must not relieve Irish farmers from any portion of the duty which they owe to themselves or to their country; it must merely second their efforts to develope their industry, and step in where they have by organised effort exhausted the resources of self-help. To do for farmers what they are capable of doing for themselves would be to misapply the resources of the government and to demoralise the people. The value of this department to Ireland will lie not so much in the work of its officials as in the use which is made of it by the people themselves.'

Agriculture, however, though by far the largest of Irish interests, is not to be the sole preoccupation of the new department. It is not the least among the drawbacks of Ireland as a social organisation that there exists so little diversity of occupation. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say of three-fourths of Ireland that its complexion is as exclusively agricultural as that of the Orange River Colony; and the disadvantages arising from this uniformity, through the absence of the salutary equilibrium which in most countries is sustained by the play of rival social forces, have long been the concern of every observer of the social structure in Ireland. The developement of such industries as from the physical conditions of the country and the aptitudes of the

people appear to offer the most hopeful prospect, will be not less the care of the new department than the business of fitting Irish agriculture to compete with foreign rivals in the markets of the world. It is a happy augury of the success of the operations of the department that the ties of a common interest unite industrial and self-sustaining Ulster with the other provinces in the work about to be undertaken. The staple industry of the northern province has found its developement seriously hampered of late years by the decline in both the quality and the quantity of Irish-grown flax, as compared with the produce of foreign countries; and in its plans for the revival of Irish flax the department is receiving the cordial assistance of the keenest intelligences of industrial Ulster. The participation of the great commercial community of the north, which is likewise closely concerned in the improvement of technical instruction, in the operations of the new department, is a matter for the liveliest satisfaction, not only as tending to associate both north and south in a common enterprise for the general weal, but as giving breadth and strength to the department itself, and removing the danger, which might otherwise be serious, of its administration being dominated exclusively by one set of influences.

The foregoing survey of some of the conditions which differentiate the Ireland of to-day from the Ireland of the quite recent past makes no pretence at completeness, and is offered only as a sidelight upon aspects of the perennial Irish problem too apt to be left out of account in the loud contentions of opposite parties, or in the angry murmurings of the too militant warriors of the Isle of Saints. We make no pretence of ignoring the supreme importance of those familiar factors, or of believing that a social millennium can be produced by the mere process of the developement of the industrial resources of the country. The only proposition that we are concerned to demonstrate is that the large changes of the last thirty or forty years have produced a social condition more favourable than any which has hitherto existed to the successful application of measures for the economic developement of Ireland; and that it is through the gradual union of classes, long severed by traditional prejudices, in the bonds of a common material interest, rather than by measures dictated by frankly political or religious considerations, that the lasting appeasement of long-standing animosities is most likely to be effected. That it is in the

power of extremists to mar the efficacy of the best contrived schemes of improvement and progress we readily admit; and no one will be so rash as to assert that in a country so stored with combustibles as Ireland there is no danger of the outburst of an unexpected conflagration. Were we discussing politics it would be only too easy to indicate the elements of possible or even of probable difficulty and disturbance; and, as we said at the outset, the homage paid to the Queen must not be mistaken for satisfaction with the Queen's ministers. But it is something to be grateful for, that, for the moment at least, irritation against the Government finds an effectual vent in that safety-valve of perpetual grumbling which has always been found the sufficient resource of Saxon dissatisfaction, and has not needed the more destructive explosiveness which has hitherto been considered essential to the due expression of Celtic feeling. It is some evidence as well of the reality of the existing calm as of the interest of the people in practical measures that, whereas the Recess Committee, some four years back, failed to secure the co-operation of two-thirds of the Irish Nationalist representatives in its deliberations, the Act of Parliament which has given effect to its suggestions has commanded the goodwill of every section of the community.

ART. V.—1. *The Life of Wellington: the Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1899.

2. *The Campaign of* 1815, *Ligny, Quatre-Bras, Waterloo.* By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS. London: Grant Richards, 1900.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL has produced a very interesting and pleasant Life of the Duke of Wellington. For the purposes of drawing-room reading it is probably more accurate and valuable than any other of equal length that has been published. It is so charmingly written that it is difficult not to regret that to so great a theme Sir Herbert Maxwell was not allowed to devote almost as many years as he has devoted months. There is an air throughout it of hurry. Sir Herbert has made a genuine study of the 'Supplementary Despatches' and of a good many manuscripts which have been placed at his disposal. He has read most that has been written by those who endeavoured at different periods of Wellington's career to play the part of Boswell to him, and he has given us the advantage of his research in these respects. Otherwise he has generally trusted to secondary evidence, and in some cases this is conspicuously defective. In his preface he pays a high compliment to Colonel Gurwood as an excellent compiler of Wellington's military despatches. He complacently pats on the back the second Duke of Wellington for his work on the 'Supplementary Despatches.' Yet, throughout his biography, for once that he is able to quote Gurwood's despatches he quotes the 'Supplementary Des-'patches' a dozen times. Our fears that Sir Herbert's great powers as a writer had been hampered by the necessity of bringing out the volume at an opportune moment were roused by these compliments to Gurwood when we first read the preface. Gurwood has always seemed to us one of the worst compilers that ever undertook a great work. The second Duke of Wellington, as we think, edited his father's despatches nearly as well as they could have been done. The Duke supplied constant notes where notes were necessary. Often these are very useful in throwing light upon the text. Gurwood hardly ever furnishes us with such information. He freely contradicts himself, and he is often confused when he supplies

us with data. To take two instances which are easily verified: Sir Herbert Maxwell asserts that, when Colonel Wellesley first went out to India, he followed the 33rd regiment to the Cape in June, overtook them at the Cape, and arrived with his regiment at Calcutta in February 1797. It would be interesting to know to which of Colonel Gurwood's assertions on this subject he attaches importance. On page xiv of the Précis at the beginning of the despatches Colonel Gurwood tells us that Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley joined the 33rd regiment at the Cape of Good Hope in September 1796, and arrived in Bengal in February 1797. On p. 2 of the Introduction he tells us that Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley followed shortly after his regiment had left England in April 1796, and joined his corps at the Cape of Good Hope, where he remained until March 'of the following year' [i.e. 1797]. 'He proceeded with the 33rd to Bengal, and arrived in Calcutta 'in the beginning of 1797'—an operation which must have been difficult. To take another specimen: no doubt considerable difficulties were entailed on an editor of the Waterloo despatches by the loss of Sir William de Lancy's papers. It could not have been necessary to leave the orders given on pp. 142–44 of volume viii. of the despatches in the hopeless confusion in which they now stand, without any suggestion such as one would have supposed might have been introduced by a little painstaking inquiry at the time to explain the discrepancies. These are obvious even to a casual reader. Such illustrations are only fair specimens of Colonel Gurwood's editing. No one who has ever had to use that great book for the purposes of real study can fail to be familiar with similar instances. It is most unfair to the second Duke of Wellington that the fact should not be recognised that he was in the first place a very much abler man and a better soldier than Colonel Gurwood—so far, at all events, as his literary work was concerned—and that his memorial of his father is more valuable than Colonel Gurwood's not merely because he was freely able to employ materials which Colonel Gurwood was not allowed to make use of, but because he devoted pains and care such as Colonel Gurwood did not expend, or was perhaps not capable of turning to account.

We are afraid that we must say also that Sir Herbert Maxwell does not in most cases leave the impression that he has ever really understood the nature of the Duke's skill in handling armies, and that in very few instances

does he at all do justice to the military genius which was displayed in the conduct of the different battles or campaigns. Many excellent sketches of the Duke's career have been published. Hitherto he has not been fortunate in his fuller biographers. The three volumes by Sir Herbert's namesake, the Prebendary of Balla, which formed the first large record of the military career of the Duke, cause one to anathematise on nearly every second page. Probably, as time goes on, the really great biography of the Duke which has been left in the despatches will induce some historian of the twentieth century to take up the study of his life, not with a view to its appropriateness to a period when warlike questions are interesting the nation, but as one of the 'eyes' of the history of the nineteenth century. That Sir Herbert Maxwell certainly has not attempted.

To take as a test specimen the greatest period of the Duke's career, so far as the interest of mankind in it is concerned, the Waterloo campaign, Sir Herbert appears to have contented himself almost entirely with two recent studies, those of Mr. Ropes and of M. Houssaye. M. Houssaye's is a most valuable contribution to the history of the Waterloo campaign; but, like Mr. Ropes's, it should have led Wellington's biographer to the examination of the original sources which M. Houssaye suggests, rather than to the mere acceptance of what he tells us. Though Sir Herbert, who apparently does not read German, is aware of the existence of Von Ollech's 'Waterloo,' he does not seem to have heard of the 'Life of Gneisenau,' but it is very unfortunate that he should not have done so. A great biography of the Duke of Wellington must be to a large extent an international book. More than any other man of his time Wellington stood out as the representative of Great Britain before foreign nations. With his honour and his character are largely bound up the honour and character of his country. Seeing therefore that, in regard to the particular period of the Waterloo campaign, there has arisen almost a literature in Germany, the cause of England ought to have been put forward with reference to this. In order that justice should be done both to the Duke of Wellington and to Great Britain, it is a misfortune that Sir Herbert should not have examined the case as it has been stated by German writers. He has alluded incidentally to the charge, which has, unknown to him, been specially formulated in the 'Life of Gneisenau,' that the Prussians were induced to fight at Ligny by deceptive promises on the

part of the Duke of Wellington. He has not in the least degree examined the grounds on which that charge rests.

For Prussia, as much as for Britain, Waterloo is one of the epoch-making periods of history. We hardly think that we exaggerate when we say that one of the chief causes of the soreness which has arisen against us recently in Germany has been the sense that Prussia was not fairly treated by us at the time, and that since then we have not done historical justice to her part in that great period of our common history. Apparently it is only from Mr. Ropes that Sir Herbert Maxwell is aware of the existence of a certain letter written by the Duke of Wellington from the heights of Frasnes on June 16, 1815. He does not seem to know anything of what has been said about that letter in Germany. In his comments he entirely misses the points which ought to have been dealt with in order to put us right with foreign military opinion. The fact is that, for some reason or other, the Duke was led to make a statement in that letter as to the position of his troops which was not accurate. It would have been better for us frankly to face the truth that that was so, and to show how the mistake arose, than merely to put our head in the sand and imagine that we can thereby conceal what was undoubtedly an unfortunate error. Von Ollech had a genuine admiration for the Duke of Wellington, and, when he first published the letter, of which Sir Herbert Maxwell has given us a translation, not the French original, on page 19 of his second volume, Von Ollech did so in the most courteous spirit. It is impossible for anybody who has examined the evidence to suppose that our troops were actually in the positions assigned to them in that letter by the Duke of Wellington. Von Ollech never for a moment on that account imputed any bad faith to the Duke, nor did he think that it had been written with a view to induce Blücher to stand and fight at Ligny. Very different was the case when the question passed into the hands of Gneisenau's biographer. Sir Herbert has altogether misunderstood the relations between Gneisenau and the Duke of Wellington. He does not seem to know that Gneisenau had been the Prussian military attaché at Wellington's headquarters during the Peninsular campaign, or that for some personal reason or other, which is now difficult to discover, he had during that campaign acquired a profound distrust of the Duke. We ourselves have always been inclined to believe that in some way, during the period that

he was at Wellington's headquarters in the Peninsula, Wellington had hurt his personal vanity. In any case, from his experience of Wellington in those campaigns he came to the Waterloo campaign with an intense prejudice against him. It is hardly too much to say that the fate of Europe at that time depended on the fact that Blücher had such intense admiration for the Duke of Wellington, and was so cordially loyal to him, that he overruled the suspicions of his exceedingly able 'Chief of the Staff.' All these were points which a biographer, who has devoted ninety-five pages to the Waterloo campaign alone, ought to have carefully investigated and made clear to the world.

The dramatic interest of the Waterloo campaign as concerns the personal relations of the chief actors in it is very great. It turns almost entirely upon the personalities of the Duke of Wellington, of Blücher, Gneisenau, and of Müffling, the Prussian military attaché at Wellington's headquarters. Nor is that all. The whole of the inner history of the campaign was deliberately kept out of view till quite recent years, because of the delicacy of those relations. A biographer of the Duke of Wellington should surely have taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with the whole of this inner history as it has been revealed by successive publications from the Prussian archives. At point after point in the history of the war Sir Herbert Maxwell assigns fictitious reasons for the action because he has never examined this part of the evidence. He says truly enough that the Duke of Wellington made every effort he possibly could to prevent the history of the battle and campaign of Waterloo from being written. He seems to be wholly unaware that the reasons for this reticence assigned by the Duke were only such as he thought it convenient to put forward. Partly from personal and partly from political motives, he was most anxious that the really important causes which made it desirable that during his generation at least the whole story should be unknown should not themselves be even incidentally suggested. The time has surely come when all the motives that determined the actions of the different leaders in that campaign should be fully understood. Gneisenau himself, though he was actuated by the most unfair and unjust prejudice against Wellington, was a very great man; a man who did enormous service to Prussia, one who, even in the very acts which most nearly led to the ruin of the Allied cause, played the part, as he believed, and had much reason to believe, of a genuine

patriot. Blücher was quite incompetent to have worked out the strategical combination of a campaign, and relied entirely upon Gneisenau for that work. It is a familiar story that in a London drawing-room he made a bet that he was the only man in the room who could kiss his own head, and then went over to Gneisenau and inflicted a smacking kiss upon his chief of the staff. It was, therefore, a tremendous responsibility which was undertaken by Gneisenau when he consented, under the pressure of Blücher, to march to the field of Waterloo, abandoning entirely the Prussian communications and running the risk of the destruction of the Prussian army, in reliance upon a man whom he did not trust. Sir Herbert, in giving his account of that great movement of the Prussian army which determined for several generations the fate of Europe, assigns altogether fictitious reasons for the delay in the march of Bülow's corps towards the field of Waterloo. He does not seem to be even aware that Gneisenau had expressly ordered Bülow not to move until the army under Wellington was completely committed to a serious engagement. Gneisenau had written to Müffling to obtain an assurance from him that the Duke really did intend to fight and would maintain his position at Waterloo; urging Müffling to make quite sure that it was not to be a mere demonstration on the part of the Duke. Sir Herbert does not seem to know that it was not until Blücher himself reached Bülow's corps that Gneisenau's orders were countermanded, and that Bülow was pushed forward into the battle. The fact is that the Duke of Wellington was not the only person by many who was anxious to draw a veil over the whole of the history of the campaign. Müffling, the representative of the Prussian army with him, who had for the Duke as profound an admiration as Gneisenau had a distrust, and heartily wished to maintain the most cordial relations between Prussia and England, was fully aware of the nature of Gneisenau's suspicions, and was most anxious that no account should reach the world of the risks to which Gneisenau's consequent intentions had exposed the two armies.

Curiously enough, on another point, apparently from not having recourse to original and because he has trusted himself entirely to secondary evidence, Sir Herbert has done an injustice to English historians and to the English army. He accepts the statement that 'Chassé, once an officer in 'Napoleon's service, charged with a Dutch brigade and drove the French in confusion over the declivity' at the time when

the French middle guard was first moved to the attack. He has evidently not gone into the original evidence which has been recently republished at the Hague. Otherwise, he certainly would not have adopted it. It is about as flimsy as any we ever read. There is no doubt that not a few French writers, among them Colonel Stöffel, have eagerly believed it, largely because it tended to show that the French had been defeated by a combination in which the British army had played a comparatively small part. It is quite clear that at this period Ditmer's brigade of Chassé's division did move forward and that it fired upon the French guard. There is no evidence at all to show that the Dutch-Belgians either charged the French guard or that it was because of their fire that the French fell back. The Dutch officer who has recently brought forward this story relies chiefly upon certain letters of Lord Hill, which, to anybody who reads them without prejudice, are manifestly merely the kindly expressions of a man who does not want to hurt the feelings of those who had served under him, and especially did not want to hurt the pride of Allied troops. They are nothing more. There is no excuse for Sir Herbert Maxwell's note: 'It is scarcely to the credit of English historians that this 'fine performance of H. Ditmer's has been little noticed, 'considering how much has been said uncomplimentary to 'our Dutch-Belgian allies. It was the first battalion of '2nd Grenadier Guards that was defeated.'

Before leaving the subject of the Waterloo campaign there is another passage in Sir Herbert Maxwell's account of it to which we must draw attention:—

'As Wellington sat watching the enemy [previous to the French attack on Quatre Bras] he was surprised to see that, instead of both corps, 40,000 or 50,000 strong, advancing against him, one of them —that opposite his own left—was moving off sharply to its right in the direction of Ligny. This, though it gratified him at the time, also puzzled him exceedingly; and the explanation was not apparent till many days later.' (Vol. ii. p. 21.)

If Sir Herbert Maxwell had ever stood in the position in which Wellington was at that time, or had ever followed on the ground the march of d'Erlon's corps, he would know that this statement represents an impossibility. That is not the worst of it. He brings in truth a serious charge against the Duke of Wellington. In the great despatch on the Waterloo campaign Wellington's statement in regard to the attack on Quatre-Bras is as follows: 'At this time the enemy com- 'menced an attack upon Prince Blücher with his whole force,

'excepting the first and second corps, and a corps of cavalry 'under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post 'at Les Quatre Bras.' According to Sir Herbert Maxwell, therefore, though Wellington had seen and known that d'Erlon's corps did not attack him, he nevertheless in the great Waterloo despatch stated that he had been attacked by both French corps. The statement in the despatch as it stands is sufficiently incorrect; for the Duke, who, no doubt, at the time fully believed what he reported, declares in this despatch that he was attacked by eight divisions of the French army, when, in fact, he was attacked by only three. Sir Herbert Maxwell has correctly accounted for the absence of the whole of d'Erlon's corps. He does not mention, what is nevertheless true, that out of the four divisions of Reille's corps one was also absent. It would only have been just both to Ney and the French forces under his orders that an English historian should have acknowledged that the efforts of the French at Quatre-Bras had been so splendid that, whereas the assailants only consisted of three divisions of the French army, they had left on the Duke the impression that there were eight. We are very unwilling to write merely in criticism of defects, and we readily grant that no man alive could in two or three years deal exhaustively with such a subject. Judge O'Connor Morris has in his just published volume on the Waterloo campaign alone expended, if we may judge by the result, more time and labour than has sufficed Sir Herbert for the whole of Wellington's career. Of the two tendencies produced by a long tenure of the judicial bench, Judge Morris gives us many experiences. On the one hand he is usually most careful and judicious in his weighing of evidence. On the other he has from time to time a decided inclination to lay down the law when his evidence fails him. It is in many respects a misfortune that Sir H. Maxwell should not have seen the judge's history before he published his 'Life.'

When once we throw aside the question of the value of these volumes as a work for students, or for those who really care to understand Wellington's career, we must give the greatest possible credit to Sir Herbert Maxwell for the opportuneness with which a fairly satisfactory life of the man has been just at this moment placed before society. Seeing that only a few weeks ago one of the military newspapers, in discussing the despatch of Lord Roberts to South Africa, illustrated it by the case of Sir Arthur Wellesley's

being sent to the Peninsula 'in order to supersede the in-'competent generals who had signed the Convention of 'Cintra,' it was about time that there should be available for ordinary readers some reminiscence of the history of the time which would at least make it impossible for that kind of nonsense to be talked about our great past in relation to our present struggle. On the other hand, we have yet another bone to pick with Sir Herbert Maxwell as a consequence of the glibness with which he talks about matters which he has inadequately investigated. He has done a most serious injury to other men besides Ney, to whom it is necessary to allude in describing the career of Wellington. As a foil to the strong hard character of his hero, who, as he believes, made himself unpopular with his army by the necessary severity with which he dealt with it, Sir Herbert Maxwell sets that soft-hearted, easy-going failure, Sir John Moore. Sir John was in no sense whatever such a man as he here describes. England owed to him an enormous debt of gratitude, and it is ill repaid in these pages. That is not a subject that there would be space to deal with in this article. Seeing that many, if not most, of the great soldiers on whom Wellington relied throughout his career, Colborne, Graham, the Napiers, and many more, looked back to Moore as their great military master across the vista of Wellington's victorious campaigns, one fancies that there must have been something more than mere kindly good nature which endeared him to men who, like Sir Charles Napier for instance, could on occasion be sufficiently severe in dispensing justice. The portraiture is false. Nor is it even just to the army under Wellington. Wellington's severity towards many of the scoundrels with whom he had to deal was absolutely necessary, and it was fully recognised by his army as such. The 'Rifleman in the Peninsula,' 'Johnny Kincaid,' to whom Sir Herbert Maxwell has on one occasion alluded, might have explained to him what started the unpopularity of the Duke of Wellington with his army. Kincaid says expressly that, up to the time of the retreat from Burgos, Wellington had been the idol of the whole army. All the best soldiers looked up to him with enthusiasm and love, as much as with admiration for his talents as a soldier. Wellington himself, in one of his earlier letters, writes, 'I have as usual had a united army 'under me,' and there seems no reason to suppose that these cordial relations between himself and those who worked under him had come to an end until the army

began to feel that peculiar quality which came out most forcibly in the orders after the retreat from Burgos, though it was not then exhibited for the first time. It was not severity, it was injustice which produced alienation. It was the same quality, rather hard to define, but illustrated by Sir Herbert Maxwell himself in Wellington's action in one or two cases—as, for instance, in his treatment of Norman Ramsay after Vittoria, and in that terrible story which ended by Colonel Bevan committing suicide after the capture of Almeida. There was a species of obstinacy in Wellington's mind, closely connected with his great firmness and power, which led him at times to refuse to hear any evidence of what was true, and made him act under entirely false impressions of fact. Nothing is so bitterly resented by an army as any act which seems to show that the man who holds power over it is ready to use that power regardless of justice. The cases of Ramsay and some others were felt throughout the army as an abuse of power. When the same thing was applied to that army itself as a whole, in the circular which, after the retreat from Burgos, made no distinction between the officers who had maintained discipline and those who had allowed it to relax, personal regard for Wellington almost ceased to exist. His soldiers trusted him as a great leader. Scarcely a man in the army loved him as Napoleon's soldiers loved him. Perhaps there was something in the apparent failure of Moore which made those who had served under him the more eager to contrast his conduct in such matters to Wellington's disadvantage. It was certainly not because of Wellington's severity and Moore's facility that the comparison was made. This is an altogether false diagnosis of the case, and yet it is most true that in his own consciousness and in the determining influences of his life no one was a juster man than Wellington. He seemed to have the faculty in regard to such cases as those of Ramsay and Colonel Bevan of shutting out the facts from his mind. In his later life a story related by his heir illustrates this peculiarity. His second son, Lord Charles, had been away on the Continent, and, owing to a series of accidents, had been unable, despite his best efforts, to get home before his leave had expired. The Duke would not speak to him, would hear no explanation, treated him as a pariah. One day it happened that a visitor to the house drew from Lord Charles an explanation of the actual incidents of his voyage. The Duke's attention was attracted. He listened carefully to what his

son was saying, and at the end of the conversation said, 'Well, Charles, so after all you did your best to get home in 'time. Very well, I will give you a horse; I will give you 'a horse.' That was the only comment he offered, showing that he was conscious of his previous injustice. The story is interesting as an illustration of character.

Sir Herbert often describes the facts with which he has to deal accurately enough, but does not seem sufficiently to sympathise with or understand his hero to make us realise what were the influences which ruled his conduct. To a greater extent than he admits, not in this matter of unfair decision only, but in numerous other instances, the Duke's action was determined by the effect on him of his previous habits of life. Probably all of us act much more under the formed influence of habit than from submission to any conscious formulæ. We do not do certain things and refuse to do certain others because we accept some copybook sentence which would tell us what we ought to do, but we do them because our lives have 'formed to themselves a moral tradition.' It constantly happens to a commander in the field, and it certainly, again and again, happened to Wellington, to have to harden his heart against all sorts of excuses made to him, because he must before all things insist upon the regular carrying out of duty. It seems to us clear that it had become with him so established, almost so necessary, a habit not to listen to excuses that he grew gradually into the practice which led him to the acts of injustice, quite contrary to his intention, but nevertheless typical, which are indicated in the three stories just mentioned. That surely was the case in Norman Ramsay's instance, in Colonel Bevan's instance, and in this story of Lord Charles. It is a habit perfectly compatible with an intense desire to be just and to act justly as a matter of principle, compatible with a readiness to make almost any personal sacrifices for a cause known by him to be just. It is not compatible with the rules which the experience of generation after generation of judges and lawyers has taught us to believe necessary for the elucidation of truth. Of Milton's principle, that 'all 'opinions, nay even errors, known, read, and collated, are of 'main service and advantage to the speedy attainment of 'that which is truest,' it is probable that the Duke of Wellington had from habit and training no realisation, and that he would have had no sympathy with the words had he known of them,

One sees the tendency to have a certain fixed series of ideas, which he looks upon as absolute truth, and from which he can allow no deviation without a suspicion of criminality in those who differ from him, working throughout almost the whole story of his political life. He knew from his experiences in the field that Roman Catholic soldiers and officers might be among the most valuable and loyal servants of the Crown. Therefore he wished to do nothing that would deprive the Crown of the services of those whom he had found to be such able supporters of its power. That very much influenced him in his views on Catholic Emancipation. When he came to deal with the Radicals opposed to him he could not imagine in them any other principles than those of the French Revolution, against which he had been fighting all through the war. In both cases alike the habit of mind engendered by the war ruled his feelings and conduct.

More than once in the course of this biography it seems to us that Sir Herbert Maxwell offers a mistaken explanation of the motives which influenced the Duke, because he does not put himself in his place. He does not realise the effect on the Duke of the position which he had so long occupied. Sir Herbert says very truly that for fifty years he was the most prominent figure in Europe. It does not seem to occur to him that no one could be for fifty years the most prominent figure in Europe, and have that fact perpetually pressed upon him by those constantly surrounding him, without expecting to have it recognised by all the statesmen with whom he came into contact. There is one period in Wellington's life of exceptional interest, where, as it seems to us, this is the key to his conduct. When Canning became Prime Minister two letters were written by him to the Duke, which are given on pages 195 and 197 of vol. ii. of Sir Herbert's 'Life.' These deeply offended the Duke. Sir Herbert, referring to the Duke's resigning the command of the army at this time, writes:—

'Far more bewildering was his next act. On the day following the resignation of his seat in the Cabinet the Duke wrote to the King resigning the offices of Master-General of the Ordnance and Commander-in-Chief, in consequence, as he said, of ceasing to be in the Cabinet, and "adverting to the tenor of the letters which I have received from your Majesty's Minister by your Majesty's command." He persisted in reading "terms of taunt and rebuke" into Canning's second letter, and in considering that the rebuke came straight from the King, in which opinion he continued to the end of his days,

though it is difficult for the ordinary reader to perceive in the letter anything more than a frigid and businesslike civility.'

We think that anybody who has fully realised the Duke to himself, and who reads Canning's two letters carefully, will see very clearly what it was that did offend the Duke. In Canning's first letter, having already suggested to him as a possible First Lord of the Treasury Lord Goderich, and never having hinted at his own assumption of that office, he writes to tell the Duke that he has been commissioned by the King to lay before him 'a plan of arrangements for the reconstruction of the 'administration.' He does not say in the least that he has been called upon by the King to form an administration, and he evidently carefully avoids informing the Duke of the fact. He shows himself to be in truth a little afraid of doing so. This in itself would to the Duke be a deadly offence. Then, in his second letter, when the Duke has asked him point blank who is to be the actual First Lord of the Treasury, he writes :—

'I believed it to be so generally understood that the King usually entrusts the formation of an administration to the individual whom it is his Majesty's gracious intention to place at the head of it, that it did not occur to me, when I communicated to your Grace yesterday the commands which I had received from his Majesty, to add that in the present instance, his Majesty does not intend to depart from the usual course of proceeding on such occasions. I am sorry to have delayed some hours this answer to your Grace's letter, but from the nature of the subject I did not like to forward it without having previously submitted it (together with your Grace's letter) to his Majesty.'

Certainly there is nothing in this letter which as between two equals need have given offence; but beyond all doubt there is in it a certain subacid vein that very nearly amounts to what is usually called 'chaff'—not, perhaps, anything so serious as satire, but it at least throws out the suggestion that the Duke might very well have understood what he meant, and that he *pretended* not to have done so. Furthermore, it almost flings in the Duke's face the King's authority. Incidentally Canning's other letters (as on page 192, vol. ii.) shed much light on this relation between the men. Canning complains that despatches from the Foreign Office were often not sent back by the Duke of Wellington as quickly as it was necessary for Foreign Office purposes that they should be. The reason of this was that the Duke was careful to conceal from the newspapers the

places to which he moved, and accordingly very often information as to his whereabouts was not very easily obtainable, and the Foreign Office clerks did not know exactly where he was. How had this cause of complaint arisen? The fact is that Mr. Canning might have gone where he pleased, and the newspapers would have concerned themselves very little about him. So interesting was every action and every move of the Duke's that half the newspapers in London and the provinces would have given anything for a bit of gossip as to his proceedings. That it might be much more convenient for the service of the country that a brilliant debater like Canning should be Prime Minister instead of himself was a thing that the Duke fully recognised. There is no indication whatever that he had any fancy for that office; but he could not help feeling that he himself as a personage was a very different man from Mr. Canning, no matter whether Canning was Prime Minister or not. He had been not only the most prominent man in Europe ever since 1815, but it had been his business to carry on his duty among kings and princes, to whom, despite the courtesy and reverence for their office with which he dealt with them, he had been constantly dictating their policy. A certain respect which under these circumstances he felt due to himself was of a peculiar kind. With George IV. his relations had been unlike those which, perhaps, any other great statesman ever had with a sovereign. The nearest approach to them were those of Richelieu with Louis XIII. For George IV. personally he had no respect whatever. He had, in fact, a great contempt for him. His reverence for the monarchy and his sense of what was due to the monarch as such was unlimited; but in dealing with the personal monarch he felt it to be his duty, for the sake of the monarchy, under the forms of courtesy, to dictate in the most peremptory terms what the necessary duty of the sovereign was. Canning had, whether by design or not, gradually come to exercise an influence over the weak mind of the King, which had, for the time being, replaced that of Wellington. In the interests of the monarchy, far more than in his own, Wellington was unquestionably dissatisfied that that should be so. In Canning's second letter, given above, if it is carefully read, there will, we think, be noticed the fact that this substitution of his influence over the King for Wellington's is almost insolently paraded. There was in it just such a tone as might have offended Richelieu had one of

Louis' favourites written it to him in the King's name. In some sort Wellington felt it as the letter of a man of words, taking advantage of the fact that he had the power of words to put him, the man of action, in a false position. In many of these cases it seems to us that Sir Herbert mistakes this stage of Wellington's career, from treating his mode of looking at things as merely that of a soldier. It was not the command of a corporal's guard, or of a regiment, or the mere mechanical habits of military obedience, that had trained Wellington. It was the long history of his life. He had been, as no one has shown more effectually than Sir Herbert himself, during all the years that he was in the Peninsula dictating to Cabinet after Cabinet the policy of Great Britain, under forms of deference very similar to those he used to George IV. That policy of which he was the author and the upholder had ultimately triumphed and secured the liberties of Europe. No one wished, when he returned to England, more heartily than the Duke did to take the position of a private citizen. No one wished more to be a country gentleman among country gentlemen. Nevertheless the habit acquired during many years, in which he had stood alone, of feeling himself the most competent person to determine the policy of a nation and of the civilised world could not be abandoned in a moment. He recognised most fully the necessity for practical administrative home-work of having at the head of affairs a man like Peel or Canning, who could effectively explain the policy of a Cabinet in the House of Commons. That did not alter the fact that he expected that in their intercourse with him both Peel and Canning should treat him as what he had been and what he was—the man whose figure in history must be one altogether other than theirs. This sense of the extent to which circumstances had made him a great figure in history must be taken into account in estimating most of his actions during the latter part of his life. An illustration of his consciousness of the way in which most men felt towards him in this respect is furnished in an incident mentioned by his son. He had the habit of refusing all assistance in such small affairs of life as the picking up of a book that he had dropped or the putting on of his greatcoat. Coming away from a dinner party on one occasion a young man came up to him and tried to help him on with his coat. The Duke, as usual, at first refused all assistance; then, seeing in the young man's expression the disappointment his refusal had caused, a genial smile

came over his face. 'Ah!' he said, 'I see you want for 'once in your life to have put on the Duke of Wellington's 'coat. Well, you shall do it,' and he submitted to have the coat put on for him. This sense that he was, and could not but be, 'the Duke of Wellington' was very strong upon him. Could it have been otherwise? Would not his nature have been less simple, direct, and strong than it was if he had pretended to disguise from himself his position before the world? In a sense he was every one's servant; but always in the innumerable letters that he wrote to give advice and assistance in difficulty to all sorts of people who had no legitimate claim on him it was 'Field-Marshal the 'Duke of Wellington' who tendered the advice and assistance. The giant was always ready to put forth his power in behalf of pigmies; but it was assistance given by one who felt his strength, and expected others to recognise it. 'But always I am Cæsar.'

When Swift wrote 'Gulliver's Travels' we all know what it was that he intended to describe. There was a time when he had come over to London to measure himself against the most powerful man of his time. Other influences helped to strike down Marlborough; but Swift's position in the contest was such that he might well feel that he had himself played the part of a giant in the struggle and that all the other aids were those of armies of pigmies. Something of this feeling was constantly present to the mind of the Duke of Wellington. There was no vanity or conceit in it. There was simply the recognition of a fact.

Consider for a moment what the position was that this man had ever since the peace occupied. He had in 1814 been hurried from the command of his army to Paris because his power and influence were more likely than any other force available to induce the French king and cabinet to carry out the wishes of the English people in regard to the abolition of the slave trade. Incidentally we may notice that Sir Herbert Maxwell gives an inadequate impression of the importance at the time of this question. He speaks of it as a point on which the English Cabinet had made up its mind. The English Cabinet were mere flies upon the wheel. No one can do justice to the life of the Duke of Wellington who has not made a profound study of the inner history both of Great Britain and of Europe. Sir Herbert Maxwell has perhaps hardly realised what the state of feeling in England was at the moment when the Duke came back to it in 1814. Under the influence of Clarkson, of Wilberforce, of Brougham,

and others, dealing with the actual horrors of 'the middle 'passage' as their theme, the nation had been worked up to such a passion of excitement in regard to the abolition of the slave trade that, as Wellington in his own letters says, the question of war or peace, and of almost everything else, had for the time being become secondary to this one great question on which the nation had set its heart. Wellington's position as a soldier, if one may venture so to put it, was almost an accident in the matter. He had as a soldier done great service to the King of France, but it was as a statesman that he was employed on a question which had nothing to do with soldiering and in regard to which all the Ministry felt that he was the one Gulliver whom they could employ.

He was hurried from the Court of France to that of Spain because of his supreme personal influence over the feeble Ferdinand. Here certainly his position as generalissimo of the Spanish army was of considerable importance. He was able to render great service to Ferdinand and to diminish the danger of a revolutionary crisis brought about by Ferdinand's follies by keeping the army loyal to him. Yet it was on no soldiering question that he was required to influence Ferdinand. It was from the double position which he had acquired of being the great champion of established and regal authority and of having been the man to whom it was due that Ferdinand had been himself placed upon the throne that he was able to speak with a power such as none other could have exercised in behalf of tolerance, of patience, of moderation, and of justice in civil affairs.

He was sent to the Congress of Vienna because he was felt to be the one man who could hold together the European powers in resistance to the overweening ambition and personal dictatorship of the Emperor of Russia. Nay, so great was his influence over Alexander himself that he was largely sent thither because he was the one man who could personally confront Alexander. When, after the peace of 1815, Europe desired to keep France in submission to its authority, none anywhere came into competition with the Duke of Wellington as the one man who should represent Europe in the temporary government of France. A few years later, when he was a much older man, when there was danger of war between France and Germany in a quarrel with which England was not concerned, he was actually selected by the King of Prussia as the one man to whom could be entrusted the command of the German armies,

Surely this was a Colossus that bestrid the world. Whether the London mob crowded round Apsley House eager to lift him on their shoulders and carry him wherever he wanted to go, as they did so habitually on his return to England that it became for the time almost the nuisance of his life, or whether they threw brickbats at him—both alike were testimonies to his power. Almost every incident of this kind is fairly represented in Swift's account of Gulliver's life in Lilliput. What provokes us in Sir Herbert's treatment of such a man is that he seems to think it, though we do not believe that at heart he does think it, a matter of the very greatest importance whether a wave of momentary unpopularity passed over his head or not.

The second volume, in which Sir Herbert, after he has done with the Waterloo campaign, is mainly concerned with the Duke of Wellington's political career, seems to us far more interesting than the first volume. Yet it has the great defect that Sir Herbert himself is throughout a man of the year 1900. He is writing from the point of view that current popular opinion dictates to us in the present year of grace. We all of us are under the potent influence of the 'Zeitgeist.' Some of us recognise it; some of us do not; but for the biographer of such a man as Wellington the dramatic instinct of Shakespeare, or some semblance of it, seems to us indispensable. When Shakespeare has to portray to us Coriolanus of Corioli he has to deal with a man whose actions it is impossible for him to approve, a man who made war against his own country by help of its enemies, a man insolent and haughty in a most offensive degree. He does not think it necessary to point out his mistakes. These are conspicuous only in the history. But how grand and stately is the figure that he gives us! He brings out the littleness of the men with whom his hero is dealing. He shows us the nature of the pin-pricks that provoked Gulliver. Sir Herbert Maxwell suggests, in a half-hearted sort of way, that it would have been good for the reputation of Wellington had he died at Waterloo, as Nelson did at Trafalgar. Apparently, by 'reputation' he means the popular impression of the times in which Wellington lived. He has no notion of 'fame' as Milton saw it; not dependent upon 'broad rumour,' but on the processes by which eternal forces work out the strength of truth and the weakness of error.

Even at this distance, as we look back upon them, what were the facts? What were the causes that broke down for

the time Wellington's authority? It was because the strong back of Gulliver was strained to carry such a measure as that of Catholic Emancipation. In this year 1900, is it really the case that we look upon it as a great injury to the State that Catholic Emancipation should have been carried? Holding as he did the most powerful position that almost any premier ever occupied in England, with an irresistible party at his back, Wellington thought it his duty to the State to break up that party because it was necessary to the welfare of the realm that Catholic Emancipation should be carried. It is inconceivable that when he made up his mind to that effect he should not have counted the cost. He had no great power of estimating popular forces, but he very well understood the bigotry and intolerance of many of the Conservative peers, who were certain never to forgive him for what he was about to do. From the time that by his own strength alone—for no one else in all England could have done it—he had carried that great measure, the opposition to him was made up of the most heterogeneous forces. He was opposed by strong and bigoted Conservatism. He was opposed, irrespective of party, by theological bigotry. He was opposed by the very Roman Catholics whom he had emancipated. He was of course opposed by his proper Radical antagonists. Such a body supplied a numerical vote that most completely condemned him. Is it one that under any estimate can be considered conclusive of right and wrong? Was it, or was it not, a great service to the State that he thus rendered? Then, even antecedent to that, as Sir Herbert Maxwell has in some measure shown, the services that Wellington rendered to the nation during the years which almost immediately followed his return to England after the army of occupation in France had been withdrawn were incalculable. The picture that Sir Herbert has drawn of the condition of England as it was during those years is altogether inadequate to represent the dangers that threatened us of actual civil war, or of the bloody triumph of all the elements of disorder. Wellington, indeed, did not understand the nature of those forces which had begun to mould the social and political life of modern England. He utterly mistook the great popular movement towards Reform. Yet it was fortunate that there was among us one man at least who did not look to his own personal advantage, who was perfectly indifferent to the argument of brickbats, and who, for the sake of the nation, was quite ready to be hanged if the revolution should really come.

Maybe but for him the mere element of disorder which at first attended the great and necessary Reform movement would have buried that movement under its own *débris*. All this it seems to us that Sir Herbert Maxwell has failed to acknowledge. He does not think that it was a mistake to carry Catholic Emancipation. He does not think that it would have been a good thing for England if the mere rick-burners, farm-looters, and machinery-destroyers had triumphed. He cannot quite think that the sober self-restraint which Wellington imposed upon his unwilling followers in the presence of the early Reform cabinets was an unnecessary service to England. He cannot quite think that the establishment of the best police force in Europe, for the greatest city in the world, was inefficient service. Yet he thoroughly understands that it was the accumulated force of opposition to these acts that produced the majority against Wellington, and he thinks that the fact that there was such a majority is bad for his 'reputation.'

If our view of the facts be right, he has altogether underestimated Wellington's share in the creation of the London police. It is quite true that the names of 'peelers' and 'bobbies' were popularly given to the police because Sir Robert Peel had been the great exponent of the police measure before the House of Commons; but Sir Herbert does not record the fact that the mob knew so well who was the man that devised the measure that broke the power of disorder in London, that they stoned Wellington expressly as its author when he was approaching Palace Yard, and that he was then with difficulty rescued out of their hands. Sir Herbert has not recorded, what was nevertheless the fact, that the police measure which Wellington had introduced when he was Secretary in Ireland, all the details of which he himself worked out, was the original model on which the London police was founded. Whatever Wellington's share might have been in the drawing up of the scheme for the London police which he had undoubtedly proposed, the fact that Sir Robert Peel had to defend the measure in the House of Commons would necessarily make him appear as its ostensible author. It is possible, certainly, that all records of the discussions between the two ministers which preceded the introduction of the measure may have been so completely lost that there is now no possibility of recovering them. Believing firmly, as we do, that of the two minds, the Duke of Wellington's and Sir Robert Peel's, it is incomparably more probable that a great measure of organisation of this

kind would be the work rather of the Duke than of Peel, we had always looked to the biographer who was to take up, as Sir Herbert Maxwell has done, this later period of the Duke's history, to have at least endeavoured to ascertain for us what his contribution had been to that magnificent achievement. Until better evidence is laid before us we shall always believe that the Duke organised the London police and that Peel defended the Duke's measure. The part which the Duke played in his extreme old age in the organisation of the defence of London against the Chartists illustrates the kind of power which he possessed for this sort of work, and is almost of itself presumptive evidence that in the inner councils of the Peel Cabinet he was the author of the police measure. That it was owing to him, and especially to his influence over the great landowners, that Peel was able to carry as quietly as he did the abolition of the Corn Laws, is one of the certain facts of the time. Sir Herbert Maxwell brings that out fairly enough, but he seems to consider that because that great measure left a majority of votes in opposition to the Duke of Wellington, therefore it was bad for his 'reputa-'tion' that he should have done this.

That the Duke was mistaken in many of his views the sequence of history has sufficiently proved. It is hardly too much to say that, in his dread of Reform in England, he entirely misread the nature of his own countrymen. What we are especially anxious to establish is, that in order to realise the character of the man it is much too shallow a statement to treat the kind of mistakes that he made as due to the fact that he was a soldier. It may, perhaps, seem a bold thing to say of him who is either the first and greatest or one of the two first and greatest of our soldiers, but it is in a sense true that, properly speaking, Wellington's position in life was from the first not that of a soldier but much rather that of a statesman on the wide stage of the world, using soldiers for certain national purposes. He never was a soldier in the sense in which Moore and the Napiers, Wolseley and Roberts, have been proud of being soldiers. It was hardly possible that he should be so. To a large extent this was due to the circumstances of his time. To a larger extent it was due to the circumstances of his own life. In India he had employed for the purposes of his brother's great policy all sorts of military instruments, with whom personally he could have very little sympathy, Hindoos, Mohammedans, and servants of the East India

Company, against whose rascalities he was always struggling. In those early days he was using these fighting elements as mere instruments of higher policy. In the Peninsula his ranks were recruited, as he himself perpetually asserts, from the very scum of society. No one who has not read the memoirs of Larpent, who acted as his Judge-Advocate-General throughout the later years of the war, can realise the intolerable crimes with which in these soldiers Wellington had to deal. He had been too short a time a junior regimental officer ever to come into that close personal sympathy with the privates which Moore had cultivated among his officers, and which inspired the enthusiasm for them of William and Charles Napier. It never would have occurred to him to think of the 'strength and 'majesty with which the British soldier fights.' He knew nothing of the better qualities of the men, whom he flogged into submission to his authority or hanged to encourage the rest. The notion of taking pride in belonging to an army of which these men were the principal part was one altogether alien to his nature. He wanted the army as a means for breaking down the power of the revolutionary force in France, which he regarded merely as an anarchy. It is quite easy for us now, looking back over a hundred years, to see that the French Revolution in the long run produced enormous benefits for Europe : that it was a fire in which the rotten *débris* of the Middle Ages were consumed, and very necessarily consumed, and that out of the ashes a greatly improved new birth was to arise. Wellington and Nelson could not have done the services for Britain and for the world that they did, had they not both looked upon the Revolution with entirely different eyes from those with which we regard it now. For both of them the Revolution was a mere triumph of anarchy and disorder. Neither of them looked upon Napoleon as other than the most potent agent for the maintenance of a condition of things which it was their one business to destroy. To form out of the disorderly elements in England a body of men who, under military authority and crushed into subjection by the intense severity of the discipline applied to them, should be made into an instrument for breaking down the triumph of disorder in France and throughout Europe, was a very natural object for one who from his earliest years, as the associate, through his brother, of Pitt, was concerned in the counsels of English statesmen. That was Wellington's relation to the army.

Of an army as a great school exercising such moral influence through discipline as has induced many of the most philanthropic workers of our time, and especially philanthropic ladies, to desire to employ its methods for the good of the *gamins* of London, Wellington had had no experience. It was a conception altogether foreign to his ideas. Yet it is in our time becoming an exceedingly potent influence, and the history of the change is one that it is very interesting to trace. It has undoubtedly been largely connected with the adoption of universal service in Germany and with a consequent effect on thought in that country, or, at least, with the developement of a sentiment which treats it as something degrading for any member of a great country not to play his part in contributing his personal services to the defence of the State. In Great Britain and her colonies, and to some extent in America also, this has been met by the counter-pride in the services of a voluntary army. Various causes have contributed: the rise of the Volunteers, themselves almost inevitably taking as their model the regular army; the vast improvement in the education and status altogether of the classes from which the army is recruited; the generation, under quite other influences, of a sense of sympathy between class and class, and especially of a sense of responsibility among the more educated and influential classes for the condition of their countrymen. All these have tended to produce a change in the relation of officers to their men and of the country at large towards its soldiers, such as sometimes makes one start at the language one finds Wellington using in regard to the soldiers of his time. Yet in this one matter alone, where experience has proved the Duke wrong, Sir Herbert is not a modern. He accepts the Duke's ideas as perennially true and the only possible ones for dealing with an army.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has very rightly defended the Duke on two points in relation to the army, in which we agree with him that false impressions have been left as to his conduct. In the first place, it is undoubtedly true, as Sir Herbert says, that a man occupying such a place as the Duke of Wellington did in the society of such a country as Britain and the general society of Europe could not possibly much more than he did, from sheer lack of time and opportunity, have kept up his relations with officers of all sorts who had served under him. It was natural enough that they should on their part grumble. It was inevitable on his part that he should leave them cause to grumble. So,

again, Sir Herbert has more effectively than we have ever seen done before set forth the perpetual remonstrances which the Duke of Wellington addressed to government after government as to the defenceless state of the country. There is one lesson which, perhaps, Sir Herbert might have drawn from the entire failure of these remonstrances. If the Duke of Wellington could not induce even Peel to listen to what he had to say when it was a question between the safety of the country and the budget, what hope is there that during peace-time the remonstrances of any other soldier, in whatever position he may be, will be effective in securing the safety of the realm and empire as long as statesmen do not recognise the relative importance of financial economy and of national existence? If Gulliver was hopelessly impotent in the presence of the treasury of Lilliput, what hope is there that any other inhabitant of that realm when he is girt with the sword of the Commander-in-Chief of Lilliput will be able to effect that which Gulliver failed to do? It is a warning as to the causes which make for danger in the future which cannot just now be too strongly pressed upon the nation.

It has seemed to us so important to bring out those points in which Sir Herbert has in our judgement failed in producing an adequate portrait of the great man with whom he has had to deal that we are conscious that our review has scarcely done justice to what we nevertheless feel strongly, the extreme interest and value of the two volumes for this current year 1900. Neither of them has a dull page in them. The second volume in particular—from the end of the Waterloo campaign onwards—carries one along with it with all the interest of a novel. An immense mass of Wellingtoniana has gradually accumulated in the course of the years that have followed the Duke's death. Sir Herbert Maxwell has availed himself of them in order to throw a great number of sidelights upon the Duke's character, and upon his views of men and things, such as has hardly been possible before. The opportunity given him of seeing the Salisbury papers alone would have given an interest and value to the Life. The style in which the book is written is such as to make every sentence interesting. The illustrations, plans, and maps are in all but one respect as good as they well could be. It is almost a counsel of perfection to hope that we shall ever have a history of campaigns and battles in which the places named in the text are so illustrated by maps and plans that we can at once

follow them in direct connexion with one another. This is a success which Sir Herbert Maxwell has not attained. We are not disposed to be severely critical on the subject, because no one who has attempted any work of the kind can fail to know the difficulty from many causes that there is in securing this result. Probably most of the readers of military operations do not trouble themselves to follow them so closely as to be greatly affected by this inconvenience. The number is daily increasing in England who do care for such close accuracy. In their name we cannot help raising a protest, however ineffectual it may be, as to any work in which this essential condition for serious study has not been supplied.

There is no book which, at the present time, could be more valuable than one which should give us a complete record of Wellington's career. Just when our military institutions are exposed to a severe trial the record of these experiences of the past are most important. Point by point, in reference to many of the questions which are before us at the present moment, illustrations may be taken from the career of the Duke of Wellington of what we need, and of mistakes that are liable to be made. Even more useful, however, is it that we should have before us the presentation of a man who stood four-square, and did not bend to every wave of current opinion. Democracy, in so far as we are at the present moment under a democracy, is a form of government; and, just as in dealing with a monarch, a statesman may either seek his own ends by flattering him, or may be a loyal servant to his sovereign by putting the truth before him, whether it be palatable or not, so the same duties attend the service of a democracy. Happily for us there are many circumstances in our constitution as it exists which tend to bring before our statesmen the duty of not merely seeking their own ends by slavishly pandering to the humour of the hour. The fact that they are loyal servants of the Queen, and that the Queen represents the historical unity of the nation and of the empire at large, does in itself tend to bring before them a standard of duty which is something other than the mere vote-catching which may be to their own advantage. Too often the modern biographer is so entirely affected by the current opinion around him that, in bringing out the career of a great statesman, he fails to realise that there is any other possible standard by which it can be judged than by what he calls his 'reputation'—that is to say, by the success with which he secured a

majority of votes. This standard will never do to measure the man who stood four-square to every shifting gust of public fancy. The best service that could have been done for us at this time would have been to show how splendid a reward it is that time with its revenges brings to the man

> 'Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
> Thro' either babbling world of high and low;'

and steadily through them all held on the way of duty as he saw it. We are mistaken if, despite all comment and omission, enough does not appear in the story of the life, with all its human errors and mistakes, to be a beacon of encouragement to statesmen among us who look to some other reward than those which seem to so many the only ones worth seeking. When one has said all that is to be said for and against any of the details of Wellington's career, military or political, the one conviction remains. There stood a man.

ART. VI.—1. *Paris.* By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. Two volumes. London: Allen, 1900.

2. *The Stones of Paris.* By BENJAMIN and CHARLOTTE MARTIN. Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1900.

3. *Paris as it is.* By KATHARINE DE FORREST. Paris: Brentano, 1900.

4. *The Paris of To-day.* By RICHARD WHITEING. ('The 'Century Magazine.') New York: The Century Co. London: Macmillan, 1900.

LIKE every other European capital the French metropolis is an agglomeration of many towns, villages, and districts. Yet the first impression of Paris is that of an extraordinary, almost a spectacular, unity. White, spacious, full of long perspectives, throughout it has the same air of ordered splendour, offering in every quarter glorious and varied prospects designed to be embraced in one ample, satisfied glance. There is nothing in Europe finer in its way than that green descent of the Champs-Elysées, which rises in the thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, and flows, a great river of foliage, on either side the Arc de Triomphe to lose itself in the noble space of the Place de la Concorde. Visit the Champs-Elysées in spring when the horse-chestnuts, in flower, up a stretch of two miles, are diversified by the lilac paulownias and pink and white hawthorns of the Avenue Gabriel and the Avenue du Bois. A ceaseless stream of carriages flows under the trees, and the bright parasols of the ladies make circles of light and colour as brilliant as the blossoms overhead. The London parks are as beautiful and horticulturally more interesting. But theirs is a different beauty, whose charm is in being aristocratic, reserved, set apart. And they lack the wide stretch of view, the perspective, the variety in unity which are the signs of Paris.

No London street can compare with that magnificent array of the Rue de Rivoli—'that enormous regiment of stone 'stretching for five miles, and presenting arms before the 'Tuileries,' as Thackeray has it—though, as Mr. Hare would sigh, the Tuileries know their place no more. A view more dear to the painter is that celebrated vista across the Luxembourg Gardens to the domed Pantheon on its northern hill. Close at hand the Avenue de l'Observatoire rears its solid masses of dark foliage, carved and clipped as if by a

sculptor's hand. Nor let us forget, across the river, that sudden hill of Montmartre, rising misty at the end of some long gay plane-bordered boulevard, and bearing on its invisible summit, apparently in mid air, the dazzling white marble radiance of the Sacré-Cœur. None of these views compare with the banks and bridges of the Seine, especially beautiful east of Notre-Dame, where she sits splendid on her island with her buttresses outstretched like mighty wings, the river rippling round her grey green as cloven jade, while on the southern bank the spire of the Sainte-Chapelle springs up light as an angel's lance. To these historic prospects Paris adjoins this summer the perspective of the new Avenue Nicolas II., whose double colonnades lead from the Champs-Elysées to the beautiful Pont Alexandre, and, across it, to the planted quincunxes of the Esplanade des Invalides, where, rising through the trees, the long grey palace lifts up its gilt and laurelled dome above the terrace full of flowers and cannon. Paris abounds in such views. They grasp the sight; they impose themselves upon our admiration with an obviousness that allows us no sense of our own shy complicity in our surrender. So public and spacious a beauty is scarcely taking to an English eye. We dream of the bridge at Westminster and the towers half lost in the mist —('Dear God, the very houses seem asleep')—we recall the black zigzag streets and the primrose dapple that the gaslight casts on the grey of the rainy London pavements. But as we raise our eyes on the vast sunny spacious scene before us, bathed in that silvery Parisian atmosphere, so peculiar that a bird must surely know when he flies into the department of the Seine, suddenly we feel that in this very *publicity* lies the real secret of the charm of Paris.

Everything here is for everybody, and everybody is apparently at once the master of the house and the guest invited to a revel. The workmen in their blouses stand and gaze at the carriages driving past, with the sense that the pageant is for them, since the business of the rich is to provide a spectacle for the many. The very funerals are arranged to furnish forth the melancholy charm of a pious festival. No one in Paris lives or dies to himself alone. Here the individual is less and the aggregate more than in other places. Each man is proud to sink his own person in the sense of being part of a whole so charming, magnificent, and cheerful. One of the writers on our list writes, with that darting acuteness that redeems her slipshod negligence, not devoid of grace: 'In Paris, life appears as some sort of

'immense outside thing, for ever going on, for which you are 'in no way personally responsible, but can dip down into 'and take out your share, which, nevertheless, must in- 'variably be paid for.' Mr. Whiteing strikes the same note when he observes that 'the French have had a century's 'familiarity with the conception that the first duty of a 'community is to itself as a whole.' In fact, while every other great European capital is in reality organised for the benefit of a chosen few, the rival conception of society prevails in Paris; in its distribution of art, comfort, pleasure, the chief care of the Government is the greatest good of the greatest number. The commonest workman in a blouse feels in place on the Boulevards, in the Champs-Elysées, in the galleries of the Louvre; he knows that these are his possession; he moves in his larger home; he has a right there and cannot possibly be regarded as an intruder. The French have really achieved the nationalisation of pleasure, and the charm of Paris is the general enjoyment of life.

The result is obtained, no doubt, at the cost of a certain perfection of refinement. The question is, which do we prefer? The faultless pageant of carriages driving in Hyde Park between those miraculous azaleas which appear more artificial than any artificial flowers? Or the great popular spectacle of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where some of the handsomest equipages in Europe are jostled by millionaires in automobiles, shopboys on bicycles, country gigs driving out from Neuilly or Boulogne, and fifteen-penny fiacres—these last conveying, perhaps, a washerwoman with her basket of clothes, or perhaps (as we saw last week) an ex-royalty seated by a royal duke in front of two girlish future queens?

Mr. Hare prefers the aristocratic ideal. Not without dire foreboding can he contemplate the triumph of a democracy subversive of that old order which he loved. His books abound in faithful reminiscences of Louis Napoléon and the Empress Eugénie. He is not less eloquent in mourning Louis Seize. Sometimes we would pluck him by the sleeve and exclaim with Thackeray: 'Let 'them pity him who will; call him saint and martyr if you 'please; but a martyr to what principle was he? Did he 'frankly support either party in his kingdom, or cheat and 'tamper with both?' Mr. Hare is a hero-worshipper. His two charming little volumes are a hagiography; in their sober black and red they have all the air of books of devotion! And, in fact, they commemorate the martyrdom

of many unfortunate apostles of authority. How can we expect him to love the city of Liberty *à outrance*? He has the courage of his opinions. On the back of Paris he has pinned a placard: 'Take care! she bites!' The monster is beautiful, and he catalogues all her charms with exactness, but does not forget the warning, nor fail to bid us drop a tear in memory of the innocents she has slaughtered. The result is the most vivid and singular of handbooks to Paris, one-sided and yet accurate, erudite but uncritical; for our author takes Lamartine and Maxime du Camp without a grain of salt. The two small volumes are a mine of curious information, of quaint, ghastly, or tragic anecdote and adventure. They will delight the traveller, the antiquary, the romantic novelist, and the reader of picturesque history.

We take up vol. i. But a sense of fair play bids us lay down again the chapters which, dealing with the Louvre and Tuileries, must contain a catalogue of terrible revolts and terrible repressions. We open the second part in the hope that, here at least, the Seine may run less red. On the top of the second page we come to an ornamental account of the burning of the Knights Templars; at the foot of it we skip three centuries, and fall on the fatal duel of the minions of Henri Trois; on the fifth page, in the year 1617, the corpse of the Italian minister Concini is dragged along the streets of Paris by an infuriated mob, while some cannibal tears out the infamous heart, roasts it, and eats it, distributing the body in morsels among his comrades. We have entered the seventeenth century, but on p. 12 we return, full of fervour, to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while on p. 14 we plunge back a hundred years or so to murder the Count of Armagnac; before the page is finished, we find ourselves enveloped in the 'savage 'and ignorant furies of the Commune in 1871.' Turn the leaf, we witness the hanging of Enguerrand de Marigny, under Louis le Hutin, while p. 19 is dyed with the blood of the Girondins and Marie Antoinette. The horror, blood, tragedy, and treachery of some seven centuries distilled in twenty pages! No wonder there is no place for anything else. But with such liberty of selection, it is easy to dabble in historic gore. We might thus illustrate the processes of English government by the plucking out of little Arthur's eyes, the stifling of the two little princes in the Tower, the drowning of Clarence in the butt of Malmsey wine, the burning of Joan of Arc at Rouen, the massacres of Drogheda, the cutting off of Charles's head, and finish by

blowing the Indian insurgents from the mouths of our cannon after the Mutiny. Every nation has written its chronicles in blood.

When Mr. Hare forgets the cord and hatchet, he has a delightful fund of anecdote. We are pleased to meet again with the dog of Montargis, and to witness his dramatic duel with his master's murderer before the assembled Court of Charles V. We will not vouch for the story of Hémon de la Fosse, a student, converted to paganism by his classical studies, who in 1503 proclaimed the worship of Jupiter in the church of St. Pierre des Bœufs, and was condemned to burn alive for this offence. 'It is said that, as an expiatory 'procession was passing after this execution, two cows, 'being led to the butcher, knelt before the Sacrament— 'whence the name of the church.' But we feel grateful to Mr. Hare for including in his handbook the pretty and authentic tale of Molière's widow causing large fires to be lit o' wintry nights upon her husband's grave, in the Cimetière St. Joseph, in the hope that the poor, out of gratitude for the warmth provided, might forget their wrath at an actor's burial in consecrated ground. Poor Armande Béjart! Mr. Hare might have spoiled this pretty story by quoting M. Loquin's audacious theory, according to which Molière was not buried at all—save, indeed, alive; condemned, in fact, by the king to the Iron Mask, as a penance for having married his own daughter by Madeleine Béjart. Here is a mystery of iniquity quite worthy of a picturesque historian. And Mr. Hare has let it alone; he has let the poor warm their hands by Molière's grave, through his widow's piety, and not through her terror of what an exhumation might reveal. We tender our thanks to him for missing this opportunity; but we are surprised to find him omitting other purple patches: it is true his book is already as brilliant as Joseph's coat. Was he weary of his *embarras de richesses*? Or is it possible that he has not read the recent work of M. Frantz Funck Brentano—enthralling, thrilling—supported by what appears a formidable array of documents? In Mr. Hare's account of the execution of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, he says nothing of this modern theory, which goes far to prove the secret complicity of the Montespan. He says nothing of the favourite's jealousy of La Vallière; of the love-philtre dropped in the sovereign's potion, which all but rid the world of Louis Quatorze; of the black Mass offered up at midnight on the Montespan's naked body by an unfrocked

priest, turned wizard as a more profitable trade at court. Yet all these details are surely ghastly, vivid, and picturesque enough to tempt his pen. His book is none the worse for a purple patch or two the less. Seriously, what we miss in it rather are familiar references to the outdoor life of the past, such as, in the six volumes of the 'Ballades 'of Eustache Deschamps,' he might have had for the asking—in so far, at least, as regards the fourteenth century.

A weightier reproach is that, in his attention to picturesque detail, Mr. Hare is blind to what the French call general ideas. Paris is the home and birthplace of such ideas, views, theories, and principles. The violent social contortions, of which Mr. Hare loves to show us the pantomime in Dumb Crambo, are efforts to express some such idea, struggles towards a conception of absolute justice in the government of human society. Revolution in France is a recognised agency of progress: a most expensive one, costing much to achieve little; still, after four such great upheavals, the condition of the majority is certainly a hundred per cent. better to-day than it was a century ago. For good or for ill, the idea of a possible millennium is ever present on Gallic soil, it animates the whole nation; every political party has in its baggage the chart of Utopia. This terrible yet, on the whole, beneficial optimism gilds the cruel realities of revolution, enables men to attack with an heroic earnest, to mount to the scaffold with a light triumphant grace, as being sure that their idea survives them, and rounds the whole scene of apparent terror with an aureole invisible to other nations. Mr. Hare writes of revolution as though it were merely massacre writ large. In France this conflict of two theories of life is recognised by both sides as a valuable experiment in the ideal.

So far back in history as the destruction of the Order of the Temple the same law obtains. Behind the executioner stands the statesman, behind the statesman the Utopian, already dreaming of the Rights of Man. He abolishes the iniquitous few to educate the virtuous many. The question of the abolition of the Temple is the ever-recurring question as to whether the State have the right to confiscate the property of certain individuals for the good of the commonwealth—Henry VIII. confiscated the estates of the Church; England confiscated the rights of Jamaica landlords in their slaves; Alexander II. of Russia confiscated those of Russian serf-owners; a few years ago the Houses of Parliament

confiscated the arrears of Irish landlords—in a few years to come, who knows? some Socialist ministry, somewhere, may confiscate the National Debt. The question is always a difficult and thorny one, but in 1307 it was not very different from what it is to-day. The loss of the Holy Land had destroyed the object of the Temple, which had degenerated into a huge Camorra, an unruly secret society, a State within the State—'a gang of sanctimonious brigands,' as Mr. and Mrs. Martin quaintly put it. The King of France decided to dissolve a company so abusive, despatched the persons composing it to a better world in the summary and cruel fashion usual in those times, and affected a portion of their property to the really admirable system of popular education for both sexes which is set forth in Renan's scholarly volume on the religious policy of Philippe-le-Bel. The advisers of the king in this matter were such reformers as France has had to bear with more than once. Their craft, their remorseless cruelty, their unscrupulousness, accompanied a genuinely liberal ideal and a heart-whole devotion to an end beyond themselves. Implacable and sombre as they are, yet are they excellent patriots, and there is an antique force in the voice of these mediæval magistrates when they pronounce the words: 'Fatherland,' 'Republic,' 'Tyranny.' The whole French Revolution is in germ in their Utopia. But Mr. Hare sees nothing of this—nothing but flaming stakes, false accusations, and picturesque modern Templars 'dressed in mourning 'making a pilgrimage on March 11 to the scene of their 'chieftain's martyrdom.' All this is worthy of note, no doubt. Yet this indifference to systems and ideas, this insistence on the picturesque, show how difficult it is for an Englishman to look into France through a Frenchman's eyes.

To settle in Paris is to expose oneself to the action of an atmosphere charged with vital fluids. There are a mental nimbleness, an alacrity, a rapidity, about the Parisians which are disconcerting upon early acquaintance. The first sensation is that of certain mineral springs of stimulating properties, to dip into which is to feel oneself covered with minute prickly bubbles of carbonic acid gas. The reaction, however, is pleasant, and produces a feeling of lightness and ease. It is, indeed, extraordinary in how short a space of time an adaptable nature may become Parisian: who was ever more so than Henri Heine, Albert Wolff, or Richard Wallace? The Parisian, nearly always, is made, not born.

Of all races, the American is the most sensitive to this peculiar influence. The last three works named at the head of this article (one, indeed, is by an Englishman, but it is written for Americans and from a distinctly American standpoint) suggest that in that difficult question of an *entente internationale*, America may accomplish a miracle. In language one with England, in quality of mind much nearer France, America may interpret our great neighbour to us, and enable us to see her without those spectacles of hereditary prejudice which, unconsciously to ourselves and involuntarily, affect our vision.

Nothing, for instance, can be less different from the Paris of Mr. Hare than the Paris of Mr. and Mrs. Martin. There is, in their two volumes, scarce a page stained with gore. 'Such were the ways of those times' is the half-expressed reflexion with which they dismiss the details dear to Mr. Hare; and, indeed, rather unfairly we admit, they despatch the night of St. Bartholomew with the brief *boutade* of Joseph de Maistre: 'Quelques scélérats firent périr quelques 'scélérats.' What strikes them as important in Paris is its enthusiastic devotion to ideas. They try to show how the city of Abelard became the city of Pascal and then the city of Voltaire. Their chosen heroes are such capable and masterly human beings as Etienne Marcel and Etienne Dolet, as Molière and Madame de Sévigné. To all Americans the stones of Paris are eloquent, and recount the glorious adventures of the human mind in quest of liberty and truth and justice. Without asking from Paris the weight or the wealth, the might or the majesty of London, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, they attribute as rare a value to this Athens of the modern age. If she choose, in her great Exhibition, to include a Palace of Genius, France could write on its centenary record such names as these: Napoleon and his marshals; Ampère, Arago, Pasteur; Auguste Comte, Taine, Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Michelet; Chateaubriand, Lamartine, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Musset, Balzac, Flaubert; Delacroix, Ingres, Corot, Millet, Puvis de Chavannes, Malibran, Rachel—each name, in its own sphere, of the first rank and value. And we admire the Americans who see in this intellectual efflorescence the real Paris.

Eyes and No-Eyes are not the only travellers. All the authors of our four books are singularly fortunate in their power of vision, and Mr. Hare, as we have said, has the instincts of a painter. But sometimes the heart and the brain travel too, instead of comfortably staying at home,

as is usual with the wayfarer in strange lands; sometimes they pierce the husk of difference which envelopes a foreign country, penetrate to the very soul and substance of it, and show us the inner self. Such a traveller was Mrs. Browning; such, with a lesser gift, was George du Maurier; such, we must admit, are none of the ladies and gentlemen we pass in review to-day. Yet more than one of these possesses a keenness of intuition, a curiosity, which are much to be praised. These Americans possess a truly Gallic appreciation of modernity. We English, when we think of what our century has done for any great historic town, count our dead, mourn our wounded, refuse to be comforted. But they are quick to show us the reverse of the medal, which is well worth a glance. Paris, as we know it, is a creation of the nineteenth century—the Paris of which Mrs. Browning wrote—

> 'The city swims in verdure, beautiful
> As Venice on the waters, the sea-swan.
> What bosky gardens dropped in close-walled courts
> As plums in ladies' laps, who start and laugh!
> What miles of streets that run on after trees,
> Still carrying the necessary shops,
> Those open caskets with the jewel seen!
> And trade is art and art philosophy
> In Paris.'

The bosky gardens in the close-walled courts are a relic of yesterday, but the wide boulevards and avenues planted with plane and horse-chestnuts, with paved walks under the trees, shady benches, and kiosques and cafés and shops —*le boulevard*, as we say—has only really existed since the Revolution. The noble promenade of the Champs-Elysées, as we know it, the Parc Monceau, the Rue de Rivoli, the Avenue de l'Opéra, are all inventions of our time, and the Avenue Nicolas II. shows how, to its extremest end, the nineteenth century has made of Paris a miracle of order, space, and gaiety. Any one can see the beauty of such scenes as this—any one can admire modern Paris when the trees are out in flower, or Paris on a crisp winter afternoon when the statues on the fountains are draped and perruked with shining icicles, when the green ice-masses float down the Seine, and the very air is full of a sort of powdery brilliant silver. But your real lover of Paris gives his heart to less conspicuous beauties. Here is a sketch of a modern street in the Marais taken from Mr. and Mrs. Martin's second volume. It is noon, the roads are empty,

the town seems asleep, save for the ceaseless muffled rumble of machinery :—

'Suddenly these streets are all astir with an industrial unarmed mob, and the whole quarter is given over to an insurrection peaceful and unoffending. These workers are making their way to restaurant or rôtisserie or cabaret; some of them saunter along taking their breakfast *sur le pouce*. The men, in stained blouses, are alert, earnest, and self-respecting; the girls, direct of gaze, frank of manner, shrill of voice, wear enwrapping aprons that fall from neck to ankle, and their hair—the glory of the French working woman, who goes hatless—is dressed with an artless art that would not dishonour a drawing-room. We can carry away with us from these last scenes no more captivating image than this of the most modern woman of the Marais.'

And these are the streets, or such as these, that Mr. Hare proclaims 'featureless and uninteresting.' My dear sir, will you not understand that *no* districts of Paris are featureless and uninteresting?—'la reine d'Espagne n'a pas 'de jambes!' If there is not one thing in them, you will find another as good; if they have pulled down their old buildings, you will find in their stead green shadow and plashing fountains, or a noble prospect, or busy popular life. To love Paris you must visit it in the spirit of Stevenson's delightful child—it is 'so full of a number of 'things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.' Ghost of Victor Hugo! Shade of Peter Ibbetson! To the green gardens of Passy Mr. Hare has applied those very words 'featureless, uninteresting.' The antiquarian may find them so. Yet, O Trocadero sunsets, embrageous Avenue Henri Martin with the dear Florentine view out to the Mont Valérien, wide stretch of the *rampe de Passy*, precincts of Ranelagh, academic gardens of the Rue Raynouard—is it possible? is it possible? In face of such a stigma, how shall we own our own weakness for such inferior districts—Mr. Hare would never look at them—as the quiet provincial streets round the Halles aux Vins and the Jardin des Plantes; a land of calm, leisure, endless popular confabulation, where the grass grows between the disjointed pavements and trees wave over the walls, where the prattle of the concierge in bedgown and sabots with the strolling unoccupied *agent* is only interrupted now and then by the wild sudden roar of the tigers and hyænas lodged hard by? . . . Shall we dare to praise you—wide, empty, stretching avenues of Gros-Caillou and the Champ de Mars, where the Fair, endemic all summer long, reigns in a perpetual carnival of whirling merry-go-rounds; where the

gilt dome of the Invalides surges, like a great budding flower, above the tops of the trees; where the little red-trousered *piou-pious*, their blue redingotes buttoned back, tramp stolidly behind the gay heroic fanfare of the military band? Climbing streets of Montmartre, Ephesus of our age, thronged with booths for rosaries and imitation jewel-shops, frequented by grisettes and seminarists, flute-players, goldsmiths, and famous fortune-tellers; streets that scale the sacred mount to the summit, where the White Alp of the Sacré-Cœur, in its grandiose and hideous impressiveness, dominates a world of *bouis-bouis*, Chats-noirs, and Moulins-rouges, all crowded up there above the vast grey populous city stretched in the plain below. . . . Mount of Mars, Mount of Venus, Mount of the Sacred Heart, Mount of the illustrious dead, asleep under wreaths of immortelles and garlands of pearly beads in the huge white cemetery that slopes down your sides; though less dear to us, you also are a world of palpitating interest and most salient feature. . . . And shall we forget you, dear and dreary streets of the old-world Faubourg St. Germain, filled with a dull and yet delightful peace and a glory at once tarnished and majestic —streets whence one passes through stained and shabby plaster-portals into the monumental court of some ducal mansion set in wide gardens bright with roses and fountains and the flashing white wings of doves? You are, we hear, 'of little interest to passing travellers.' For our part, in all Paris we can only discern the district of Clichy which is, perhaps, in bad weather, a little featureless and uninteresting.

To really know Paris you should make the acquaintance of some poet, painter, or philosopher old enough to be full of reminiscence, young enough to love the future. The present writer remembers cherished walks with many such, now gathered to their fathers. In their illustrious company the charm of Paris became apparent—a spirit at once intimate and intellectual, rapid and yet never bustling, intense but delicate—something at once historic, modern, and often a little provincial—in the sense that Athens may seem provincial if compared with New York. Of the authors we review to-day, the writer who best seems to have apprehended this spirit is an American young lady of parts, Miss Katharine de Forrest. But while our Transatlantic guide is fully alive to the charm and value of Paris as an intellectual and artistic centre, it is fashionable Paris that prompts her most original pages. She opens for us the gates of the world *où l'on s'amuse*. In her pleasant company we visit

the special haunts of Tout-Paris, the studios, the Bois, the Académie, the Comédie-Française, which last she judges with a certain discriminating reserve, admitting the superiority not only of the Divine Sarah and of Coquelin, whose evasion from the national theatre caused such perturbation, but even of such brilliant outsiders as Mme. Réjane, Mme. Granier, Baron, Brasseur, Antoine, or Guitry. Indeed she is a young lady of judgement, tact, and independence. From these heights of criticism she whirls us to Paquin's or Doucet's dressmaking houses, 'whose sumptuous and 'fascinating palaces form a background of pure style wherein 'the daintiest women of the world congregate in an atmo-'sphere of colour, elegance, luxury, and art.' Miss de Forrest knows all the haunts of these delicate divinities, so that we are suprised when she informs us that they hasten back to Paris in October for the winter season. There is no longer a winter season. The professional classes, of course, in Paris as in London, are compelled to return to town when Parliament, the Law Courts, and the University reopen; but the *monde où l'on s'amuse*—the sphere of the rich and leisured few—stays in the country for the hunting season, or migrates to the sunny shores of the Riviera. When Miss de Forrest has mixed a little more with French people she will remark that the Paris season begins with the end of February, often later, and ends with the close of June. French people are great lovers of the country, families of even moderate fortune possessing at least one roomy and hospitable country house which they love to fill, during the autumn and early winter months, by relays of visitors invited in *séries*. Those who do not possess a place of their own usually hire for three or four months a furnished house, and —while August is generally consecrated to the sea or to some watering-place—during September and October few indeed are the well-to-do Parisians who are not either visitors or entertainers in some manor or cottage orné; while in their châteaux, as we have said, the fashionable classes elect to spend the winter.

A few slight errors seem to indicate that Miss de Forrest lives in Paris under the tent of the nomads; but she knows her Paris well—in some respects far better than we. Shall we admit that we have never dined at the Tour d'Argent? that we have never tasted the succulent juices of duck *à la presse*? We learn that after the duck is carved the entire skeleton is put into a great silver press and crushed before the eyes of the diner into a stock which flavours the sauce.

'In the early sixties duck was pressed in Paris, but only between two plates, and then not for everybody. You had to be a Rothschild or a prince to have it done for you, and in no book on Paris of that date have I ever seen the dish mentioned. In '68 both Joseph and Frédéric in different houses were making themselves remarked for *caneton à la presse*. It was not until the early seventies that the press of to-day was invented. What a curious bit of sociological history is comprised in the reminiscences of these chefs! "It was in '74," Frédéric told me once, "that my rôle in the duck began. I then began to search in its juices and its carcass the refined duck that I serve now. When M. Paillard sold me the Tour d'Argent I was searching still. Only lately have I been satisfied. Now I search no more." . . . Frédéric evolves his creations in the watches of the night, and executes them the next day without ever tasting them. His art seems to be purely intellectual.'

'For trade is art and art philosophy in Paris!' Did not Thackeray say that the man who comes to Paris without directing his mind to dinners was like a fellow who travels to Athens without caring to inspect ruins?

Miss de Forrest likes to see everything; she is young, high-spirited, enterprising; and in consideration of this most excellent curiosity we forgive her the richest collection of misprints imaginable, and some few faults of grammar. But if she likes to see the pretty women of both worlds dining at the fashionable restaurants—including those 'charming-'looking ladies to whom one could never speak;' if she is proud to feel that she knows at any given moment which café is in favour ('for no cuisine, however good, will ever be 'enough to make a restaurant keep its vogue for more than 'two seasons in succession'); if she enjoys the prettiness and amusement of the frivolous set in Paris; what she really admires and keenly recognises as essential is the profound depth of orderly educated society beneath this unimportant delicate froth.

'In America I do not know any whole class of people all having a similar standard and manner of life. You can sum up the distinguishing characteristics of the best French families in one sentence which will apply to all. This is a common and exactly defined conception of duty, which has been handed down from generation to generation: to work, to live within your income without touching the capital, to put by something every year for your children, to watch personally over their manners and development, and to give them the finest possible education. This is what makes a family according to the French idea. And these people make up the real France. Her economic wealth does not come so much from individual fortunes as from the small economies of the masses; and so her great artistic,

scientific, and literary movement is not carried on so much by the talent of single individuals as by the vast accumulation of methodical and often obscure efforts, which keep the intellectual atmosphere so overcharged that every now and then flashes from it a luminous spark known by some such name as Pasteur, Puvis de Chavannes, Renan, Guy de Maupassant.'

In character and in genius no less than in wealth and in manner of living, Paris is not so much the theatre of the surprising developement of a chosen few as the place where the highest possible level is reached in the mass of lives. That level has risen greatly in the last hundred years, and the effort of the best part of the nation is to raise it higher, for it is still too low.

Not only a European capital, a city of pleasure, a university town, a cathedral city, Paris is also a great manufacturing centre. Mr. Richard Whiteing has a keen and noteworthy chapter on the industrial faubourgs; it is, however, merely a preface to the book which might be written on the present and the future of the Parisian working-class. Mr. Whiteing observes with what force the industrial current tends towards a form of Socialism; he remarks the extraordinary renaissance in France of the spirit of free association. There is no more noble principle than the principle of mutual aid; it is perhaps in itself capable of renovating society; in France at the present moment it is invoked with equal fervour by the two great internationalists: the Catholic Church and Socialism; the one offering thrift and benefit societies on the model of the syndicats of the Creusot; the other proposing co-operative associations and trade unions. Only last June, in an eloquent speech, the President of the French Republic proclaimed the diffusion of mutual aid as the first of social duties before the Congress of Mutualists; while, on another occasion, M. Waldeck Rousseau affirmed the future of commerce to lie with working syndicates, themselves the merchants of the produce of their toil. And it is notable that the building of the new Salle des Fêtes of the French Chamber has been entrusted, not to any famous contractor, but to various coöperative associations of masons, carpenters, and upholsterers. Mr. Whiteing can make no allusion to these facts as they occurred but a few weeks ago, but he cites the inscription on the Comte de Chambrun's little temple in the great Exhibition, which bears on one of its fronts the date of the nineteenth century with the one word *Salaire*, and over the opposite portal the device: *XX siècle: Association.* But he has not seen that the

developement of this new theory of society, by substituting the initiative of a group of individuals for State aid, undermines the principle of collectivism, at the very moment when a collectivist republic enters the horizon of practical politics. Collectivism, according to the type of Marx, Guesde, and Allemane, is already the Socialism of yesterday. Among the working-men themselves there has arisen a choice group of free spirits who conceive a nobler ideal, who crave less for well-being than for liberty, who ask above all from society a larger room for personal developement and individual freedom. Their efforts tend towards a society of the American type, neither fettered nor fostered by the State, hampered by few class distinctions, founded on the union of liberty and individual property. Dare we say that this conception of society, which to almost every Anglo-Saxon appears superior to the ideal of collectivism, took its rise in the extreme right of the group of anarchists? The Affaire Dreyfus, which, scarcely three years ago, suddenly split French politics into two coherent masses, ranged under the different principles of authority and liberty, brought into close and unexpected contact the most incongruous elements. That union of the Liberal Left with the independent Socialists which Mr. Morley predicts for England in his recent speech at Oxford, has actually only lately taken place in France. Each party has benefited by the amalgam; the quick and practical wisdom of the working-class has informed the politicians and the schoolmen; the intellectuals have applied their brains and their larger outlook towards making the toiler more intelligent, his life less tedious, and his home more secure. The result is a party of growing importance which no open-minded person need look on with apprehension or distrust. France and England are more alike than they know; in this connexion we may cite the words of Mr. Morley: 'Called upon to choose 'between the Socialist and the militarist with all his random 'aims, his profusion of the national resources, his disregard 'for the rights and feelings of other people, I declare to you 'that I consider the Socialist's standards are higher and 'his aims not any more wild.' The past and the present are more alike than we remember. Let us recall the noble words of Heine's preface to 'Lutetia,' published in 1855. 'In hatred of the partisans of *Nationalism* (the word is of 'Heine's making) I could almost fall in love with the Com-'munists. Their absolute cosmopolitanism, their universal 'friendship for all peoples, their equality of brotherhood 'among men, as all alike free citizens of the globe, are

'the very fundamental doctrine of the Gospel; and they are 'nearer the Christian spirit than these exclusive champions 'of an orthodox nationalism.'

So far the clearest result of this alliance of Socialists and Liberals has been the recent foundation of the Université Populaire; scarcely three years old, it has already a college in almost every quarter of Paris and the environs, and aims at a social evolution which shall do away with the need for revolution. At first this movement was looked on more than coldly by the Guesdists and the Allemanists of the Bourse du Travail. But the 'Indépendants' hold their ground, and the moving spirit of the last of the people's colleges, opened in June, is the son of M. Allemane. He is a hostage for the future.

These Universités Populaires are to the independent Socialists what the friendly societies and small *collegia* were to the Christians of the Roman Empire—a place of meeting and friendship, a mart of knowledge; they are, in the phrase of their creator, M. Deherme, a co-operative association in ideas. Nothing can be simpler than their organisation. A group of well-wishers is generally responsible for the rent; it rarely exceeds a hundred pounds a year. The subscriptions of the members (5*d.* a month for individuals, 7½*d.* for families) cover the expense of lighting and fuel. Some leading spirit organises the staff of lecturers, never paid. There is, of course, in these conditions no penalty for non-attendance, but we believe there is no record of a speaker having failed in his engagement. The attendance is not very large, but regular. One thousand five hundred members are inscribed at the College of the Faubourg St. Antoine, from three to four hundred in the smaller centres, more again in some of the popular suburbs such as Montreuil or Choisy-le-Roi. The audience is chiefly composed of skilled artisans with their wives, the women often forming half the assembly. The standard of lectures is high, social and natural science being especially in request. The programmes are composed in accordance with no particular body of doctrine. 'Il n'y a pas de système vrai,' proclaims M. Deherme; 'il n'y a que des faits et de la liberté. L'unité 'n'est pas à chercher dans la pensée, qui est variée, complexe, 'infiniment mobile!' * The object of these colleges, rather,

* La Coopération des Idées: journal populaire d'éducation et d'action sociale. Samedi, 14 avril 1900.

is to develope thought in every direction, in all its variety, in all its infinite fecundity. 'Sans doute c'est le chaos,' admits the audacious innovator. But what is the universe if not a cosmos perpetually created out of chaos?

The lecturers are among the first men in France. M. Duclaux lectures on science, M. Séailles on philosophy, M. Faguet on criticism, M. Seignobos on history. To the reading rooms of these colleges, entirely recruited by voluntary contributions, the present writer sends such learned periodicals as the 'Annals of the Pasteur Institute' and the 'Revue de 'Métaphysique et de Morale.' In the domain of letters the book most read and most discussed during the winter term was Tolstoi's 'Resurrection.' After a day's hard work with head and hands alike, sustained by the plainest living, there is something heroic in such a resolute effort towards high thinking. And we remember the complaint which one day escaped the lips of a Manchester workman to whom we were talking. 'I am glad to do it,' said he, 'but no one 'knows the fatigue of always reading books one doesn't 'quite understand, listening to music a little over one's 'head, looking at art of which one does not quite see the 'point. And that, when one's tired out, and would be glad 'of a rest at Blackpool! Still it improves the mind.' We needs must love the highest when we see it, even if we sigh after the tea and shrimps of Blackpool. Shame on those who would ask the workman to forego the cultivation of his noblest faculties. In a happier civilisation a shorter working day will render easy the labours of intellectual developement. 'For therein,' said Sir Thomas More in his 'Utopia, 'do we conceive the felicity of this life to consist.' Life does not consist in amusing ourselves according to the ideas of our social superiors, in eating the morsel of bread a paternal State affords, in taking one's pleasure under the master's eye. The noble efforts, the social solidarity, of these little popular colleges answer to an eternal necessity implanted in the human heart. As we take leave of them we murmur the admirable passage in which Renan describes the working-men's associations of ancient Rome :—

'Il faut à l'homme la petite enceinte, la confrérie où l'on vit et meurt ensemble. Nos grandes sociétés abstraites ne sont pas suffisantes pour répondre à tous les instincts de sociabilité qui sont dans l'homme. Laissez-le mettre son cœur à quelque chose, chercher sa consolation où il la trouve, se créer des frères, contracter des liens du cœur. Que la main froide de l'Etat n'intervienne pas dans ce royaume de l'âme qui est le royaume de la liberté! La vie, la joie ne

renaîtront dans le monde que quand notre défiance contre les *Collegia*, ce triste héritage du droit romain, aura disparu. L'association en dehors de l'Etat, sans détruire l'Etat, est la question capitale de l'avenir.' ('Les Apôtres,' p. 364.)

If wishes could bring the dead again among us for an hour, how interesting it would be to summon Ernest Renan from Elysium and visit in his company the Exhibition which transfigures Paris during this summer of 1900! Renan was no lover of exhibitions. In a celebrated article on the great show of 1856 he mourned that the nations should meet together in a universal contest of mixed biscuits and machinery. Hitherto, he complained, every great concourse of mankind—of old the Olympian games, more recently the jubilees of Rome, the great fairs of Asia, the tournaments of chivalry—had stimulated the sense of the ideal. But neither rhapsody of Pindar, Minnesinger's Lied, fresco of Giotto, nor Arabian verse, neither any modern equivalent of these fine forms of art, will immortalise a universal exhibition. 'Twice,' said he, 'from the ends of the earth the people have trooped to 'compare siphon tops and biscuit boxes, and when the 'pilgrimage has ended they have but felt there had been 'one thing lacking.' *Unum est necessarium!* That sole necessity is not material progress. Renan retired to his tent and sighed; perchance his sighing was not in vain. However it be, the moral and intellectual elevation which he missed so painfully from the Exhibition of 1856 is abundantly present in the Exhibition of 1900. Mixed biscuits and machinery, siphon tops, logwood, pig-iron, and travelling plaids are, of course, represented in abundance, as indeed they ought to be in a great industrial show. Café concerts, restaurants, booths, and tea-gardens are inevitably a part of this huge World's Fair: there are, indeed, we believe, some two hundred and ninety-six of them. Renan might still pass from gallery to gallery exclaiming, 'How many many things that I can do without!' But there are other things he would appreciate, for the ideal is immanent in this Exhibition in two of its noblest forms: the cult of beauty, and the noble preoccupation with the toiler's lot. The Exhibition is at once a school of art and a school of social science.

Not since 1817, when the Allies carried away from Paris the treasure which Napoleon had plundered from half the palaces of Europe, has the French capital contained so

many artistic masterpieces, and if the golden treasure be put in an earthen vessel, at least the quaintness and charm of the vessel's form go far to redeem the trumpery of its material. These plaster-palaces have an ephemeral charm, and fill us with a child's sense of amusement and festivity. They will fade almost as soon as flowers; they are as brittle as the toys on a Christmas-tree. Follow de Vigny's advice: 'Aimons ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois!' and let us admire them while they last.

Let us stand on the Pont Alexandre, looking from the northern end of the bridge to the vast hemicycle of snowy domes and minarets leading up to the not disagreeable discord of the old grey façade and gilt-splashed dome of the historic Invalides. The glance should follow the river towards Passy. 'Tis surely an architect's Walpurgis Night! A great Venetian palace with the Seine at its feet, its round gilt domes and lace-like rosaces framed in the elms of the Quai d'Orsay, elbows a Turkish mosque: so that long-talked-of marriage between the Republic of Venice and the Grand Turk has actually taken place! The American eagle and George Washington look on only faintly surprised, for history never surprises them, and besides, they are full of their own greatness and glory. Otherwise they might stare to find themselves neighboured by a Bosnian manor, with an Austrian palace beyond, very regal and stately in its baroque magnificence. Between a time-stained swart Hungarian fortress and a lofty soaring Belgian town hall, behold dropped ('like plums in ladies' laps') a tiny Jacobean country house which would look exceedingly well with a great green stretch of rising park behind it, and, in front, a terraced garden of roses and clipped yew-trees; but it is somewhat dwarfed by these gigantic neighbours. Spain is throned in a spacious Renaissance palace, next a German manor, all gables, from the Rhine, and further on we see a crowd of Oriental domes blown together like a cluster of soap bubbles. Drawn to one point from all the corners of the earth, nearly all these palaces illustrate the period of the Renaissance. See how in the north the lines aspire as if sucked up towards the sun! How, in the south, they spread themselves in wide low masses as if to offer rest and shade! Before them the waters ripple, laden with darting pleasure boats, to that bend of the Passy hill where they seem to slip away in a mysterious gulf beneath the towers of the Trocadero.

This is the outside, and a fine *coup d'œil* in the way of

stucco and plaster, interesting enough in its way to the student of national characteristics. The half-timbered Danish house; the Swedish building all clothed in fine overlapping scales of wood shingling, curiously soft and pleasant in effect; the Norwegian chalet, very simply carved and painted in red and green; the Finnish pavilion with its low wide circular archways, quaint carvings of bears, squirrels, and frogs, and steep-pitched roofing of wood-shingle —these are not merely a surprising object lesson in wood architecture. They have the very aroma of the north. Woodwork of a different kind, almost wholly oriental in treatment, is used in the Bosnian manor. And the combination of warm-coloured terracotta and glazed and coloured bricks which decorate the Servian and Greek pavilions will doubtless interest the architect. But the real treasures are within. The Hungarian, German, Spanish, and English palaces are museums of the rarest art: they are also an invaluable subject to the student of national psychology.

Let us enter first the British pavilion. It contains some excellent samples of two great schools of British art, separated from each other by the space of a century. Look first at Sir Joshua's ladies, with their powdered hair above their natural glance and a hint of rouge above the engaging familiar good-breeding of their smile. It will be interesting to compare these amiable faces, so full of ease and humour, with their contemporaries in the German palace. They cannot be so distant from them as they appear—removed, one would suppose, by every circumstance of race and civilisation—from their great-granddaughters, the women of Burne-Jones. The 'Laus Veneris' hangs here with other fine pictures. Are they Englishwomen, these magnificent, dreamy, perverse, and yet candid Sibyls, habited like sorceresses in garments of strange scarlet and bright prismatic mauves patterned with gold? What 'hollow faces burning 'white,' what a fixed and visionary gaze, what serpentine enchanted hair! They are the priestesses of a disillusioned and morbid form of art. But modern Europe has not seen their equal for sheer beauty, charm, and haunting magic.

The German pavilion is a Gothic manor from the Rhine, painted like a Nuremberg toy, and rather aggressively effective in that style of artless bad taste and poetic grandeur which distinguishes the Fatherland. It is 'echt 'Deutsch,' in a sense which is shared by everything German (even the greatest) outside the classic trio Mozart, Goethe, and Heine. Let us enter the three saloons which

reproduce the State rooms of Sans-Souci and the cabinet of Frederic the Great. They were copied in the eighteenth century by the cabinet-makers of Berlin from German models. The style is rococo and French, but it has suffered a change into something rich and strange. For instance across the backs of their gilt and highly ornate court furniture these naïve workmen, inspired by the branching *fioritura* of the style, have cast great bunches of garden-poppies, carved like nature, and coloured red, grey-blue, and mauve, with pale green buds and leaves! The same poetry of feeling and the same defective taste are visible in the furniture of the great saloon, all rococo, twisted and twirling, no longer gilt, but silver—chairs, mirror frames, picture frames, ornaments, all silvered as bare trees in hoar-frost. The upholstery is of pale moonlight-tinted satin, bordered with silver galloon. The strange branchy forms of the furniture, the tints of rime, water, and moonlight harmonise with the great silver-framed mirrors—one would say a mermaid's palace. But the walls are hung with old-gold satin, and half the picture-frames match the walls.

The pictures which these frames contain are eloquent not of Germany, but of France. There are better Chardins in the Louvre. But is there any other Watteau to match this young violinist fiddling under a tree to the most adorable shepherdess in the world, dressed in blue, lifting her bewitching kitten face to look at her idyllic serenader? Not Watteau, but Lancret, however, will chiefly interest the student of national psychology. Watteau is above all himself. He has the languor, the beauty, the voluptuousness of a Giorgione. Amid his painted music and his garden festivals he never forgets his *tædium vitæ*. And it is true that young gentlemen in France

> 'Are wont to sigh and be as sad as night
> Out of mere wantonness.'

But the man who really reflects his country and his age is Lancret, nowhere to be studied so adequately as in these three rooms—Lancret, with his delicate precision, his fine grace (a little precious and yet so free), the justness and variety of his restricted harmonies.

Spain in her great palace harbours things of enduring beauty—tapestry from Flanders, Moorish arms, the tunic of Boabdil of Granada—symbols of her conquest and of her possessions, not of her manufacture. The tapestries here are the most admirable that we have ever seen. As we

look at them we see what the Morris tapestries in the English palace intended to be, and, after all, come nearer to being than the Gobelins of our time. It is not the richness of the tissue, woven of wool and silk and gold; it is not only the splendour of the colouring, whose greens and browns are relieved by a liberal use of red, rose-pink, white, grey, and dull blue; it is the drawing of the figures, the exquisite expression and sentiment of the faces, that keep us spellbound before these miracles of the loom, as attractive as the painter's art. Look at that enthroned Justice, with her great angel receiving the homage of kings and princes! Look at that Lady Chastity on her snow-white unicorn, followed by the dreamiest, most girlish Judith, with sweet blue eyes and golden braids, who surely forgets what burden dangles from her saddle, although, through the meshes of the net in which she has tied it, we discern the dark and gory head of Holophernes! Look at the movement and passion of that Crucifixion! No wonder that the Emperor Charles V., when he renounced the world and all its works, carried with him to his solitary cell in the monastery of San Yuste some two or three of the tapestries before us.

Certainly M. Renan would admit and admire the claim of this Exhibition to be a school of beauty. Nor would he have been insensible to its pretension, no less solidly grounded, to be a school of social duty. We herald the twentieth century with an international conclave such as never yet has been gathered together to discuss the wage of the workmen, the risks of labour, the rearing of the young, the refuge of the old, the housing of the poor, and the nursing of the sick. Congress after congress meets in Paris this summer, and the Exhibition is a comparative anatomy of the different social methods of civilised peoples. It is as necessary to the philanthropist as attractive to the artist and useful to the trader. Charity, science, and art visit hand in hand these halls of industrial competition.

Renan was mistaken in supposing that an exhibition could only register the details of material progress. The wonderful electrical instruments displayed by Germany are not a greater improvement on their inexact and halting forerunners than this almost universal concert of altruistic sentiment is an advance beyond Guizot's *Enrichissez-vous*. The times are at hand when man may hope to escape beyond himself; his feelings appear to enlarge in an immense centrifugal circuit. He begins to understand

that, in reality, all progress leads him beyond the personal circle of the soul. Science, no less than charity, preaches this gospel. In searching his crucible for the elixir of youth, the aged Arnauld de Villeneuve found nothing of profit for himself, but he discovered the laws of chemistry. Kepler, the court astrologer of Bohemia, in casting his horoscopes was led insensibly from the personal to the larger life, and grasped the secret of planetary motion. Apply the same principle to society, and you open to every soul the illimitable horizons of true brotherhood. When each lives in all, solidarity will be no longer a vain word; loneliness, despair, and vanity will have vanished. In certain sections of the Exhibition of 1900 such a feature, such an ultimate feature, appears possible; the days may dawn when man shall really live resolutely in the whole, the true, the good. Such an advance, after all, is no greater than that which he has already accomplished since the days when he dwelt in caverns and scarcely realised the world beyond. In Paris more than in any other city we realise that before us, not behind us, lies the golden age.

'Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.'

ART. VII.—*A History of Northumberland.* Issued under the direction of the Northumberland County History Committee. Volume I. The Parish of Bamburgh with the Chapelry of Belford. By EDWARD BATESON (1893). Volume II. The Parishes of Embleton, Ellingham, Howick, Long Houghton, and Lesbury. By EDWARD BATESON (1895). Volume III. Hexhamshire: Part I. By ALLEN B. HINDS (1896). Volume IV. Hexhamshire: Part II. (Hexham, Whitley Chapel, Allendale, and St. John Lee) and the Parish of Chollerton, the Chapelry of Kirkheaton, the Parish of Thockrington. By JOHN CRAWFORD HODGSON (1897). Volume V. The Parish of Warkworth, with the Chapelry of Chevington, the Parish of Shilbottle, the Chapelry or extra-parochial place of Brainshaugh. By JOHN CRAWFORD HODGSON (1899).

IN 1819 the Rev. John Hodgson was about to begin the publication of the great work with which his name will always be identified, and on January 10 of that year his friend Surtees wrote to him: 'I am right glad that you 'once more dare look Northumberland, with all her lands 'and towers, boldly in the face.' More than half a century has now elapsed since Hodgson died, leaving a magnificent fragment of a great conception incomplete; but from that time to the present no individual has dared to 'look 'Northumberland in the face.' At length, however, in 1891, a committee of gentlemen, headed by the present Duke of Northumberland, and including among their number Canon Raine, of York, Dr. Greenwell, of Durham, Dr. Bruce, Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, and Mr. J. G. Hodgson (a grandson of the Rev. John Hodgson), undertook the laborious task of completing Hodgson's 'History of North-'umberland.' Since 1891 this committee has produced five large quarto volumes of parochial history, which afford sufficient proof that the work which is now in progress has been undertaken in earnest. Before proceeding to examine the contents of these volumes it will be well to see what it is that Hodgson did and what he was forced to leave undone.

Hodgson's 'History of Northumberland' is a remarkable example of what can be accomplished by the patience and industry of one man labouring under very adverse circumstances, and confronted by many almost insuperable difficulties. Born in 1779 in a remote part of Westmoreland,

Hodgson was forced as soon as his education was completed at the grammar school to earn his own living by teaching. He became the master of a school at Lanchester, near Durham, and it appears that the fine Roman camp which exists at Lanchester first tempted him to make a study of Roman antiquities, and so to qualify himself for his later researches in connexion with the Roman wall. Lack of influence or the unreasonableness of examiners for some time prevented him from taking orders, but he was eventually ordained, and by a happy chance was appointed in 1808 to the living of Jarrow, where, as the successor of Bede and the incumbent of a most ancient church, he cannot have failed to find himself among congenial surroundings. Almost immediately after this he began to devote himself seriously to topography by undertaking to write the account of Northumberland for the 'Beauties of 'England and Wales.' It is generally acknowledged that Hodgson's contribution is one of the best of that series, and there can be little doubt that the investigations and explorations undertaken by him in the course of the preparation of this work stimulated his ardour and fired his enthusiasm to undertake a more laborious and ambitious task. But for a time his attention was distracted from the study of antiquities by a terrible colliery explosion which took place in his parish, and he became absorbed in devising means whereby the recurrence of such disasters might be prevented. He worked very energetically as a member of a society for the prevention of accidents in coal mines, and he rendered such material assistance to Sir Humphry Davy in connexion with the safety lamp that Sir Humphry specially acknowledged his help in his 'New Researches on 'Flame,' and offered to procure his election as a member of the Royal Society, an offer 'which I declined,' says Hodgson, 'because I understood it would cost me three or 'four pounds a year.'

At length, however, in 1819, Hodgson actually announced his undertaking to the public, and the advertisement issued by him shows that his original plan was to publish a complete history in six volumes quarto, the first to be the general history of the county, with essays on agriculture, natural history, geology, &c.; the next three volumes were to contain parochial history, and the fifth and sixth volumes were to be devoted to records and historical papers. The difference between this scheme and the work actually produced shows that Hodgson can at this time have formed

but a vague idea of the work that lay before him. There was then no history of Northumberland worthy of the name; Grey's 'Chorographia,' published in 1649, is chiefly concerned with Newcastle, and of Bourne the same may be said. The 'History of Northumberland' of the Rev. John Wallis, published in 1769 in two volumes quarto, has been well described as a mere 'scarifying of the surface.' Hutchinson's work, 'A View of Northumberland,' likewise in two volumes quarto, and published in 1778, did not pretend to be more than a compilation, and is chiefly valued because Randall's 'State of the Churches within the Archdeaconry 'of Northumberland' is sometimes bound up with it. Brand's 'Newcastle' is, as has been observed, of the nature of a long-continued commonplace book. There was, in fact, nothing that could properly be called a county history, and the student who sought a compendious work in which he might find what was known of any castle, abbey, church, manor, or family, in Northumberland, sought in vain.

Hodgson was not very happy in his choice of a volume wherewith to launch his work. The circle of country gentry and others to whom he had communicated his preliminary notice were probably looking forward to the introductory volume, wherein, after skipping the general history of the county, they might have turned to the chapter on agriculture or natural history. They did not conceal their disappointment when they received 'Volume V., being the first 'volume of Part III., consisting of antient records and his-'torical papers.' Surtees was almost the only man who appreciated the book, and declared that he liked the 'brave 'plan of laying the foundation of records first.' No one knew better than he how necessary it was for an historian of Northumberland to have a Calendar of Inquisitions post mortem, the Hundred Rolls, the Testa de Nevil, &c., printed in a convenient form for future reference, but there can be little doubt that the general reception accorded to the work was disappointing to the author. Nothing more was produced until 1827, when Hodgson, who had in the meanwhile been presented to the vicarage of Kirk Whelpington by Bishop Barrington, published a volume of parochial history dealing with the district in which he was then living, namely, the Franchise of Redesdale, Elsden, Corsenside, Whelpington, Kirkharle, Hartburn, with Netherwitton, Bolam, and Whalton. In this volume Hodgson dealt with many interesting subjects. The Franchise of Redesdale, 'a barony with royal power 'resembling the palatinate jurisdiction of the See of Durham,'

and the history of its illustrious possessors from the Umfrevilles downwards, the battle of Otterburn, the history of the Swinburne family and their ancient title deeds, merited the care and space which he bestowed on them; but it had already become evident that the scheme of the work would require to be altered. Hodgson was constantly meditating ingenious modifications of type, subdivisions of volumes into parts, and other devices whereby he might reconcile, if it were possible, the obligations which he owed to the printer, the public, and to himself. In the following year he published another volume of records. Then came a lull, and nothing more was produced till 1832. He had discovered that one who was engaged on such an undertaking as his ought to be 'rich and childless,' that it was not possible without ample means and access to libraries to go on rapidly with a work so varied, large, and profitless, but at the same time he rose to the labour 'every morning with 'increasing desire to complete it.' The result was the appearance of another volume of parochial history dealing with Morpeth and the delightful country of which it is the centre, comprehending Mitford with its castle and barony, Bothal, with the same adjuncts, Ulgham, Woodhorn, Widdrington, &c. Hodgson was at this time in failing health, and the production of each of these volumes had caused him financial loss; in addition to this he had suffered severe domestic bereavement. A transfer from Whelpington to Hartburn, a beautiful rural spot, came opportunely in 1833, but the increased funds then at his disposal were chiefly welcome because they enabled him to publish the Pipe Rolls for Northumberland. The last instalment of the work appeared in 1840, when the author's health had finally broken down. This volume was the third of the volumes of parochial history, and the sixth of the whole series. In it Hodgson treated of Corbridge, the liberty of Tindale, and various parishes, among which may be mentioned Alston, Kirkhaugh, Knaresdale, and Whitfield; but though the volume has been well described as, 'if possible superior 'to its predecessors in fulness of information and accuracy 'of detail,' it is perhaps chiefly noteworthy for an essay of 173 pages on the Roman wall, whereby Hodgson first clearly established the claim of Hadrian to be regarded as its builder. Many of the subsequent writers on this subject, and some of the best known among them, have done no more than traverse again the path which Hodgson first followed.

Since Hodgson's death a great and most valuable contribution to the history of the North of England was made in 1852, when the folio volume by the Rev. James Raine appeared, entitled 'History and Antiquities of North 'Durham, as subdivided into the shires of Norham, Island, 'and Bedlington, which, from the Saxon period until the year '1844, constituted parcels of the county Palatine of Durham, 'but are now united to the County of Northumberland.' This volume, however, dealt, as its title indicates, with a district which did not historically constitute a part of Northumberland, but was an isolated limb of the Bishopric of Durham. The history of the Bishop of Durham's great Border stronghold of Norham, and the 'shire' around it, as also that of Lindisfarne or Holy Island and the Farne Islands, is to be found among the records of the See of St. Cuthbert. A more engrossing subject for study than that which this district afforded, rich alike in its remains of civil and religious architecture, and memorable for all time as the scene of the labours of the great northern missionaries, could scarcely be imagined; nor could a more worthy treatment be desired than that which Raine gave to his lofty theme. But, unless Raine's North Durham be regarded as a contribution to the topography of Northumberland, it is true to say that no organised effort had been made to finish Hodgson's 'torso' until the work which is now the subject of review was begun.

Where so wide a field was open to them it must have been difficult for the Northumberland County History Committee to decide how to make a beginning. The whole of the region from the upper waters of the Till to the Coquet, including the valley of the Aln, was practically untouched, while further south a tempting scene for exploration might have been found in the valleys of the North or South Tyne, in Hexhamshire, or between the Tyne and Derwent. In choosing between the rival claims of these districts, the consideration which rightly inclined the scale in favour of the northern area was the fact that there could be no more appropriate beginning than a volume concerned with the history of the ancient Northumbrian capital. The committee appear, however, to have reserved the right subsequently to roam about the county as the spirit moved them, and the five volumes which have been so far produced group themselves into two divisions, the first dealing with the district around the three great castles of Bamburgh, Dunstanburgh, and Wark-

worth, the second with that which was at one time the 'regality' of Hexhamshire.

These two areas are as different in their physical as in their historical attributes, and their diversity is to some extent typical of the varied scenery and interests to be found between the waters of Tyne and Tweed. The district round Bamburgh is somewhat bare and bleak, the keen east wind blowing in from the sea (combined, perhaps, with the fact that much of the land was of copyhold tenure) has deprived the country of trees, and the principal features of the landscape are the bold and rugged crags formed by the outcrops of the Great Whin Sill. The black mass of basalt upon which the castle of Bamburgh is placed is so obviously adapted to the purpose of defence, that it has, no doubt, been the site of a fortress from a very early and prehistoric period. The view which may be seen from the summit of the castle rock or from the chambers in the keep on a clear day is wide and brilliant. To the north, beyond a broad belt of waving bent grass and sparkling links, rise the ruined walls of the church of Lindisfarne; immediately opposite are the Farne Islands, with their clouds of screaming birds; far to the south rise the basalt cliffs and ruined walls of Dunstanburgh. The scenery round Warkworth is in many respects similar in character to that of Bamburghshire, but the beautiful remains of Warkworth Castle, the product, for the most part, of a later age and a more highly developed art than that which produced Norman Bamburgh or Lancastrian Dunstanburgh, are in perfect harmony with the wooded valley and the still, clear waters of the Coquet. The river scenery of inland Hexhamshire is, however, in marked contrast to that of these sea-girt and northern regions, but the difference is no greater than that which is to be found between St. Cuthbert or Roger of Mowbray and St. Wilfrid. It is, perhaps, something more than an idle fancy that sees a similarity between St. Cuthbert and his rocky hermitage on Farne; between Roger of Mowbray and his basalt donjon; between the cultivated spirit of St. Wilfrid and the rich and gentle scenery of the Tyne valley. Yet Bamburgh and Hexham are alike in having been the scene of events of great historical and national importance, and centres of civil and religious life in the North in early times; the one as the capital of a kingdom and the other as the seat of a bishopric. In proof of this it is enough to mention three illustrious names which they suggest: Oswald; Aidan; Wilfrid.

Bamburgh, known to the Celts as Dinguaroy, was from the earliest times the throne of a line of English kings. The English chieftain Ida, we are told, began to reign there in 547, and he it was who 'timbered Bebbanburh,' that is to say, set up a wooden stockade round the rock, upon which the castle was afterwards built. Bebba, the wife of Ethelfrith, bestowed her name upon the place, but in the earliest description of the royal city the name of Bebba's son Oswald is associated with it.

'Bebba is a most strongly fortified city,' says the chronicler, 'not very large, being of the size of two or three fields, having one entrance hollowed out of the rock, and raised in steps after a marvellous fashion. On the top of the hill it has a church of extremely beautiful workmanship, in which is a shrine rich and costly, that contains, wrapt in a pall, the right hand of St. Oswald the king, still incorrupt, as is related by Beda, the historian of this nation. To the west, on the highest point of the city itself, there is a spring of water, sweet to the taste and most pure to the sight, that has been excavated with astonishing labour.'

This description of the place is still in outline correct; the two or three fields or wards, the entrance raised in steps, the church of beautiful workmanship, may even now be traced, and the marvellous well, sweet and pure, is there to this day. Sweet and pure also is the memory of Oswald. The work that he accomplished cannot be better described than in the account of the battle of Hefenfeld that is given in the fourth volume of this work. Referring to the church of St. Oswald, in the parish of St. John Lee, near Hexham, it is said:

'The church occupies a site remarkable in the history of Northumberland, for it was here that King Oswald set up before the coming battle the emblem of that faith in the reception of which, by his country, he was to be one of the chief instruments, and in the vital principles of which, as his after life witnessed, he was a genuine and consistent believer. Northumbria had before then become, at least to some extent, Christian, through the influence of King Edwin, and the missionary zeal and preaching of Paulinus; but it had returned to a belief in its former gods when, at Haethfelth in the year 633, Edwin was defeated and slain in a battle against Penda, King of Mercia, a steadfast adherent of the old Teutonic faith, and Cadwalla, nominally a Christian, the ruler over a part of Britain as yet unconquered by the English. Bernicia, released from the rule of Edwin by his death, had become again a separate kingdom under Eanfrid, son of Ethelfrid, its former king. He had been with his brothers for many years in exile among the Scots, and had there been educated in that branch of the Christian Church with which the saintly apostle from Ireland,

Columba, is identified. Eanfrid, who had relapsed into paganism, was, after scarcely a year's reign, slain in 634 by Cadwalla, when Bernicia fell under the tyranny and savage control of the British chief. His rule was not to last long, for the year had not expired when Oswald, a younger son of Ethelfrid, became the leader of the men of Northumberland in their rising against the alien oppressor, and when they threw off his yoke.

'The battle which resulted in the defeat and death of Cadwalla took place, according to Beda, at a place before then called Hefenfelth, which he interprets, the heavenly plain. Oswald's force was small, but, as Beda says, strong in the faith of Christ; strong too, we may not doubt, in the hatred of a hostile and oppressive race. Cadwalla was in command of a large and, as he thought, irresistible army. Oswald encamped his men on ground strongly defended by nature on one side, and situated to the north of the Roman wall, which (then standing) afforded a protection against Cadwalla advancing from the south, probably along Watling Street. Of the details of the battle we know nothing. How it ebbed and flowed, how the small body of men, fired with patriotic and religious ardour, withstood the assault of the larger one, flushed with previous victories and maddened with the desire for vengeance on a people who had driven out their fellow countrymen, no one has recorded; but Beda tells us something of the events which took place immediately before the fight, and most moving and inspiriting they are. The spot where Oswald had camped commands a prospect over a wide and far-stretching land of hill and valley, an outlook dear to all Northumbrian hearts; an epitome indeed of that larger country which makes up Northumberland. To his little army it was home, with all the ties which braced their nerves and inflamed their courage to sweep away the invader and oppressor from the land. But another, it may have been an even stronger, impulse, which on many a field, has led to victory, was added; the strength that flows from a fervour begot by faith. Before daybreak Oswald, himself holding the wood while it was being fixed in the hole prepared for it, ordered the cross, the sacred standard under which they were to fight, to be set up. Kneeling at its foot he said: "Let us all bow the knee and together pray the Almighty God, living and true, that He will in His mercy save us from the proud and savage enemy, as He knows that we have undertaken a just war for the salvation of our nation." The fight began, as Beda's words seem to imply, by the attack of Oswald's troops; the battle went against Cadwalla, his army was broken, and himself flying southward from the field was slain at Denisesburne, now Rowley Water, a tributary of the Devil's Water, about seven miles distant from the site of the cross of victory.

'The issue of the battle had an influence which extended far beyond the Kingdom of Bernicia. In its far-reaching consequences it may rank among the events which have had a deep, moving, and lasting effect upon the fortunes of England itself. After the death of Cadwalla and the complete rout of his army, which appears to have inflicted a crushing blow upon what at one time seemed to be the almost overwhelming force of the Celtic power, there was no more

aggressive action on the part of the British tribes against the English. It cannot be doubted that in the end the Britons would have succumbed to the more powerful and persistent race which had, like themselves at an earlier time, invaded the island from over sea. But that event might have been delayed, and the course of England's progress have been altered, had Cadwalla been the victor at Hefenfelth. However much the kindred tribes of Angle, Saxon, and Jute were divided by many and diverse conflicting interests, this was, after Cadwalla's death, to be fought out among themselves, without the interference of any alien opponent, and they were to be at last welded, with the exception of a small Celtic country in the west, into a nation one in spirit as in language, from the Firth of Forth to the shore of the southern sea.

'But the battle had another result. The seating of Oswald on the throne of Bernicia, the prize of his victory, was a vital element in the Christianising of Northumbria. Brought up among the Celtic monks of Iona, he naturally turned to that place for aid in spreading the faith he had adopted among his people. Thus the Gospel was taught through that part of England, not from Gaul or Italy, but from the Church as it existed in Ireland, which had retained or adopted some forms of ritual and order that separated it from other members of the Western Church. They were differences of slight importance, but which became magnified in proportion to their smallness, until they tended to rend the Church in two. The Celtic pre-eminency thus seated in Northumbria lasted but a short time, and, after the Synod of Whitby in 664, when King Oswy gave way to the pressure from the Latin side in the controversy, Northumbria accepted the forms and usages of the rest of the western patriarchate, and Bishop Colman and his fellows returned to Iona. But the influence of their teaching remained, and some phases of religious thought and practice, which originated in the mission of Aidan and the Scottish monks of Iona, have left their traces in Northumbrian Christianity, itself one of the main issues of Oswald's kingship and of the battle which placed him on his throne.'

Oswald and Aidan, the king and the bishop, worked side by side for the same cause and in the same field; a fact that cannot be better illustrated than by the simple story often told of the blessing of Oswald's hand by Aidan.

'The king and the bishop had just sat down to dinner one Easter Day, probably at Bamburgh, when the servant to whom Oswald had entrusted the duty of distributing his alms to the poor, suddenly entered to say that the streets were full of starving beggars. The king not only immediately ordered the meat that was still untasted to be carried out to them, but also that the silver dish containing it should be broken up for their benefit. Struck by this signal act of charity the bishop took hold of Oswald's right hand and blessed it, saying, "May this hand never perish."'

The memory of the king and bishop is preserved at

Bamburgh to this day by two buildings; that of the king by the remains of the church or chapel dedicated to St. Oswald upon the castle rock, that of the bishop by the fine parish church dedicated to St. Aidan. This church doubtless stands upon the site of an earlier wooden building erected by Aidan himself, for Beda tells us that Aidan had a church and chamber in the royal vill not far from the royal city on the rock of Bamburgh, a description which corresponds to the situation of the present building. 'Against the west 'end of this church, which was made of wood, a tent had 'been erected to shelter Aidan during his last sickness, and 'leaning against a post within it, which supported the west 'end of the building, he died on August 31, 651.'

The memory of great men belongs to no time or place, but it was at Bamburgh that Oswald and Aidan for the most part lived and worked, and it is with Bamburgh that their names will always be more especially connected. Wilfrid, however, the third of the great Northumbrian triumvirate, cannot be dissociated from Hexham, of which he was at one time the bishop, and where he founded a magnificent church. Born about 634 Wilfrid spent much of his time in travelling or at court, and, though he was a contemporary of Aidan and, like him, a bishop, it seems probable that there was little else in common between them. Wilfrid was in fact the champion of Latin as opposed to the Celtic Christianity which Aidan represented, and between these two schools or modes of thought the early Church, as has been said, threatened at one time to be torn in sunder. The writer on Hexham has observed that 'it is a matter of some 'interest that the foundation of the church at Hexham took 'place not long after the Synod of Whitby,' held in 664, 'where the long pending struggle was fought out and 'decided,' and where Wilfrid, as the champion of the Roman Church, had won a complete victory. Wilfrid was in his fortieth year when he set about the erection of this 'his 'greatest architectural work.' An account of the building has been given by three writers, who were, doubtless, all familiar with it, namely Eddi, chaplain to Wilfrid, Symeon of Durham, and Richard, prior of Hexham. It appears to have had 'a long nave, which had arcades with capitals of 'an ornate character,' and there was also a triforium with a clerestory, and, perhaps, transepts. Of this church there is still a portion remaining, namely, the crypt, which forms one of the architectural curiosities of Britain.

'It is a quite plain structure, and in it were no doubt deposited and

exhibited the relics which Wilfrid is said to have brought from Rome, and which formed one of the great attractions of his church. Its plan is ingeniously arranged to adapt it to such an exhibition. It comprises a chapel with an antechapel across its west end, and two lateral and branching passages for entrance and exit, each of which had an enlarged vestibule at the west end. *All the stones used are of Roman workmanship,*' including many carved stones from cornices, pilasters, capitals, and other portions of Roman buildings. Nothing else remains of Wilfrid's church except the frith-stol, which was 'used as the seat of sanctuary in later times, but was originally intended for the bishop's seat, and was probably copied from some episcopal chair in Italy with which Wilfrid was familiar.'

There is still preserved, however, another most interesting and beautiful relic of preconquest Hexham, namely, Acca's cross, a cross which was set up at the head of the grave of Acca, Wilfrid's priest, who succeeded him in the bishopric and died in 737. It is exhibited in the Dean and Chapter Library at Durham, in the room which was at one time the dormitory of the convent, and there forms the centre of a unique collection of preconquest stones, gathered together and for the most part preserved by the care and energy of Dr. Greenwell. The cross is 'one of the largest and 'certainly the most beautiful of this class of memorial 'extant.' The decoration consists mainly of an interlacing pattern of vines and clusters of grapes, and the design shows plain traces of Italian influence.

Both Bamburgh and Hexham gave their name to a *shire*, Bamburghshire and Hexhamshire having formed from the earliest historical times two of the many ancient subdivisions of Northumberland. What was the origin of the aggregate of parishes which constituted Bamburghshire there is no evidence to show, and it would be fruitless to conjecture, but Hexhamshire, or, as it was often called, the Regality of Hexham, formed one of the most important and enduring of those liberties or franchises by the creation or recognition of which early kings conciliated their followers and divested themselves of responsibility. Hexhamshire appears to have been the tract of land which Queen Etheldrid, in the year 674, gave to Wilfrid out of her dower, wherewith to endow the new bishopric of Hexham. Upon this grant the See of York subsequently founded its claim, for it is to be remembered that 'though Wilfrid ended his days as bishop of 'Hexham and abbot of Ripon, yet it was as bishop of York 'that he had received the gift.' With some brief intervals the Archbishops of York maintained their claim to Hexhamshire throughout the middle ages and enjoyed within it

almost regal powers. The archbishop had complete 'judicial 'and administrative authority in his liberty. He was, 'indeed, a subject of the king, but from his numerous rights 'and exemptions he rather occupied the position of a vassal 'king than that of an ordinary subject. His juris-'diction was both criminal and civil. Murder, treason, 'robbery, and all kinds of felony were within his jurisdic-'tion; all pleas of the Crown could be tried in his courts; 'accused persons were to be brought before his justices, and, 'if convicted, might be imprisoned in his gaol, fined for his 'profit, or, if the offence merited it, suffer death.' This state of things continued practically unchanged till 1572, when it was abolished by an Act of Parliament. Hexham-shire was, in fact, under direct ecclesiastical influence throughout the middle ages, and it is as an ecclesiastical and religious centre, the site of an important priory, that it principally merits our attention. Bamburghshire, on the other hand, was the district round the king's border strong-hold, under the direct supervision of the royal officers and an important military post. Its annals, as might be expected, are more stormy than those of Hexhamshire; its history, in fact, is an almost unbroken series of military exploits. The castle appears to have held out successfully against the Danes, who destroyed Lindisfarne and Tynemouth in 912, and during the closing years of the tenth century it gave an asylum to Waltheof, the aged earl of the Northumbrians. Bamburgh was one of three places between the Humber and the Tweed that escaped the Conqueror's harrying in 1070, but it underwent a memorable siege at the hands of William Rufus. In 1095 Robert of Mowbray, the third Norman earl of Northumberland, was in open rebellion, and the red king had marched north to chastise him. Finding it impossible to carry the place by assault, Rufus 'built in front of it a 'castle of wood, to which he gave the name Malvoisin, or 'Evil Neighbour.' Even this device seemed likely to be of no avail, but in an evil moment Mowbray was tempted to escape, and, being captured, was 'led before the castle with 'the menace that both his eyes should be gouged out unless 'it instantly submitted.' Mowbray's unfortunate wife, who had conducted an heroic defence, had no alternative but to surrender. Various payments which are recorded in the Pipe Rolls, show that there was much building at the castle towards the end of the twelfth century. A charge of 4*l.*, incurred in 1164, seems to mark the date of the erection of the Norman keep, which can well afford to be compared

with the fine examples of similar buildings of a slightly later date, still happily preserved at Newcastle and Dover. From that time onwards the records and surveys throw much light upon the operations which time and military science rendered needful. Of all the vicissitudes to which Bamburgh was exposed there was, perhaps, none more singular than that which befell it in 1265. On February 14 in that year the king had sworn to maintain the new Constitution formulated after the battle of Lewes, and was, in fact, in the power of Simon de Montfort. Immediately afterwards a writ was issued in the king's name calling upon the constable of the castle to answer concerning certain complaints. The constable appears to have been aware that Simon de Montfort's power was on the wane, and disregarded the summons, whereupon on April 23, 1265, a writ was issued, attested by the king at Northampton and addressed to the sheriff of Northumberland, directing him to proceed with all speed to Bamburgh in order to deal with the rebels who were then holding the castle 'against the king's wish,' that is to say, against the king's wish as interpreted by Montfort. In fact, Bamburgh seems to have been the solitary stronghold that remained faithful to Henry III. throughout the period between the battles of Lewes and Evesham.

Simon de Montfort had a close local connexion with Bamburghshire as lord of the neighbouring Barony of Embleton. He acquired this lordship in 1255 from one Rametta la Vescuntesse, but by what motive he was prompted to purchase this northern property it is difficult to say, unless, indeed, he recognised the strategic advantages of the site upon which the castle of Dunstanburgh was afterwards built by Earl Thomas of Lancaster. The hold which the great popular leader obtained over the affections of the people of Northumberland was clearly strong, and when he perished at Evesham one of his feet, which had been barbarously hacked off, was carried to Alnwick Abbey, where, encased in a silver shoe, it was preserved as an object of veneration until the Dissolution.

Rametta la Vescuntesse, from whom Earl Simon acquired his Northumbrian estate, was a member of a very ancient family, which derived its name of Vicecomes from the fact that the shrievalty of Northumberland had been transmitted in it from father to son for several generations. The pedigree of the family is deduced on the clearest evidence in the second volume of this history from a certain Eadwulf, who is mentioned in a charter of David, King of Scots, and

who lived at the time of the Conquest. Certain ancient documents there quoted show that some connexion subsisted between the family of Vicecomes and Swinton, a place in Berwickshire; but it has only quite recently been established, in a paper by a member of the family of 'Swinton of that ilk,' that the Swintons may fairly claim to be descended in the direct male line from Eadwulf, the founder of the Viscount family. The Swintons had hitherto traced their descent from one Ernald, who can now be identified on clear evidence with a certain Ernald, who occurs in the pedigree of the Viscounts, and so the Swintons and the Viscounts are discovered to have a common ancestor.

The castles of Bamburgh and Dunstanburgh played a conspicuous part in the Wars of the Roses, and in 1462 each of these fortresses admitted a Lancastrian garrison. Margaret of Anjou herself was at Bamburgh Castle at that time, but escaped before the place was closely invested by the Yorkists. It eventually succumbed, but was shortly afterwards reoccupied by Henry VI. in person. After the great Lancastrian defeat at the battle of Hexham in 1464 Henry fled again to Bamburgh, thence to make his escape by sea, and Sir Ralph Grey, who was left in charge of the castle, 'put him in devoir to make defence' against the Earl of Warwick. After a brave resistance, which is graphically described, the castle was carried by assault, and Sir Ralph was led away captive to Doncaster and there executed.

In a review of five bulky volumes it is impossible to do more than refer to some of the most important or interesting events and topics with which they deal, and, in passing to later times without further reference to the mediæval period, it should not be thought that there is not much else in these volumes dealing with mediæval Hexham, the castle of Warkworth, and the various manors, churches, and border towers, that deserves mention, but which must be excluded from considerations of space. It is time now to say a word about Bamburghshire and Hexhamshire as they were at a later date.

It might, perhaps, be thought by some that the end of the Wars of the Roses marked the close of the period of turmoil in the North as in the rest of England. But it was not so, and at no time perhaps was there more disorder, and never were the vicissitudes of life greater upon the borders, than in the sixteenth century. It was not until the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united under one

crown that peace and what may be called modern conditions of life prevailed. These volumes contain countless documents that prove the truth of this statement, but the conditions under which men lived at Bamburgh and in the neighbourhood are very graphically shown in a letter which has only recently come to light. As it is interesting, and is not referred to in the volumes themselves, it is given here. The letter was written by Robert Ferrer, Prior of St. Oswald's, Nostell, to Cromwell the statesman in February 1539. The church of Bamburgh belonged to Nostell Priory, and the letter was doubtless written at Bamburgh, as the places mentioned are almost all in Bamburghshire:

'Hytte seymythe to my coniecture thatte ther be a sorte off petie gentylmenne abowte the bordr', takynge thatte name aponne thayme moor by usurpatione thenne any ryghte tytle offe thayre ancettrie, unhable awther offe lands, goods, office, fee, or other lyke, to mayntayne thayre prodigalle estate; knytte also togayther bothe in thayme selfs & wythe a lyke sorte aponne the Scotts bordr', the whyche mysordrydde menne by crafftie collusione have beyne ever accustomydde dayly to oppresse the poor & weyke by extortione, stealynge, reavynge, forgynge false promessys, & wrongefulle arrestys, moche more grevoosely in the erles tyme * to whome thay weer adioynydde by reasone of kynne, freyndys, allyantys, parte takars conceylars & soche other; botte nowe offe laatte sythe the kynge hys maiestie hathe possessione & rule offe the contrie thay be so deuydidde & broken amonge thayme selfs wythe gredie ambitione & covetyse thatte oone dare notte utter hys craffte for fearre offe an other wattchynge a querelle agaynyste hym.

'Syr Roberte Ellarkar, knyghte, sayde unto me thatte yff other gentylmenne abowte hym wolde be as wakkar offe thayre parte as he offe hys, hytte sholde be none ease for the Scotts rydars to reave in Bamburheshyar.

'Roger Swynburne esquierr sayde to me thus. Weer notte thatte I beleyve anne other worlde whear goode & evylle shalle ryghtly be rewardydde I wolde be atte kyndenesse wythe a theyffe as others be; whyche thynge bycawse I do notte, my poore tenentys are spoylydde more thenne others.

'Jamy Mylburne, summetyme seruante to Edmonde Bradforde baylye offe Bamburghe, shawydde to me thatte hys sayde mayster spake to hym thease wordys towchynge the personage offe Bamburghe & me, "thatte howse hathe beyne free for theyffe & reavar earr ever he came theare & soo shalbe."

'The curate offe Bamburghe shewydde me thatte a poore manne, dwellynge there besyde, tolde hym thatte a gentylmanne sumtyme my seruante axydde offe hym whatte he wolde give to be assurydde thatte year frome the Scotts reavars.

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* *i.e.* the Earl of Northumberland, who died in 1537.

'The same preyste shawydde me thatte he dydde knawe a poore manne the whyche persuynge the trade offe one oxe, thatte was bereavydde hym, fownde hyme lyynge aponne a petie gentylmans floore & durste notte speake oone worde offe chalenge for fearr offe hys lyyffe. An honeste poore manne, dwellynge in Falodon besyde Alneweyke, sayde to me thatte wheer he hadde denyyde to a gentylmanne hys neybor an unreasonable requeste, he answerydde rygorosely thease wordys, " I shalle alyghtne the offe thatte thynge whyche thawe beeryste the bolde offe," & wythynne fowre howres affter was reavydde hyme seyxteyne headd off nowte. Sythe Christenmas laste a poor manne dwellynge in Fleytham complaynydde to me thatte Rollande Bradforde, baylye offe Tughalle, hadde forcybly takenne hys cowe frome hyme, whome I advysydde to complayne to the cowncelle beynge thenne atte Nywe Castelle, & the sayde Rollande hearynge theroffe sende the poore mans cowe home agayne, for fearr off complaynte. Concernynge the day offe truesse I heere poor menne say thatte hytte ys fulle offe collusione, soche as thys; whenne the bylle ys laydde to a gentylmans shepherde or servante wyttyngly forswearynge hytte, other appoyntydde for hys purgatione aponn perelle off hys sawle wylle forswear the same, thenne the bylle happenythe sometyme to be shyfftydde to the mayster, & yffe he also wylle forswear hytte, takynge the hoolle perelle to hys owne sawle, hys purgatione wylle doo soo to, knowynge or atte the leaste dowtynge alle to be false, yffe the gentylmanne wylle notte swear so knowlegynge hymselfe secretly to hys freyndys, thenne the servante conveythe hyme selfe away & the bylle is yette shyfftydde to the byarr offe soche goodds; thus the doer & the berer goo free, the thyrde paythe the bylle. The keyppars offe the kynge hys peace & of the spiritualle cowrtys as thay name thayme have beyne hytherto verey necligente in thayr offices; examples ther be over many & to longe for yowre lordshyppe to hear. As towchynge the syncere settynge forthe offe goddes holy Worde & the kynge hys supreme aucthoritie & power I hear offe no preachar betwyxe Nywe Castelle & Berweyke & veray fewe in alle Westmorlande, Cumberlande, Durhamshyre, & the weste parte offe Yorkeshyar, wythe moche of the northe parties.

'I beseyche yowre lordeshyppe to pardon my rudenesse & longe rehersalle, &c.' *

These were strange times when parsonages were 'ever 'free' for thieves and reavers, and when a man dare not claim an ox as his own though he saw it standing in front of him. But Bamburgh parsonage was not the only clerical establishment where scenes of violence were enacted at this time. The story of the dissolution of Hexham Priory is so animated and dramatic that it deserves to be told.

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* Abstracted in *Letters and Papers Foreign and Domestic*, Henry VIII., Vol. xiv. Part II. Appendix 7.

In September 1536 certain commissioners of Henry VIII. were riding west along the Tyne, with the purpose of putting an end to the priory at Hexham. When they reached Dilston the news reached them that the canons were up in arms, and had fortified their house, which they meant to defend against all comers. On their arrival at Hexham, the royal officers found that the news was true. The narrow streets of the town were full of excited men, who were hastening to arm themselves, in response to the clanging of the alarm bell of the town and the 'fray bell' of the priory. The gates of the priory were bolted and barred, and one of the leading men of the house, the 'Master of Ovingham,' stood upon the walls in complete harness, with a strung bow in his hands. When the commissioners displayed the king's writ and seal, and demanded admittance, the Master of Ovingham boldly replied: 'We be twenti brethern in this hous, and we shall dye all, 'or yt shall ye have this house.' After further parleying and display of credentials by the royal officers, the master retired to take counsel with his colleagues, but shortly after returned with the sub-prior, and said:

'We doo nott doubte bott ye bring with you the king's seall of auctorite for this hous, albeitt ye shall se here the king's confirmacion of our hous under the great seall of King Henry the VIIIth. God save his grace. We think it nott the king's honor to gyff furth oon seall contrarye to an other, and afore any other of our landes, goods, or hous be takin frome us we shall all dye, and yt is our full answer.'

The royal officers must have felt the force of the words of the Master of Ovingham, who was backed up by at least sixty armed men. They therefore retired, to report to the king on what had taken place. In the meantime, the resistance offered by the canons of Hexham was the signal for a general revolt, and within three days of the departure of the commissioners from Hexham the rising known as the Pilgrimage of Grace began. That the rising, though at one time formidable, was eventually suppressed, is a matter of common knowledge; but it is satisfactory to know that the canons of Hexham, though deprived of their ancient house, escaped with their lives. This clemency was not due to any scruples of the king, however, for he gave special instructions for 'all the monkes and chanons that be 'in any wise faultie to be tyed uppe.'

A valuable feature of these volumes is the ample store of information which they contain as to village life and tenure of land in the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. This in-

formation is largely derived from surveys of the estates of the Earl of Northumberland, made shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries, which are in many cases printed at considerable length. The surveys are illustrated by a series of manorial maps, made at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The surveyor had especial regard to the military equipment of the tenants, and the maintenance of the hedges, with which villages were then encompassed. These hedges (the 'zarebas' of the period) were doubtless very necessary to afford protection against sudden inroads and the raids of cattle-lifters; but it seems that a more substantial protection was frequently required. Many of the farmhouses of the North still incorporate within their walls the remains of the ancient and massive tower, or peel, in which refuge was sought in times gone by. It is evident that churches, too, were often made to serve a secular purpose; and in his survey of one village, the surveyor remarks that 'the chirche and steple of this towne is the great strenth 'that the poore tenants have to drawe to in the tyme of 'warre,' for which reason it was very necessary that it should be kept 'in good reparations.'

Fortunately for us, the surveyor was a somewhat garrulous man, and frequently makes a digression from his theme of the number of tenants and the amount of their rent and holdings, into matters of historical interest, and he seldom misses an opportunity of touching on topics affecting the social and material welfare of the villagers. The account which he gives of Alnmouth, the small seaside town now chiefly known as a junction for Alnwick, and a resort of golfers, is very full. He states how the town was founded by one of the early lords of the Barony of Alnwick, how it prospered and afterwards decayed, and makes several suggestions as to means whereby its prosperity might be revived.

At the time these surveys were made the ancient methods of agriculture had already begun to undergo some change. The inconveniences of the system then prevailing are frequently referred to, and it seems that at several places the lord's land had been separated from that of the villagers. A map of one manor, that of Rock, made in 1599, shows this change in progress. Not long afterwards the whole system of land tenure was changed: the old customary rents were abolished, and the customary tenants were made to take leases. Many are the laments of those who thought

that they were safe in the enjoyment of their lands at the old accustomed rent by 'tenant right,' but found themselves reduced to the status of lessees, or mere tenants from year to year. This change of land tenure was nothing less than a social revolution. It has not hitherto received the attention it deserves, and would well repay special study and research. The departure of James II. was more noisy and dramatic, but not more far reaching in its consequences, than the almost silent 'flitting' of the small customary tenant.

The civil wars of the time of Charles I. were the occasion of much distress in the outlying northern districts, where the heavy assessments for the maintenance of the troops of both parties were doubly grievous by reason of the scarcity of money. One writer says that when the money was scraped together it was rejected 'in respect some of it is 'light: poore people hath much adoe to gett it ether light 'or weight, nay, many are forced to sell the corne growing 'on the ground, & the grasse that should relieve their 'beastes for winter,' wherefore he earnestly desired that order might be given 'to receive such money as poore 'people cann gett to pay.' Several letters written by an agent of the Earl of Northumberland refer to the chief military events of the time. Writing from Alnwick Castle on August 31, 1648, the agent says: 'Since the daite 'hereof is comd some of ye Parliament troopes, and have 'viewed the castle, and meaneing to make their winter 'quarter in this towne, pitch upon the castle to place their 'provicon of hay and what ells they please with the roomes 'therein.' Again he writes on September 12: 'The greatest 'of miseries that as yet was among us was the comeinge of 'Mounroe, with his forces who have swept the countrie 'clean. . . . Leiutenant-Generall Cromwell and his forces 'are now heare advanceing northwards. Most of his forces 'goe eastwarde and westward by the towne. What may 'ensew of their designe is in the power of the Almighty.' Again, on September 11, 1650, he writes: 'As noe question 'but yow heare of a greate defeate given the Scotts, 'for a testimony whereof weare 6,000 prisoners lodged 'within these walls one night, betwixt the middle and 'upper gaite.' In this passage he refers to the battle of Dunbar, fought on September 3. The wretched prisoners were then on their way south to Durham, 'where they were 'confined in the Cathedral, in which building large numbers 'of them died. They used the woodwork for firewood, and

'mutilated many of the monuments. The survivors were 'divided among the officers set over them, and were sold 'into servitude abroad.'

Even after these wars were over Northumberland had not seen the last of civil strife. The rebellion of 1715 was largely supported in Northumberland, especially by Thomas Forster, a descendant of the house of Forster of Adderstone, in the parish of Bamburgh. He possessed neither experience nor capacity, and a movement which depended on such a man for a leader was doomed to failure. The 'rebel 'general,' as he was called, was fortunate enough to save his life by escaping from Newgate to Boulogne.

In the eighteenth century the annals of Northumberland lose much of the element of romance, which is their most marked characteristic. But the volumes contain a great mass of pedigree and family history, the work principally of Mr. John Crawford Hodgson, the able and diligent editor, under whose care the work is now progressing. One of the longest and most illustrious of these pedigrees is that of the family of Earl Grey, which occurs in the account of Howick in the second volume of the work. It is there noted that among the pictures at Howick Hall are two portraits, one of Dr. Benjamin Franklin and the other of the Emperor Napoleon I., which are rendered of especial interest by the circumstances under which they came into the possession of the Grey family. The circumstances are narrated in a letter written by the third Earl Grey (born December 28, 1802, died October 9, 1894) to the editor of this history shortly before his death. It is as follows:

'The picture of Dr. Franklin was sent here by my grandfather, who, being in command of a brigade of the royal army during the war of the American Revolution, had received it from his aide-de-camp, Captain André. Mr. Bache, Franklin's son-in-law, wrote on July 14, 1778, after the evacuation of Philadelphia, that the British officers, who had occupied Franklin's house for eight months, left it in much better order than he expected, but that "a Captain André took with him the picture of you which hung in the dining-room." I have not the means of referring to a letter of Dr. Franklin himself on the same subject which, unless my memory deceives me, is also to be found in Sparks's "Life of Franklin." In this letter Dr. Franklin expresses his regret that this picture had been taken away, as it was considered very like him. The Captain André already mentioned was the same officer who afterwards was hanged as a spy by Washington. This, there is no reason to doubt, was a legitimate exercise of the rights of war, as recognised by civilised nations, but I have always considered it to have been a cruel one. With regard to the other picture, it was

one ordered by Napoleon himself during the Hundred Days, and for which he sat, but after Waterloo he was no longer in a situation to be able to take it, and no one else cared to purchase a picture of the fallen Emperor, so that the artist could not dispose of it as he wished to do. Sir Robert Wilson, an old friend of my father, being then in Paris, heard of this and wrote to my father that if he wished to have the picture he could buy it for him at a moderate price, which my father desired him to do. M. de Flahault, who was one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp at Waterloo and accompanied him in his flight, was often here [at Howick] afterwards, and told me that this picture was exceedingly like Napoleon, as he was when it was painted, though so little like him in the early days of his career.'

Enough has now been said to indicate the nature of the contents of these volumes and the scheme of which they form a part. In how many volumes that scheme will be completed at the present rate of progress it would be rash to predict, but in conclusion it may be observed that the work of John Hodgson is being satisfactorily continued, and that the Northumberland County History Committee may fairly be congratulated upon the results which have so far attended their public-spirited efforts.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Great Company: being a History of the Honourable Company of Merchants Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay.* By BECKLES WILLSON. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1899.

2. *The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company, including that of the French Traders of North-Western Canada, and of the North-West, X Y, and Astor Fur Companies.* By GEORGE BRYCE, M.A., LL.D., Professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1900.

3. *The Hudson's Bay Company's Land Tenures and the Occupation of Assiniboia by Lord Selkirk's Settlers.* By ARCHER MARTIN, Barrister-at-law of the Canadian Bar. London: W. Clowes & Sons, Limited, 1898.

4. *The North-West under Three Flags.* By CHARLES MOORE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1900.

5. *Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by JUSTIN WINSOR. In 8 vols. Vol. VIII. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1889.

As the colonies come to be recognised less as mere outgrowths of the Mother-country, separate communities with aims and aspirations of their own, attached to Great Britain by a slender tie, and more as integral, though distant, portions of one great nation with various autonomous divisions in various portions of the world, so does the interest in the beginnings of these colonies increase. There are also reasons known to every Englishman why, in the present year, the people of the Mother-country are much in sympathy with the younger branches of the race beyond the seas. So that nothing could have been more fitting than that two works on the history of the Hudson's Bay Company should have recently been published. The history of that corporation is in a great measure a history of one portion of Canada. In the singular mixture of exploration, dominion, commerce, and adventure extending over two centuries there is to be read a story of national developement and of a slowly extending civilisation which can scarcely be matched in any other part of the world. In the dealings between sharp-witted European traders and simple Indians, in the petty fights between French and English, between rival parties of adventurous Britons for forts and trading posts, there is often some meanness and discredit. But making

all allowance for these blots, the unflinching perseverance and courage, the steady undauntedness with which the storms of the Atlantic were year after year braved in sailing craft of a few hundred tons, the patience which endured solitary Arctic winters, the courage with which miles of dreary forest and stormy inland seas were passed by English and Scotch alike, form a remarkable and a splendid chapter in the history of British expansion. The history of Lower Canada is inseparably bound up with the tale of French colonisation in the New World. It is in the same picturesque source that we see the beginnings of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the North-West of the Dominion of Canada.

The founders of the Hudson's Bay Company, a corporation which, as it grew and developed, became the most powerful antagonist of France in the New World, were, by a curious irony of fate, two young Frenchmen, Médard Chouart and Pierre Esprit Radisson. Whether they were ever servants or agents of the chief trading company of French Canada, La Compagnie des Cents Associés, to which a charter was granted by Richelieu in 1627, seems somewhat doubtful. Nor, perhaps, does it matter much.

Chouart, the son of a Breton pilot, was born in France near Meaux, and when but sixteen years of age, impelled by that love of adventure which carried so many of the hardy inhabitants of Western France across the Atlantic, he emigrated to Quebec. This was in 1641. Chouart at once became a lay assistant to the fathers attached to the Jesuit missions of Lake Huron. In time he became a trader in these remote regions. Then he adopted the name of Des Grosseilliers, by which he is always known in Canadian history, taking it from a small estate bequeathed to him by his father. The wife whom he had married about this time soon died, but it was not long before he found another, thereby not a little influencing the future of the North-West.

'Within a year of his wife's death there arrived in the colony a brother and sister named Pierre and Marguerite Radisson, Huguenots of good family, who had been so persistently hounded in France by the persecution which sought to exterminate their community, that the one key of happiness had seemed to them to lie beyond the seas. No sooner had their father died than they bade farewell to France and sailed for Canada, there to start a new life amidst new and more tranquil surroundings.

'With this couple young Grosseilliers soon struck up an acquaintance; and so rapidly did the intimacy ripen, that before long he was united to the sister in matrimony, and to the brother in partnership

for the pursuit of commercial adventure. The double union proved doubly fortunate; for Marguerite seems to have made a well-suited wife, and Pierre, though in birth and education superior to Grosseilliers, was no whit less hardy and adventurous, nor in any respect less fitted for the arduous tasks which their rough life imposed upon them. The two speedily became fast friends and associates in enterprise, and thus united they soon took their place as the leading spirits of the settlement at Three Rivers.' *

Radisson presently lost his wife, and he, too, married again, this time the daughter of an English Protestant who afterwards became Sir John Kirk, and to whose brother Champlain thirty years before had surrendered Quebec. The alliance with an English family was doubtless one important cause of the subsequent conduct both of Radisson and Grosseilliers. The adventures and the explorations of Radisson around Lake Superior, of which he himself wrote a description, form a remarkable chapter in the early history of Upper Canada. We could have wished that Mr. Beckles Willson had treated them at length. Starting, in 1658, on what is known as Radisson's third voyage, the adventurous pair made an exploration around Lake Huron, wintered on the south-west shores of Lake Michigan, and wandered even to the head waters of the streams which flow into the Mississippi. It has been said that they were the discoverers of it, but 'their thoughts and ambitions were 'directed northwards towards Hudson's Bay, and they left to 'those who came after them the discovery and mapping of the 'great waterway.' † In 1661—partly as explorers and partly as traders—they resumed the westward travel. The previous expedition had been very successful, and this time the French officials seem to have desired to take part in the adventure. But throughout their lives these self-reliant Bretons hated official restraint, and they started alone on their journey to the North-West. They passed up Lake Huron, ascended the St. Mary River, as that narrow portion of the lake is called which unites Lakes Superior and Huron. On the lands above the Falls of St. Mary, where Superior joins Huron, and which were thronged by Indians busy in the pursuit of the white fish, they rested for a time, and then turned to the exploration of the long coasts of Superior. They wintered at Chequamegon Bay, a gathering-place for Indians from the four points of the compass; 'best of all

* The Great Company, vol. i. p. 10.

† The North-West under Three Flags, p. 14.

'from the north came the Christinos, who filled the willing 'ears of the Frenchmen with tales of the immense riches in 'furs of the lands about Hudson's Bay.' * Returning in 1662 with a great harvest of pelts, the two explorers were arrested for trading without a licence, and were heavily fined. It is not very clear what action Grosseilliers now took; it would seem that he endeavoured to enlist the assistance of the Company of the Hundred Associates in a plan to open up a route by way of Lake Superior to Hudson's Bay, and to establish a trade with the Northern Indians in the rich fur region between the lake and the sea. But 'neither argument, 'entreaty, nor prognostications of danger would induce' the French officials to entertain Grosseillier's proposals. Undaunted by this refusal, Grosseilliers carried his scheme to Boston, but again without success. There, joined by Radisson, he crossed the Atlantic and sought for support in Paris. He was, perhaps, too much of a trader and too little of an apostle to obtain assistance in France; for, to a large extent, the motive of the aid rendered by the Court or those who held influential positions in France to the explorers of the New World had been zeal for proselytising. In the French capital, however, there chanced at the time to be a Colonel Law, whom Grosseilliers had met in Boston, and who seems to have sympathised with his plans. By him he was introduced to the English Ambassador, Lord Arlington, and in May 1667 he appeared in London with a letter of recommendation from Arlington to Prince Rupert.† It was summer before the two adventurers had a personal interview with the Prince, but once in possession of their views Rupert took them up warmly. The spirit which had animated the Elizabethan sea-rovers was still existent, and the gentlemen of Charles II.'s pleasure-loving Court were not less eager than their forefathers to have a hand in any adventure beyond the seas which promised them profit. The attractions of the Spanish Main were transferred to the Arctic Ocean. London welcomed the men whom Quebec and Paris had coldly repelled.

The preparations for the adventure were quickly made,

* The North-West under Three Flags, p. 21.

† This is the story as given by Mr. Willson; Professor Bryce's account is different, and gives the credit of the introduction of the Frenchmen to Sir George Carteret. The difference in the two books is noticeable, but at the same time not material; the main point is that Radisson and Des Grosseilliers were put into communication with Prince Rupert.

and on June 3, 1668, Grosseilliers sailed from the Thames in the 'Nonsuch,' a ketch of fifty tons, under the command of Captain Zachary Gillam, a mariner experienced on the Atlantic. Radisson sailed about the same time in the 'Eaglet,' crossed the Atlantic, but owing to the fears of the master returned home. Such was the beginning of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It was August before the 'Nonsuch' sighted Resolution Island, at the entrance of Hudson's Straits. On September 29 Gillam cast anchor in James's Bay, at the mouth of what was well named Rupert's River. Here the adventurers quickly erected a fort, and were soon in communication with the Indians, who returned in spring bringing the pelts, the proceeds of the winter's hunting. With a full cargo Gillam sailed in June 1669 for England, leaving Grosseilliers and a few others at Fort Charles. The history of the young enterprise, for the time being, has two distinct divisions —the progress of the company in England and in Canada.

The 'Nonsuch' arrived in the Thames in August. Rupert and his friends were overjoyed at the success of their adventure. Radisson and Grosseilliers had not been too sanguine, and Canadian furs promised more profit than Spanish gold. The Prince and his friends decided to obtain a monopoly of the trade. There was not about it quite the uncertainty and the romance which captivated the imagination and sent men to fruitless toil in the Spanish Main, but there was surer gain if there were courage and perseverance in those entrusted with the trade in the North. Rupert had little difficulty in obtaining from the King a charter which, on May 2, 1670, he received from Charles II.'s own hand at Whitehall. It granted to Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, Earls Craven and Arlington, and Lord Ashley, in all seventeen noblemen and gentlemen and their heirs, under the name of 'The Governor and Company of Merchant 'Adventurers trading with Hudson's Bay,' the power of holding and selling lands and the sole right of trading in Hudson's Straits, and in the territories on the coasts thereof. The sovereignty over a huge and undefined territory was given to the company, the regions whose rivers and streams flowed into Hudson's Bay, under the name of Rupert's Land, came under the dominion of the Merchant Adventurers. They had absolute authority, and were within their dominions supreme, and could declare and make war with any of the aboriginal inhabitants. The capital of the company was only 10,500*l.*, each adventurer contributed

300*l.*, and the whole sum was divided into thirty-four shares. Prince Rupert was paid sundry charges, sums apparently incurred in obtaining the charter, and was given a single share; 'he having graciously signified his acceptance thereof, 'credit was given him for 300*l.*' Such was the entry in the minute book. In the dashing and princely commander by land and sea we see also the modern company-promoter. Rupert was in fact greatly in advance of his age. We are apt to think of him only as a brave cavalry leader during the Civil War—a typical cavalier; we are inclined to forget his ingenuity and mechanical skill, and his interest in the promotion of English commerce. Rupert had been before Grosseilliers approached him a partner in the African Company, but his recognition of the feasibility of Grosseilliers' plans is, perhaps, his most enduring monument. It showed sagacity and boldness of idea. Once a company such as this was securely established, there were plenty of English merchants able to manage it with success. But it required a mind of uncommon order at once to grasp the idea and work out the initial steps of the scheme. Had Rupert not seized the opportunity, the future of Canada might have been different. At the very moment when the English merchants were, by the aid of their able and courageous agents, beginning to establish the sovereignty of England in those northern regions, Frenchmen, actuated sometimes by the desire of spreading the Roman Catholic religion, sometimes by patriotism and love of power, were exploring and, in a sense, annexing the North-West. It was on a day of June 1671 that Saint-Lusson raised the banner of France on the strip of land which, broken by the Falls of St. Mary, divides the great waters of Superior and Huron. Here in high-sounding words he took possession of all the lands around in the name of the King of France, surrounded by the Indians gathered to this frequent meeting-place. To-day, where Saint-Lusson assumed this sovereignty for the French Monarchy, the United States and Canada meet, an immense shipping traffic passes through huge locks from one inland sea to another, and a great American company on Canadian soil personifies modern manufacture and commerce on the ground where French traders and the aboriginal inhabitants more than two centuries ago carried on their primitive trade. It was in 1673 that the Jesuit priest Marquette, with Louis Joliet for his companion, left the South and discovered the upper waters of the Mississippi. It was six years later when the bold La Salle sailed in the

'Griffin' from Erie to Huron, mingling in one personality the qualities of the Continental soldier of fortune and the sagacious trader. It is well to bear these facts in mind, for this extension of French dominion was occurring just as Englishmen were consolidating the new commercial power in the far North. The Hudson's Bay Company introduced to the North-West of French Canada an English colony which secured for the Anglo-Saxon race the vast unexplored lands not only about the great lakes, but to the shores of the Pacific and to the ice of the Arctic Ocean. They placed a barrier to French progress. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the whole of Hudson's Bay became the possession of Great Britain without any clear delimitation of boundaries, thus ending once for all the local warfare and the disputes which had hitherto kept occurring year by year. For from the forts round the shores of the Bay the English fur traders spread west, south, and east, while from Montreal and Quebec and the adjacent country came the Frenchmen and the *coureurs de bois*, claiming that the vast lands in the region of the great lakes were within a French sphere of influence. Without that nucleus of English trade, and consequently of English sovereignty, on the desolate shores of Hudson's Bay which was created partly by the adventurous spirit of the two Breton fur traders, partly by the colonising and commercial sense of Rupert and his friends, French trade and French dominion might well have spread and remained over the whole of Canada.

We must turn back, however, to Grosseilliers and his little company, and see what happened to them after they were left by Gillam in the summer of 1669. Grosseilliers was well fitted by nature for the part he had to play. He mingled the temperament of the explorer and the man of business, the soldier of fortune and the diplomatist. He was skilled by years of hard wanderings in all the resources of the woodman, and he was undaunted by any difficulties.

'He spent the summer and autumn and part of the ensuing winter in making excursions into the interior. He made treaties with the Nodwayes, the Kilistineaux, the Ottawas, and other detachments of the Algonquin race. Solemn conclaves were held, in which the bushranger dwelt—with that rude eloquence of which he was master, and which both he and Radisson had borrowed from the Indians—on the superior advantages of trade with the English. Nor did his zeal here pause. Knowing the Indian character as he did, he concocted stories about the English King and Prince Rupert. Many a confiding

savage that year enriched his paleface vocabulary by adding to it "Charles" and "Rupert," epithets which denoted that superlative twain to whom the bushranger had transferred his labours and his allegiance.' *

Another winter was passed, and then, in July 1670,† the sloop 'Eaglet,' with Radisson on board, arrived. Together they pressed on the operations of the company with characteristic energy and courage. But though the French officials at Quebec had refused to take part in Grosseilliers' schemes, they had during the years of the inception of the Hudson's Bay Company been showing more vigour in the extension of the fur trade. The two hostile peoples and traders came into indirect conflict in 1673, for in that year the Indians, influenced by the French traders, became unfriendly to the English. The results were singular. The governor of the post appointed by the company, one Governor Bailey, seems to have been a rough, surly man, disliking the French, and suspicious of Grosseilliers and Radisson. The ill-feeling between these men grew; in 1674 a Jesuit priest appeared at Fort Charles, increasing the suspicions of Bailey. The antagonism culminated in a personal conflict and blows between the governor and Grosseilliers, and the departure of the French adventurers from the service of the English company. We lose sight of them for a time; Grosseilliers seems to have remained inactive at Three Rivers; Radisson, taking service in the French navy, was shipwrecked, reappearing in Paris in 1679. He soon began to try to interest Colbert in a scheme for driving the English from Hudson's Bay; but a man who had already served both French and English masters was naturally regarded with suspicion by the French minister. Then, without avail, he tried his luck in England, hoping to be reinstated in the service of the company. Presently there arrived in Paris M. de la Chesnaye, the head in Canada of the Compagnie du Nord. More alive than those who were engaged with European politics and the internal affairs of France to the important advance of the English in North America, La Chesnaye agreed to accept the services of Radisson and Grosseilliers in order to establish a trade in hostility to that of the

* The Great Company, vol. i. p. 43.

† Mr. Willson speaks of July 1669 as the date of the arrival of the vessel, but as the 'Nonsuch' did not return till August 1669, the above date does not appear correct.

Hudson's Bay Company. Obtaining a sum of 500 crowns from the Jesuits, ever ready to enlarge the area of the Catholic religion, Radisson arrived at Quebec at the end of September 1681.*

The English traders being securely established on the shores of Hudson's Bay, it is unnecessary to narrate at length the further adventures of Radisson and his brother-in-law. But the occurrences which immediately followed are so illustrative of the mixture of warfare, trade, and adventure which marked the early history of the Hudson's Bay Company that they may be shortly sketched. The French officials in Canada would not countenance an expedition against the English traders, and so various fictions were resorted to to justify its departure. At length, however, in August 1682 Radisson and his brother-in-law, in two small ships—the 'St.-Pierre' and the 'Ste.-Anne'—arrived on the west coast of Hudson's Bay. Grosseilliers was left to build a fort, while Radisson penetrated into the interior to establish trade communication with the Indians. Returning in September, accompanied by a number of Indians, he had scarcely reached the fort before he was surprised by the sound of cannon. Stealthily reconnoitring the mouth of the river in the darkness, Radisson discovered another European settlement. It was as illegal as his own. It was an expedition from Boston, under the command of Gillam's son—a purely private enterprise, in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. Making himself known to those in charge, Radisson quickly intimated that he was in those regions to maintain the sovereignty of France, adding, with rare effrontery, that he was supported by a powerful force. Scarcely had the interview ended, with complete satisfaction to Radisson, whose confidence never deserted him, when, with something of a dramatic effect, a ship under full sail was perceived to be entering the river. It was the 'Prince 'Rupert,' commanded by Captain Zachary Gillam, having on board John Bridgar, commissioned as agent of Fort Nelson, whose appointment had been one of Prince Rupert's last acts as governor of the company. Radisson adopted as bold a course with the Englishmen as with the colonials; he asserted that the country was already in the possession of the King of France, and that its trade

* The summary of Radisson's life with dates in the appendix to Professor Bryce's work is much to be commended, as is the list of authorities bearing on the history of the Hudson's Bay Company.

belonged to the Northern Company of Canada. Bridgar, who seems to have been something of a diplomatist, listened courteously to Radisson's assertions, and apparently accepted his statement that he had constructed a fort and had two fine vessels under his command. But as soon as the Frenchman had departed he began to build a fort. The French party hiding in the woods spied on the movements of the Englishmen; and before rejoining their comrades at their own settlement 'they had the privilege of seeing the 'erection of Fort Nelson, the fourth establishment of the 'Hudson's Bay territories, well under way.'

This quaint romance of the North-West continued till the middle of November 1782. It is more akin to a story than to real life. Radisson and Grosseilliers played the chief part with rare resource and confidence. Governor Bridgar, a stranger in these northern regions, spent more time in drinking than in exploration. Young Benjamin Gillam, knowing himself a trespasser, was a mere pawn in the hands of the Frenchman, who had the audacity to grant him permission to build a fort and to guarantee him against insults from the Indians. Then Radisson, as the stage villain, took the young man's fort and stock and made him prisoner. Next he captured Fort Nelson and carried off Bridgar to Fort Bourbon. The 'Prince 'Rupert' had already been crushed by the ice, and in the early spring the two small French craft were almost wholly destroyed by the rising ice. The 'Ste.-Anne,' however, was practically rebuilt and made, if not seaworthy, at least capable of floating and sailing, and in her in the autumn of the year the two Frenchmen, with a cargo of fur and accompanied by Bridgar, arrived at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. The 'Susan,' too, presently reached Quebec with the rest of the English and young Gillam on board. The French governor returned her to her owner with a warning against illegal trading. French and English parted at Quebec, Bridgar to report to his employers, Radisson to make his peace with La Chesnaye, whose furs he had sold for himself, and with the governor for the disturbance of international relations. In this he was unsuccessful, for he was ordered to Paris, there to explain his conduct. Radisson and Grosseilliers sailed for Europe in a French frigate on November 11, 1683.

Radisson had gained nothing for himself and nothing for France by his boldness and duplicity. The Hudson's Bay Company, before the death of Prince Rupert in 1682,

had been making a profit of 200 per cent. on their capital, and had become a sound and recognised trading corporation. It was supported by the Court as well as by the City, it was systematically managed, and it had the Government behind it. In French Canada exploration was a mixture of romance, religion, and adventure; the traders were not associated, and were often antagonistic, and the importance of the fur trade, whether as a commercial undertaking or as an influence on the future of the vast regions of the North-West, was not appreciated by French statesmen, while Louis XIV. himself seems to have regarded the men who were trying to enlarge French influence in the North as troublers of international relations.

The result of Radisson's return to Europe was characteristic of the man. The Hudson's Bay Company, with no little sagacity, came to the conclusion that the best way to prevent Radisson from giving further trouble was to take him again into their service. He was not loth, nor had he any hesitation in returning to the Bay and taking possession on behalf of the company of the very post which he had created for the French Government—a post which was in charge of his own nephew. Nor—after the view which we have had of Radisson's volatile unsteadfast character—is it surprising that he should quickly disagree with the officials of the company, that he should return to London to explain his conduct, that he should be somewhat coldly received by the directors of the company, whose object was profit and not adventure, and that he should again return to America for a brief period. But his adventurous life presently came to an end, and for many years he lived quietly in London on a pension from the company. He died at Islington in 1710,* at least ten years after the death of Grosseilliers. Both men, brilliant, bold, courageous, wanted that level-headedness which would make them successful as men of business. The harvest which they rightly foresaw lay ready on the shores of Hudson's Bay fell not to these two Frenchmen, but to English men of business.

The romance of the Hudson's Bay Company largely disappears with its two founders. Up to 1713 this northern territory to which the Adventurers laid claim formed a field of conflict between French and English, and of negotiation between the two Governments. Thus in 1685

* Mr. Willson gives the date as 1702, but this appears to be incorrect.

and 1686 we find the Chevalier de Troyes—old enough to give up freebooting adventures—with a select following of young Frenchmen and a body of Canadians, proceed in midwinter from Montreal to James Bay. There they arrived in April, and attacked and captured the company's fort at Moose Factory, taking possession of it in the name of Louis XIV. Quite a campaign of fort-capturing followed, the gallant cavalier returning in the autumn of 1686 to Quebec with 50,000 beaver skins as trophies of his victories, carried by servants of the company who had been captured in the forts and factories. At the very moment of this triumph the Kings of France and England had, on November 6, 1686, concluded a fruitless treaty; for in spite of it the French, under the Sieur d'Iberville, continued to carry on a species of warfare, plunder, and trade—sufficient not only to arouse those who managed the company at home to a pitch of extreme anger, but to cause the disturbances in the North-West to be stated by William III. as one cause of his declaration of war in 1689 against France. In this conflict fortune was more favourable to the French than the English. The former were then a military force, were comparatively near their base; the Hudson's Bay servants were far from home, were rather traders than soldiers. Thus the Peace of Ryswick placed France, for the time being, in the full possession of this contested northern region. Fort Albany alone remained in the actual possession of the English traders. It was the darkest day in the history of the Merchant Adventurers, but the directors by no means despaired of the future. It was one thing to take their forts and factories: it was another to prevent them from re-establishing themselves in other centres. In petitions to the Lords of Trade and Plantations they never relinquished their right to 'the whole streights 'and bay,' but at the same time urged the Government to establish boundaries of territory and limits of trade which would enable them to proceed peacefully with their business. This period of anxiety, ill-fortune, and uncertainty was finally ended by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, by which, as already stated, the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company was ceded to England. The signing of that document was not only the final act in a long and protracted struggle for the sovereignty of this northern region, carried on rather by private persons than by either Government officially, it was the first step to the total possession of Canada by the English people. Without the sovereignty of this region

Canada itself would have seemed less important. It gave to Great Britain and to this great company a territory extending northwards along a line drawn roughly from the north of the St. Lawrence, Lakes Huron, Superior, and Winnipeg, past the sources of the Churchill River, indefinitely to the west. It placed France in the New World between English colonies in the north and east, the expansion of which would inevitably crush out the French, and would give the undiscovered West to the people whose capacity of colonisation and power of trade and manner of dealing with the aboriginal inhabitants were superior to that of the French. Nor can it for a moment be doubted that the cession of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory to England was chiefly owing to the continuous and patient perseverance of the Merchant Adventurers themselves. Year by year they placed their grievances and their petitions before the Government and the sovereign; stubbornly they had continued to send ships to Hudson's Bay, had obtained the services of courageous and hardy servants, and neither at home nor in the north had relinquished the enterprise begun by Prince Rupert and his contemporaries. Their patience and perseverance, as we see, were rewarded. From this time the company continued its career as a governing and trading corporation not in a debateable land, but in English territory.

Another period of nearly half a century carries us a long way in the history of the company. It was essentially one of trade developement; new and more substantial forts were built; the barter with the Indians was carefully and systematically carried on. At home a parliamentary inquiry, the result of a natural attempt to lessen or overthrow a remarkable monopoly, was successfully passed through. Thus from 1713 to the cession of Canada in 1760 by the Peace of Paris was a time of undoubted prosperity for the company. With the change of dominion there came again a period of conflict. With the departure of French sovereignty there departed also the French officials from Quebec and Montreal, the system of licences came to an end, the French *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* received no recruits from France and from French America, and they lost their French employers. The slight link which thus bound them to civilisation was broken. Children of the forest and the stream, at home among the wigwams of the Indians, it needed but the change of government to cause them to ally themselves to the aboriginal people of the land, and thus

create that half-caste population which is still so much in evidence to-day. In their place came a new and a stronger element. The Scotchmen arrived in Canada.

Not that Scotchmen had not already been servants of the company; but the strong Scotch influx, hostile to the original corporation, coming from Canada, and taking the place of the Frenchmen, was a new feature. The very vagueness of the boundaries of Rupert's Land made the antagonism of the new men more felt. When in 1750 the Lords of Trade and Plantations asked the company to define its boundaries, it claimed an unlimited extent of territory—'towards the 'west all the lands that lie on the west side or coast of the 'said Bay and extending from the said Bay westward 'to the utmost limits of those lands: but where or how 'those lands terminate to the westward is also unknown, 'though probably it will be found they terminate on the 'Great South Sea.' A vagueness of this kind not only permitted unbounded extensions: it admitted of rivals entering on the domains of the great monopolist company. Thus there grew up a strong trading competition in the North-West. The rivalry, though troublesome, was unsystematic and spasmodic—the wares supplied to the Indians by the company were of better quality. But in 1783–4 some of the hitherto unorganised traders formed themselves into the North-West Company. Three Scotchmen—Joseph and Benjamin Frobisher and Simon M'Tavish—were most prominent in its foundation.

Presently there joined them a young man, Alexander Mackenzie. Not content with mere trading travels, he set out to explore the continent. In 1786 he penetrated to the Arctic Sea by what is now known as the Mackenzie River: in 1793 he reached the Pacific Ocean. Mackenzie's famous explorations stimulated the company, somewhat unwillingly, it must be confessed, to undertake similar endeavours, and the travels of David Thompson, John Stewart, and Simon Fraser, two of whose names are written on the geographical nomenclature of the North-West, as servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, extended its influence. They founded posts beyond the Rocky Mountains, while from the Missouri to the Pacific and on the shores of that distant ocean the agents of John Jacob Astor were endeavouring to establish the trade of the United States.* So that just about a century

* In 1809 Astor established the American Fur Company, and in 1810 the Pacific Fur Company; the story of these enterprises has

ago we see a distinct rivalry, from time to time drifting into civil war, between the older and the younger company—a rivalry purely British—the French element being wholly eliminated from the northern part of the continent. It lasted until 1821, when, chiefly through the exertions of the late Mr. Edward Ellice, the North-West Company was amalgamated or, more strictly speaking, absorbed in the body which was not only a trading but a governing corporation. But the North-West Company had before this event attained a trading position which will cause it to live long in the history of Canada.

There are, however, some incidents which must be noted in the story of the Hudson's Bay Company occurring during this period, which has—as we have seen—characteristics that differentiate it from those which preceded and followed it. Indeed the entire history of the company from its inception until to-day is divisible into well-defined epochs. It would have made the recent works on the subject more valuable, as well as more readable, if their authors had endeavoured to evolve from the great mass of detail which their industry has collected, a larger and more defined view of the history of Rupert's Land.

The Hudson's Bay Company, though it indirectly colonised those places where it established forts and factories, was primarily a corporation formed for the purpose of trading, chiefly in furs with the Indians. But in the beginning of the century an interesting effort was made to colonise systematically a tract of the company's vast territories. From the county of Sutherland large numbers of its people were in process of eviction. The fifth Earl of Selkirk, in the desire to benefit these poor men, obtained a grant of waste lands on Prince Edward Island, and with about eight hundred of the evicted tenantry arrived there in 1805. The success of the colony decided Lord Selkirk, a man of remarkable character, philanthropic, active, and large-minded, to establish another colony on the banks of the Red River, in Rupert's Land, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. The scheme was by no means as easy as it seemed. Doubts arose whether the company could grant land in fee simple; there was a dislike on the part of many of those interested in the company to the invasion of their territory by persons whose

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been told by Washington Irving in his 'Astoria or Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains,' probably the most picturesque and vivid description of the fur trade of the North-West which exists.

object was to change it from a hunting ground to agricultural land. The North-West Company and the Bois-Brulés, the descendants of the French Canadians, and some hardy English and Scotchmen, and the Indians—a section of the population—half-breeds, but distinct in character, with the wildness of the Indian and the white man's determination, were all hostile to any such colony. At length, however, in June 1811, after much opposition, carried into the heart of the company, there was made to Lord Selkirk a grant of 116,000 square miles, an area altogether out of proportion to the number of the settlers. It was a country nearly as large as England and Scotland, extending from near the head of Lake Superior to the middle of Lake Winnipeg, and received the name of Assiniboia. It became the absolute property of Lord Selkirk, until in 1836 it was repurchased by the company from the executors of the fifth earl, to whom it had been financially disastrous. Colonisation is now spreading over the land, and the fine city of Winnipeg has arisen on the banks of the lake. But when Lord Selkirk founded his colony he was premature; the river and the forest were still only for the hunter and the trapper; it was a colony too remote from men. The export and the import of produce were impossible, the colony was separated from the ocean and from the more civilised parts of the continent, whether British or American, by interminable miles of almost impenetrable woodland, stormy lakes, and rapid streams. Its early stages were marked by trouble and turmoil. The first emigrants collected from Ireland and the highlands of Scotland arrived in Hudson's Bay, at York Factory, on the Nelson River, in the autumn of 1811. Before them was the hard long northern winter. They proceeded some fifty miles up the river, and there at Seal Creek they remained till spring. It was late in August of the next year before they reached the Red River Valley. They had braved the severity of the season; they had now to face the half-wild hunters of the North-West.

'A band of armed men, painted, disfigured, and apparelled like savages, confronted this little band of colonists and bade them halt. They were told briefly that they were unwelcome visitors in that region, and must depart. The colonists might have been urged to make a stand, but to the terrors of hostile Indian and half-breed was added that of prospective starvation, for none there about would sell them provisions. The painted warriors, who were North-West Company Métis in disguise, urged them to proceed to Pembina, where they would be unharmed, offering to conduct them there. They acquiesced

and the pilgrimage was resumed for seventy miles farther. At Pembina they passed the winter in tents, according to the Indian fashion, subsisting on the products of the chase, in common with the natives.' *

In the spring a fresh attempt was made to establish the wanderers. They ventured again to the Red River, and built log huts and cultivated patches of prairie. The harvest was successful, but they nevertheless returned to Pembina for the winter, employing it in hunting. Presently there appeared a second batch of colonists, mostly Irish. Their experiences were similar to those of the men who had preceded them, and in the spring of 1814 the colonists were on the Red River in a state of great destitution. It would be tedious to follow out in detail the misfortunes of these early colonists. The North-Western and the half-breeds became so actively aggressive that they took prisoner Governor MacDonnell, and finally, after tempting some colonists from the place and terrifying others, all the remaining officers and settlers were driven from the new home to a trading post of the company on the Jack River. 'The day following their departure a 'party of North-West Company clerks, servants, and half-'breeds gathered at the spot, and, setting fire to the houses, 'the mill, and the other buildings, destroyed them.' Then came fresh colonists, new intrigues, more attacks, and more deportations of the settlers by the North-West Company. Finally Lord Selkirk, collecting ostensibly as settlers, really as soldiers, some French officers and men of De Meuron's and Watteville's regiments, who had been employed in the Anglo-American war, penetrated into the North-West, and towards the close of 1816 made an end once for all of the persecution and bloodshed by taking forcible possession of Fort William, arresting therein some of the leaders of the North-West opposition, and holding it throughout the winter. Thence he sent out parties which seized other forts of the North-West Company at Fond du Lac, Michipicoten, and Lac La Place. Thus pressed by the Hudson's Bay Company commercially, and by Selkirk and his officers as police, it came about that the North-West Company made terms in 1821 with its long-established rival. Peace was restored to the North-West, but before it came Lord Selkirk had died at Pau in 1820.

In the year which followed this cessation of forest warfare the Red River Colony, reinforced by settlers of various

* The Great Company, vol. i. p. 160.

nationalities, began to attain some measure of prosperity. That the Hudson's Bay Company looked coldly on Lord Selkirk's colonising operations there can be no doubt. He had become a shareholder with the avowed object of pressing forward a policy to which many of the proprietors were opposed, and which was contrary to the traditional aims of the company. The fur trade from the beginning had been the main object of the company. In the increasing importance in recent times of other forms of commerce, and in its own diminution of extent, we are apt to overlook the value which was attached to it in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. After the creation of the United States as an independent power one of the great objects of practical statesmen was to secure for the new nation as large a share as possible in the fur trade of the North-West. Washington devoted time and labour to this object; he formulated a plan to turn it to the States. Colonisation was inimical to such a trade, and it was to the interests of the company to retain the North-West in a wild condition and at the same time to extend its trading operations as far as possible towards the Pacific.

In this narrative of colonisation, hunting, and warfare we are apt to overlook the enormous size of the region over which the Hudson's Bay Company was supreme, to forget that the forts which were captured were mere log houses isolated by the side of lake or river in the midst of a boundless wilderness—that the roads over which Selkirk's settlers and soldiers trudged were mere trails in the obscurity of the forest often only to be reached after a long water-journey in birch-bark canoes. Fort William now rising as the great grain emporium of the West—then the headquarters of the North-West Company—was the centre to which an extraordinary number of men resorted —hunters and trappers, white men, half-breeds and Indians, pedlars and commercial agents. In front lay the ocean-like waters of Superior down which the peltries of the forest were carried in scores of canoes; behind it was a half-explored and uncivilised region of mountain, forest, stream, and prairie bounded on the distant west by the Pacific Ocean. Over it all were studded the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, which expanding from the north had outlived the dominion of France, had withstood the attacks of the unorganised fur-traders, and then the more systematic opposition of the North-West Company. Now secure in its possessions, it was by the natural evolution of events presently to relinquish

its position as a semi-sovereign power and to enter into its last and modern phase of a purely trading corporation.

The last epoch commences with the surrender to Her Majesty's Government in 1869 of all the company's rights of government and property in Rupert's Land. For this cession it received 300,000*l.*, and the right to blocks of land not exceeding in the aggregate 50,000 acres. Various minor points were agreed upon, but the cardinal fact of the whole transaction was the transformation of the Hudson's Bay Company into a purely mercantile concern. The confederation of the separate provinces of Canada in 1867 into the Dominion of Canada had made this event inevitable. It was impossible for the new dominion to have stretching beyond it to the north and west a vast region which it had no power either to defend or to keep in order. Not that the rule of the company had been unsatisfactory. It had for centuries remained on the most friendly terms with the Indians. It is, indeed, one of the best features in its history, that from first to last its dealings with the aboriginal inhabitants seem to have been fair, kindly, and just; it obtained their confidence by honest dealing in the beginning of its existence, it retains it to this day. Justice was administered without hesitation and with absolute equality; the company, while it allowed the Indians to roam and hunt in their wide territories, never recognised any native title to the land, but never interfered with their habits, their religion, or their social system. So far as it was able the company kept from the red man the poison of alcoholic liquors, but otherwise it allowed him to live his life as he had ever done. It showed neither missionary zeal, nor a doctrinaire desire to establish new systems of government or society. Its officials and agents were not exposed to the temptations of those who in India were contemporaneously under the authority of a yet greater and more celebrated company spreading the influence and dominion of Great Britain in the East. Differing in many ways, men both under the authority of the East India Company and of the Hudson's Bay Company were alike working for the expansion of England. In the unimaginative, gross fashion of the eighteenth century the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company did not indulge in brilliant dreams of national dominion; they were content to look at affairs in a common-sense and businesslike manner. It has been urged as a reproach against the policy of the company that it was actuated by an anti-colonising spirit,

and a striking comparison has been drawn between the progress of America and the want of movement in Canada:

'On the lower side of the boundary line the whole scene has been one of advance in enterprise and steady, vigorous pushing forward over mountains, plains, and valleys of tilled fields and thriving settlements, of sumptuous cities, of toiling, prosperous peoples. On the other side a narrow, jealous, obstructive policy had set out all intrusion upon a wilderness of any but stealthy trappers, and the desolate wintering agents of a monopoly in the pelting traffic.'*

Canada, from its political constitution, has never been so progressive as the United States; in the sea-bordering states of the one there has, too, been a population constantly added to by emigrants, pushing westward almost of necessity. In Lower Canada there has lived a people rather stationary in numbers, unenergetic, clinging to home, contented with a quiet lot. The habitant is an attractive and pleasant being, he is unique, he unites the joyous nature of the Frenchman with some of the hardihood and reserve of the Northman. But he is essentially uncolonising. There was again, too, the want of communication not only between the northern territories of the company, but also between the western lands and Europe. To this day the highway between Great Britain and Canada is really by New York or Boston, a fact which should never be forgotten when the difference of growth between Canada and the United States is considered. Apart, therefore, from the mercantile policy of the company, there were causes which tended to stay western colonisation. Thus it is doubtful whether, even had the policy of the company been different, it would have resulted in an earlier peopling of the North-West. Even yet enormous tracts of land to the south of Hudson's Bay are still unpeopled and almost unexplored, though the time seems to be approaching when this region will be made accessible to the farmer and the miner.

From first to last there was no concealment about the policy of the company, but it did not keep back anxious colonists. Nearer the Atlantic there were hundreds of miles of land still waiting to be occupied. What it did was to retain in its own hands a particular trade. Those who wandered into the West in opposition to it came not to settle, but to secure wealth by trade with the Indians or by hunting the beaver. When the growth of civilisation

* Winsor, 'History of America,' vol. viii. p. 8.

showed that the era of colonisation for these wilder regions was approaching, with natural reluctance to change the company ceased to hold the West as a hunting-ground. Thus the work of the Hudson's Bay servants entitles them to be regarded as builders of the existing empire. Now, as we have already said, the company has ceased to govern, and can only be reckoned among the leading mercantile corporations of the empire; yet, though the years have brought changes in dominion, and have altered the system of the great company, it is not difficult for one now wandering in the West to realise its working and existence in the past. The big plain structure, the store of the Hudson's Bay Company, is to be seen to-day, the most conspicuous object in every frontier settlement of the Canadian North-West. Its barn-like proportions hold every commodity Indian, half-breed, or white settler can need. In exchange for his peltries the Indian obtains his comparatively civilised and very unpicturesque dress, his blankets, still gaudily decorated to satisfy his love for colour, his tobacco and pipe. The white man finds provision for his more civilised wants for the household or the field. And though these border communities are steadily becoming less distinct and more commonplace through the opening up of the country, yet the fur-bearing animals are still plentiful in that vast region, a wilderness, if more or less explored. The skins of the sable, the mink, the otter, and the beaver are brought to the post in March, as oncoming spring hurries the Indian runner before her over the crumbling snow crust—the roadway for his dog team.

Even the rare black fox from time to time is in his load, to find its way to the cities of the Old World. In the bargaining and bartering between white man and red man at lone stations among the illimitable pine woods there is still to be seen that same trafficking which was begun by Grosseilliers and Radisson and the servants of Rupert and Arlington more than two centuries ago.

Art. IX.—1. *Exposition internationale universelle de* 1900. Catalogue général officiel. Œuvres d'art. Exposition centennale de l'art français.

2. *Exposition internationale universelle de* 1900. Catalogue général officiel. Tome second. Groupe ii. Œuvres d'art. Classes 7 à 10.

At one page of his diary, Delacroix notes how he has been to the house of a friend to see some pictures. They were some half-dozen, but they included two or three of Constable, for whom the French artist had a just and great admiration. At the end of the entry Delacroix writes, 'C'était trop de choses dans une journée.' In this spirit, doubtless, should we go to look at pictures, if we desire rightly to appraise them and draw from them the fullest measure of profit.

But how would such a plan be possible in the case of the vast galleries of paintings which Paris at this moment opens to its visitors? And yet, to pass such by upon the other side is equally impossible; unless for those happy persons who have learned so much about painting that they have no more to learn, or are such understanding lovers of the past masters that nothing modern can ever satisfy them. For we have in these galleries no less than a completer presentment of the art of painting in Europe and in America than we may hope to see again. For that matter, even the Japanese *toto divisi orbe* are not unrepresented. Wherefore, unless we lean to the opinion of M. Gauguin, that the truest inspiration of the artist is to be found in Fiji and among so-called savages, we may assume that we have here something like the chronicle and brief abstract of the painting of the world. This profusion or profligacy of pictures is not all in one place. The greater part is to be seen in the great Palais des Beaux-Arts, in the Exhibition, beside the Champs-Élysées entrance to it; but, though one of the buildings of the Exhibition, not destined to destruction with the rest. It is to replace the old Palais de l'Industrie, formerly the home of the annual 'salons.' Then, again, certain among the separate pavilions—which have been sadly slow in getting into order—have their little collections of painting and sculpture: that of our own Canadian colony is by no means to be overlooked. And if these things suffice not for the lover of pictures, the show which is generally known as the 'old salon' is held in Paris this year as usual;

added to which we have, if we choose, for comparison with all that is new, the permanent exhibitions there, notably those of the Louvre and of the Luxembourg. Again, at the before-mentioned Palais des Beaux-Arts is a selection of French pictures of past times; it too is interesting, as it helps us further to understand the march—a march forward be it or retrograde; it is at least a movement—of art in France. The limit of the acknowledged modern pictures is, we believe, placed at the former Exhibition of 1889; and so these cover a period of only eleven years. The exhibition of earlier French art is supposed to cover the rest of the century.*

In all this show, the French pictures are, of course, in the vast majority. There are some twenty-three galleries of the contemporary French pictures alone; not more than six (and these on a smaller scale) of any foreign nation. But for any one wishing to take account of the aforesaid march, or movement, in the world of painting, such preponderance of French work is less fatal than it might seem; because by universal consent France does so far take the lead in this matter and at this moment, that the original achievement of any one nation is but small beside what she has done. It is well known that the study of the French paintings in the Exhibition of 1889 started all our younger artists in their track, in the track, more especially, of the school which was then in the ascendant, called of *plein air*. The case of American art is shown by the general effect of passing from the French section into hers; for, so doing, we seem to be among the very same motives and the same styles. And though some of America's children (one more conspicuously than all the rest, Mr. Whistler) take the position of masters, and not disciples, still, even in such cases, in the case of Mr. Whistler and of some of his countrymen, we must remember that, Americans by birth, they are all the children of France by education. While of the less important exhibitors, as we find their pictures signed 'Paris,' such and such a year, 'Givernay,' such another year, we confess that they only technically belong to the section in which they are placed. With England it is, no doubt, not quite the same. Our younger

* The exhibition here referred to is not to be confounded with that of retrospective art in the smaller palace, to the left of the entrance gate of the Champs-Elysées. This, full of objects of interest, has nothing whatever to do with the recent history of painting in France.

men, such as Messrs. Stanhope Forbes, Frank Bramley, Clausen, La Thangue, Tuke, Arthur Lemon, and so forth, have certainly formed themselves upon a French tradition; but they have developed it in their own way; and another English painter, Mr. Brangwyn, has an originality or an eccentricity of his own. And there still remain a vast collection of artists of merit and distinction who have gained little or nothing from abroad. Millais, Burne-Jones, are examples that at once occur to the mind. Leighton stood quite apart from the new movement. None of these three is fairly shown in the English section. But Orchardson is great enough and original enough alone to vindicate our claim to notice and distinction; and there are many more only second to him. Then, again, the particular French school which most inspired our English painters, the *plein-air* school, has very much decayed abroad, and is now best represented among ourselves. All these considerations combine to give to the section of Great Britain features of marked difference from the French galleries. Greater still is the singularity of Germany, which, in beautifully decorated rooms, shows a succession of dark canvases whereof those of the severe and rugged Lenbach are of distinction in every sense of the word. But Lenbach is an exception: so much cannot be said of the majority of the German pictures. And it is no secret that the gentleman who has presided over the selection of representative German paintings, Professor Anton v. Werner, a *persona gratissima* to the German Emperor, is altogether out of sympathy with the younger school of German painters. Wherefore we find in the exhibition before us almost nothing that recalls the annual Munich shows, which to most people represent the 'move-'ment' in German art. And that movement is essentially French.

The Belgian painting is chiefly French, though two painters, Lempoels and F. Khnopff, stand out distinct and alone. The Dutch school occupies a more independent position. Howbeit, the Dutch painter who has the widest reputation, Josef Israels, is seen upon comparison to be less original than it had been supposed he was. The most conspicuous of his pictures here exhibited is French in its workmanship, and not unlike a softened and more human L'Hermitte. In the Scandinavian divisions a curious state of things is displayed. A certain number of works whose naïveté proclaims them of purely native

growth; others, notably the pictures of Mr. Zorn and Mr. Thaulow, which are as obviously French in inspiration. And in fact every frequenter of the French salons or of the Luxembourg Museum must be familiar with Zorn's and Thaulow's work.* The works of some other Scandinavians of talent we miss, and they can ill be spared; among others, Mr. Albert, an excellent landscapist. He likewise is entirely French in his manner. Only in the Spanish and the Italian sections are accents heard of real and decisive originality. And one of the most striking and not the least pleasant experiences which have been arranged for us as we walk through these galleries, comes when we pass from the sombre German section into the blaze of sunlight which streams from the works of such men as Moreno Carbonero, Pinazo Martinez, or Sorolla y Bastida. With the last of the three, French exhibitions have been long familiar.

As a set-off upon the other side let us recall that one of the three painters who represent Peru is Albert Lynch, whom most of us have been wont to think of as a French artist through and through; that another representative for a South American state has a picture of the 'Gaïté 'de Mont-Parnasse;' and that the most conspicuous exhibitor of painting in the Japanese section, Mr. Seiki Kuroda, has, like Mr. Zorn or Mr. Whistler or Mr. Sargent, received his artistic education, and for a long time has painted in France.†

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* Mr. Thaulow is not very well represented. Mr. Zorn has, among other things, the beautiful 'Midsummer Eve at Mora,' exhibited in the International Exhibition at Knightsbridge two years ago.

† Though it is in no sense the purpose of the present article to give a catalogue of the pictures at the Paris Exhibition, it may be convenient if we add this short explanation of the arrangement of the galleries and their principal contents.

France.—The French section consists of two divisions, one decennial, or more strictly undecennial, i.e. of works painted since the last Exhibition of 1889: the other professedly centennial, though, in fact, all the more interesting pictures in this part have been painted either by living artists or painters lately dead. David, Ingres, and the French painters down to Delacroix cannot possibly be judged by the specimens of their workmanship presented here; nor can any school before the Barbizon school and the painters of, say, 1860–80, be studied to any advantage. The landscape-painters of this period are to be found chiefly in the lower rooms—the *entresol*—of the centennial section. Of the painters who belong more than did the Barbizon school to the new movement, some are very ill represented.

The outcome, then, of a review of the whole exhibition of pictures is to show that the main current of art in this kind

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Of Bastien Lepage we have four or five canvases, but no very characteristic work. Of Henri Regnault there are only two small pictures (Room XXIII.). On the other hand there is some interesting early work of the better-known painters now alive, of Carolus Duran (e.g 'L'Assassiné,' Room XXIII.), of L'Hermitte, B. Constant, Harpignies, J. P. Laurens, Gervex, Jules Breton, &c., mostly better than any of their work which is to be found in the modern section. There are good things of Legros (Room XXV.), Falguière (Room XXIV.), Cazin, Maignan, Rafaelli, Bonhommé, &c. Manet and the modern impressionists (in Rooms XXV. and XXIX. respectively) are better seen than they have yet been in any public exhibition. It should be mentioned that the rooms of this centennial period, though not distinctly separated from the decennial, are distinguished by a numeration in Roman numerals, going from numbers XXIII. to XXIX. Some of the rooms below are distinguished by letters of the alphabet. Unfortunately at the time of sending this article to press the numbering both of the rooms and of individual pictures was incomplete or incorrect.

The more important pictures in the decennial part of the French section numbered in Arabic numerals (1–22) may be briefly described room by room.

Room 1. Collet ('Au pays de la mer').

Room 2. Dagnan Bouveret ('La Cène'); Franzini d'Issoncourt, a portrait.

Room 3. J. Adler ('Les Las'); Henner, several, utterly monotonous in style, as Henner's work is.

Room 4. Guillemet, landscapes, all inferior to that in the Luxembourg gallery; Buland; Mme. Demont Breton.

Room 5. Montenard, landscapes; G. Bergès, Spanish girls dancing (No. 135).

Room 6. Ch. Busson, landscapes; Laurent; Desrousseaux ('Les Suspects'); G. Girardot, eastern scenes; and some very bad work of a once esteemed painter, Courtois.

Room 7. Mdlle. Dubufe. (A very poor room.)

Room 8. Geoffroy, two interiors ('La prière des humbles,' the best).

Room 9. Henri Royer; T. Robert Fleury's 'Washington,' a large and poor picture, put here perhaps to please the Americans.

Room 10. The large hall opposite the grand staircase. From a motive (one may suspect) the reverse of that which dictated the hanging of 'Washington' in its place of honour in Room 9, the picture which first catches the eye of the visitor is J. P. Laurens' 'Tolosa liberata' (painted in a fresco manner), in which the most conspicuous object is a lion transfixed by a spear falling into the abyss. In the picture, this is the lion of De Montfort: for the public of sightseers it will no doubt serve for another lion. Laurens has also 'St. Chrysosthome'

is certainly French; though there are contributory channels running from other lands; or, to use another image, that

(No. 1125), &c.; Gervex, 'Distribution des récompenses;' L'Hermitte; F. Cormon; L'Agache, 'L'Epée' (No. 16), &c.

Room 11. Another large gallery. Roybet, 'Charles le Téméraire à Nesles,' a striking, clever, and ugly work; A. P. Dawant, one of the few sea-pieces by a Frenchman to be found here, but not a good one. Hoffbauer, 'Les gueux;' H. Martin, not a favourable specimen of this master.

Room 12. Besnard.

Room 13. H. Martin.

Room 14. Rochegrosse, two pretentious, clever, and ugly pictures much inferior to the 'Knight among the flowers,' in the Luxembourg.

Room 15. Detaille, poor and pretentious works, covering a vast wall space.

Room 16. Carrière; R. Collin.

Room 17. Dauchez (No. 566); Enders (No. 727); Humbert, several portraits, but all inferior to that in the Luxembourg.

Room 18. Meunier; Ménard; Da Gandara.

Room 19. Pointelin and Rigolot, good landscapes, entirely and interestingly contrasted in style; poor, pretentious work of Bonnat.

Room 20. A. Tanzi, fair landscape; Mdlle. Dufau; E. Wéry; shockingly bad work by the popular painter Béraud, who, however, is better in the centennial portion (No. 28).

Room 21. Demond, clouds; Jules Breton; Lagarde; Carolus Duran; Roll; Aman Jean; Harpignies (he too is far better in the centennial portion).

Room 22. Bouguereau—of his work nowadays it is unnecessary to speak or to look at it; B. Constant—the decline of this painter in recent years is phenomenal. His portrait of the Queen, much praised and talked of, is utterly devoid of merit.

Great Britain. It is unnecessary to say much of the British section, because all the pictures exhibited there are old favourites. Leighton, Burne-Jones, and Millais are none of them adequately represented. But Orchardson in portraiture is well so. Every possible variety of style is represented, from (shall we say?) Leader to Brangwyn.

America. Messrs. Sargent and Abbey exhibit in this section. Of Whistler, Humphreys, Johnston, and A. Harrison we have spoken elsewhere. A. W. Alexander has several charming monotonous studies. Homer's 'Summer night at sea' is a fine picture, and the painter possibly little known here.

Germany. The German collection is, as has been said, not really representative.

Spain. Pictures of extraordinary brilliance in their effect of sunlight. The best of these are referred to elsewhere. But such form the only *genre*.

Italy. Boldini's brilliant impressionist portraiture, much after the same manner as Sargent's, is noticeable. Segantini, an original and eccentric painter, occupies the lion's share of these walls.

painting has for the last ten or twenty years marched or danced to a French air, on which the other nations have only executed variations.

If, then, there has been any continuous movement in the history of painting during, let us say, the last twenty years, we are in a position to seek to understand it now. Many of the pictures that figure in the French portion (the vast majority, in fact), and a considerable number out of those shown by foreigners (especially Americans), have already found their place on the walls of annual exhibitions in Paris —the 'new salon' and the 'old:' not a few have been shown in England; and, of course, most of the English pictures are old friends. Wherefore the effect of numbers is not quite so paralysing as at first it seemed. At the same time, the reunion in one place of the most notable works of many years, the view of them side by side with some masterpieces of an earlier date, and again (in memory) by comparison with other work exhibited elsewhere, compel us almost to try to classify the whole in some intelligible way; to seek at least for some guiding thread through the Dædalian labyrinth.

To seek—but shall we find? It were easy and not unpleasant to plunge into the throng—the chaos of painted canvases, recognising old friends and making new. 'Sed revocare gradum?' Shall we emerge thence in sanity? Still more, shall we out of all pluck any principle, understand any impulse of vitality moving the mass? This without doubt is the labour, this is the task. To wield the sceptre of Rhadamanthus, and pronounce a judgement upon all—that we hold to be impossible; unless it were done by rough and ready condemnation of the whole mass, in

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Holland. The strongest and most original of all the smaller states in painting. Josef Israels is well known. Miss Schwatze's Joubert was lately exhibited in London.

Belgium. A. Stevens almost counts as a Frenchman. Ferdinand Khnopff and Lempoels are, on the other hand, quite original painters; and A. Marcelle and A. Bouviers exhibit sea-pieces better than any in the French gallery, and as good as H. Moore's in the English.

Russia. There is some original but not first-rate painting in this section. Weyssenhoff's 'La neige' is very striking. The genius of the country finds expression in the sculpture of Antokolsky.

Switzerland: Nothing remarkable.

Sweden. Zorn.

Norway. Thaulow.

Denmark. None of importance.

that it is so chaotic. It is beyond question that in a natural state of things a great show of pictures should be in the sum, and not in the parts only, pleasant to the eye. This is not the case here. But it is easy to understand wherefore. It is the vast and inexpressible mixture of styles that is at fault. Here we have a picture all chalky daylight; beside it, one which has the atmosphere of a coal-cellar. We have a whole school of landscapists who paint in the simplest colours—green and yellow ochre for the most part; we have another school who seem to acknowledge only the colours blue and pink. We have the mosaic school which lays on its paint in contrasted squares of colour; and we have painters such as M. Carrière whose canvases are almost monochrome, and the personages represented on them are buried in a brown mist. We have the pastellist school, of whom M. Henri Martin is the most eminent (unless you choose to call them pointelists), who paint in streaks of varied tints; and we have the mural school of Puvis de Chavannes, who lay their colour on in pale ungraded masses.

And as, when we turn round colours on a wheel or mix too many on a palette, they produce only a grey and dirty tint, so the effect of this sum of painting upon the senses is singularly dull. The same result is produced more or less in most exhibitions. Never before in any picture show have we been so conscious of this impression. There are, however, one or two exceptions from this general sense of colourlessness. Certain painters or schools occupy space enough in themselves to exclude competition. M. Henri Martin is one of these. He has been given the greater part of a small gallery, which contains only second-rate pictures beside his. M. Carrière has almost a wall to himself; so has M. Besnard. The impressionist school—it would be more correct to say what is reckoned the final word of impressionism—the school of Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissaro, Degas, is all placed together in the same room, and, with the possible exception of Degas, its members harmonise moderately well. Such fragmentary spaces—and again in the German and the Spanish sections where the general effect is remarkably uniform—are the only ones in which the eye may find repose.

But for the mind first, and perhaps also for the eye, it is possible to draw pleasure out of this vast confusion by arranging the different elements upon some system; by, as it were, threading these separate fragments into a sort of

chain of principle and purpose. We may, if we choose, resolutely determine to look at each school or sub-school or group by itself, and to learn to understand in some measure how one has developed from another. It is true that the principle which has guided the whole developement is partly a principle of revolt, the purpose in part mere reaction against foregone schools. For all that at the back even of the reaction and revolt a certain logic remains.

Essentially and primarily this revolt is against the domination of literature over painting. It must be remembered that in the beginning painting was what it can never be to-day, both literature and a plastic art; its object was both to give information and to impress the eye. It had to produce an effect; but it had also to tell a story. And for this reason, next after religious art, historical painting has held the highest place, been reckoned *par excellence* 'high art;' and it is this form of 'high art' which stares at us still from the walls of the French rooms at the Louvre, in some portions of the exhibition, in the vast and hideous pictures of David, Gros, Prudhon, Vernet, and the rest, at which we need only 'look and pass.' Delacroix, though he was far above the level of these, acknowledged, as his predecessors did, the literary standpoint, and it would be impossible better to realise the transition from the old to the new than by comparing, as we are able to do, the inspiration which, in painting, Delacroix derives from a great poet, such as Dante, with the fashion in which a contemporary painter of the foremost rank is inspired by the same poet. We have in the Louvre a picture of Delacroix taken from the 'Divina Commedia' (Dante and Virgil crossing over to the city of Dis); and we have in Room 13 of the present exhibition a wall-ful of pictures by M. Henri Martin, most of which are inspired by Dante and his poems. But M. Martin's pictures are in no sense illustrations. He has inspired himself from Dante in the sense that, in every part, his canvas, his three or four large canvases one should say, are designed, by the method of workmanship, by the colours chosen, by the forms presented, to translate into the medium of the painter's art what he has received from the other. We may quarrel with M. Martin's methods (we *do* quarrel with this stippling pastel style of his); we may consider his pictures too aerial, or the attitudes affected. But what we cannot deny is that they have about them a certain principle of unity; that they translate for us an idea in the mind of the artist, not a piece of information which he has got

from his author. And in some of these canvases (in 'Sérénité,' for example, in the figure of the young man lying and supporting his head upon his hands) we have work of exquisite grace and beauty, absolutely in the spirit, not perhaps so much of the 'Comedy,' as of the softer love-poetry of that age, the love-poetry of Dante and his cycle, and of their predecessors, the troubadours.

And, to carry the illustration a step further, let us compare with these Dante pictures another by the same artist, which shows in another fashion how apart from purely literary influences may be those which inspire an imagination. The Dante pictures of M. Henri Martin are not the best among the very important work which he exhibits; the best is the picture 'Vers l'abîme.'* 'Vers l'abîme' was exhibited a year or two ago in the Continental Gallery, but in so small a room that it could not be seen; it had figured in the 'salon' the summer previous. The mere *subject* is commonplace enough, with something of vulgarity in it—a vulgarity which in the painting reveals itself in the transparent black robe and mittens of the woman who, in strong evening sunlight, is leading a crowd through a sterile valley towards the abyss. As a motive it would have done well enough for Steinlen and 'Gil Blas.' It is the treatment, the arrangement only of form and colour, which raises this painting to a high, if not to the highest, rank. The poetry of the picture lies where the poetry of the plastic arts should before all things lie, not in the literary idea evoked in the mind of the spectator, but in the figures and faces of the picture, and in the harmony of tones set before his eye. The figures are, many of them, very pathetic—one old man upon his knees, one woman with fair hair trying to hold back her husband. And they are immensely affecting, in a second degree, by a certain cleanness and yet unobtrusiveness of drawing, and for the delicacy of their tones and their admirable contrast: the old man with the roses in his hair, the green robe of the fair-haired woman; and then again the pink of the sterile rocks, the blue of the sky, the blue-black ravens hovering over the crowd. The picture is absolutely full of colour, yet it never seems garish or offensive.

We in England have in Mr. Watts a painter of very much the same calibre as M. Henri Martin, and of a more manly method of painting.† Sometimes Mr. Watts is quite free

* No. 1322. † But, alas! a much inferior draughtsman.

from the influence of the literary method. He is so, for example, in 'Chaos.' You feel in that picture that, whatever its merits—technically it is not among Mr. Watts's best work—the imagination of the artist has gone straight to the visual effect. In 'Hope' you feel the contrary. The pictorial beauty of the picture is considerable; it lies in the colouring, in the attitude of Hope with her bowed head. But there is much besides. The broken string of the lyre, the awkward position of Hope astride of a globe, have no pictorial merit; they are designed to appeal, and do appeal, in a tolerably commonplace way, to the literary instincts of the crowd.

These instances have been first chosen precisely because M. Henri Martin's art—perhaps of all the art shown in the present exhibition—most nearly approaches the domain of literature and poetry, in that it is highly imaginative, anything but an art of mere outward impression. And it is a fact that, throughout all its multitudinous developement, we see in modern painting, more than aught else, the tokens of this revolt against literary domination, and thereby a determination to express only what (in the view of the painter) can properly be expressed by his form of plastic art. Or we may speak more liberally, and say that which, in the view of the painter, *he* could express most properly through his form of plastic art: this is his primal motive. It is just because this modern art is non-literary that it is so hard to describe it in words: harder yet to claim for it the sympathy of those who think in words. It has, for the most part, gone on the way of its developement silently; and the critics have continued to be the expounders of an earlier tradition.

There are naturally transition stages not always easy to define. The time of transition lies somewhere about the epoch of the Barbizon school—that is to say, in the sixties. Those who form what is called the Barbizon school are, in a certain sense, literary painters. Millet illustrates (in a fashion) the life of the peasant, from his cradle to his grave;* just as Rousseau illustrates, in a fashion, the various forms of tree-growth in Fontainebleau Forest, and, *par excellence*, one might say, the life of an oak, from its cradle to its grave.

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* J. F. Millet is represented in this exhibition by half-a-dozen paintings, whereof the best are the well-known 'Homme à la houe' and 'Le retour des champs,' and by twenty interesting drawings. He is too original and single a painter to be discussed here.

With the rise of the *plein-air* school, at all events, the movement becomes self-conscious. For the essential principle at the root of the *plein-air* treatment was that you must see your peasant in his surroundings; and that means that you must get your impulse or inspiration from the present sight of him in his present place—in other words, you must get an impression of him as and where he stands at the moment. You must not, as Millet did, think of his character or his past history; you must not take him chiefly as an intellectual idea, but as you best may by lying in wait for the impression which he makes upon your sensibilities.

The *plein-air* school is not well represented in this exhibition—not, at any rate, in the French section. There are some half-a-dozen pictures, by Bastien Lepage, in the centenary portion, no one large, or suggestive of the place which Bastien really holds in the history of art. 'Les 'pommiers gêlés' is his best picture here. A petrified example of this school by Mr. Weldon Hawkins—who seems to have changed his nationality to become a Frenchman—has been taken from the Luxembourg to hang just outside Room No. 22.* On the other hand, the English plein-airists are too well known to need special mention here. In changed forms that 'movement' has many representatives among French artists,† for it very early combined its methods with those of the painters who had set forth to make new discoveries in the territory of light and shade.‡

It is evident that the tendency of the revolt of painting against literary influence must, on the whole, be in the direction of impressionism, because, if the artist do not work under the stimulus of some suggestion from outside—outside the domain of his art, we mean—he must cultivate the keenness of sensibility which will receive a suggestion from everything presented to his eye. If he

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* Dagnan Bouveret began as a most distinct plein-airist, as we see by his early work, 'Bretonnes au pardon,' in Room 2.

† M. Darien is essentially a plein-airist. But his best picture in the exhibition is a half-interior, 'Les halles' (Room 16).

‡ We are careful not to use the ambiguous word *chiaroscuro*, which would be totally misleading in this connexion. Ruskin uses the word *chiaroscuro*, without doubt, in the most scientific signification, i.e. as simply the light and shade which give effects of form, of atmosphere and distance either in nature or in a picture. But the common use of *chiaroscuro* is more artificial—to signify the arrangement of light and shade in a picture calculated to produce a certain decorative effect.

have a great and creative imagination, this mere external stimulus may be again overshadowed by that creative faculty. But with the majority of painters such will not be the case. Wherefore the movement of modern art must in a sense also make towards realism. A sort of offshoot of the *plein-air* movement was the study of what one may paralogistically call the *plein-air* interior, which was an attempt to see the affairs of everyday life in a more picturesque way than people had done hitherto.

This, and the mere reaction against the heaviness and oiliness of the foregoing masters, produced not only a nicer understanding of the realities of light and shade, but it more particularly encouraged in the new school attempts to show the condition either of a room or of a landscape flooded with light. A class of pictures came into vogue from which almost all idea of shade seems to be excluded. This fashion of painting was, no doubt, in the sum an affectation; and this special school, both in the conceit of its revolt from the past, and in the novelty of its methods, is not unfairly characterised by Delacroix. 'The *cachet*,' he writes, 'of the young school is, first of all, their self-'assurance, and, secondly, their eternal blue and their light, 'which looks as if it had been made of flour (*qui semble 'faite de la farine*).' Not the less must the effect of this new method have been very impressive, and far from unpleasing, when it was first put in practice. And, as a fact, this love of white and floury light has become altogether characteristic of French painting, and has penetrated into many examples thereof not otherwise revolutionary. It may be seen in its extremest form in a picture in the Luxembourg Gallery, by Alfred de Richemont—a picture which, though it is in our sense of the word so 'unliterary,' happens to have a literary interest, for it is taken from Zola's novel 'Le rêve.' It is an effect of white dawn in a white room, where a lamp still sheds some light. There are plentiful examples of this *lumière faite de la farine* in the exhibition: the best part of a wall taken up by M. Montenard;* the graceful, over-sweet nymphs of Raphael Collin dancing on the sea-shore ('Au bord de la mer,' Room 16). These are extreme cases. Even pictures such as Gervex's immense canvas on the prize-giving at the Exhibition of 1889 show the invasion of the *lumière farinée*; contrast, as such, this example with Roybet's large historical

* Room 5.

canvas in Room 11. M. Rochegrosse is another partial adherent of this school.* A dozen years and more ago, under the realistic influence perhaps of M. Zola, the favourite kind of pictures for displaying these effects of vivid white light were scenes at hospital bedsides. Few of this particular class have survived into the period represented in the present collection.

The picture of M. de Richemont's, which was taken as a kind of ensample of the flour-light school, has an effect of lamplight mingling with daylight. And pictures of that kind form a distinct subsection of the 'light-effect' *genre*. Then there are others which deal with lamplight only, or with firelight and lamplight, and so forth. There is nothing in itself new in the attempting such effects. It is the general light tone of the pictures, rarely in any part much below that of ultramarine blue, which differentiates all this class of work from pictures of artificial light by the foregoing masters, who had inherited such a different scheme from Rembrandt.†

Taking it all through, this school of the light effects, whether out of doors or indoors, is distinguished, as Delacroix says, by its excessive use of ultramarine, and also by the monotony and recurrence of its colour schemes, the smallness of its palette. Almost all the landscapes of this class are white, pink, and purple; the lamplit interiors are yellow and blue; and there is a third subsection which delights in evening effects, and in such all the landscape is flooded (not illegitimately, of course, but with a monotonous persistence) in a blue mist.‡ These evening scenes, however, though they may be legitimately connected with the flour-light painting, are also a sub-class of the older *plein-air* school; they hold of both influences. It is not strong and not varied, the

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* Not so much in his ugly 'Death of Gratian' and 'La course au bonheur,' exhibited here, as in the much more pleasing 'Chevalier aux fleurs' in the Luxembourg. M. Chartran's 'Saint François d'Assise au labour' (Room 11) is a special variety of the same *genre*, showing the blue or purple mist peculiarity spoken of below.

† MM. Friant in No. 800 ('Fiançailles'), Vollet in No. 1893 ('Au crépuscule'), and Breanté No. 284 ('Le matin'), may be cited as characteristic examples of the modern way of treating artificial light. We notice, but to place in a rather different category, those who, like Degas in many of his pictures, like Dannat or C. Bergès ('Flamencas,' Room 5), have presented violent action (generally dancing) under artificial light.

‡ Compare Nos. 32 (Room 7) and 700, 701 (Room 11).

whole of this kind of painting.* But it has produced some beautiful work; and the effect of it upon the spirit—if a man should let his mind wander among and rest with the best works in this kind that he has seen—is immensely peaceful and reposing.†

Further, out of the undistinguished body of this school have sprung some painters of marked originality, each of whom has made an art of his own. One such is M. Besnard, notable above all for his love of prismatic colouring, and a palette from which all sombre tints, all blacks and browns, seem to have been inexorably driven; so that horses which we should call black and bright bay become for M. Besnard purple and pink. In such a case as his 'Poneys (*sic*) au soleil' or 'Marché aux chevaux Arabes,' Nos. 156 and 162 of this exhibition, we see the painter in his extravagance. But he is a master in vivid effects of light, such effects as were undreamt of by the painters of an earlier age, and find no correspondence in the pictures painted in this country. Along with these effects of light we have sometimes an extraordinary movement; as in the portrait of Madame Réjane (known only as 'Portrait de théâtre'‡), which is familiar to most Englishmen from having been exhibited in this country.

We may be sure that this prismatic painting will, in a short time—if it has not already—come to constitute a new school, and a recognisable *genre*. We see all kinds of painters showing a leaning that way, and swerving from the path which they seemed to have traced out for themselves. One such is Mr. Alexander Harrison, the American painter of sea pictures. A few years ago Mr. Harrison's forte lay in his drawing of the shapes of waves. Of late he has given himself up—not with very happy results—to the most brilliant contrasts of colour in calm water.§

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* It naturally lends itself also to a symbolic or allegorical art, which oftentimes is sufficiently feeble; compare Allegre's 'Marseille.' De Richemont has several pictures of this kind in the Exhibition, Nos. 1604, 1606, &c. Howbeit Martin's pictures are likewise symbolical or allegorical; and they are far from being feeble.

† Jeannot's 'Vieux ménage' (No. 1057) and Tanzi's 'St. Cloud' (No. 1802) may be cited as further instances of the types we have been describing.

‡ No. 158.

§ Another painter who has a similar, but perhaps more original, taste for prismatic colours is Mr. Blair Bruce, whose pictures are the best in the Canadian section. Notice especially his 'Childhood of

In the various types of paintings which we have been of late trying to describe—in the white walls and beds of the hospital pictures, where the black figures are introduced only for their effect of contrast, in the pink and purple landscapes; in the lamplights shining on a white book or on blonde hair; in the changing rainbow effects of M. Besnard, and even in the blue misty evening pictures where some fire is generally found burning withal—the primal impulse in every case has been essentially the same: to realise the great stir to the senses, and through them to the imagination caused by sudden effects of light.* And we maintain that they are all the historical and the logical outcome of that movement which produced the *plein-air* school. This statement will, it is certain, be questioned, because, in this age of revolutions, it is common for children to disown their parents. There is another school which seems to have an intention quite different from any of these artificers of light and colour, and that is the Fresco school, which must always be associated with the name and work of Puvis de Chavannes. The work of Puvis is ill represented in this exhibition; and, indeed, it can never be rightly represented in any collection of easel pictures. Puvis can only be studied properly in his frescoes, as those in the Hôtel de Ville or the Panthéon. Even when he has been studied, it is difficult to characterise his art; though it is easy to tell the visible elements whereof it is composed—an excessive simplicity, the laying on of colour in the broadest possible masses, and the use of very light and transparent tones. That within certain limits this mural art is very effective cannot be denied. It always stands out in marked contrast to the other frescoes by which it is surrounded, and with as notable a superiority to them in the simplicity of its decorative effects. But it might be argued that in this respect a mere arrangement of colour, without any attempt at representation, would have the same advantage. For mere colour is all that is needed to complete the effects of architecture. It is, we confess, only in its influence upon the painting of posters that the art of De Chavannes seemed to us to have conferred notable obligations on mankind. Had Puvis not gone first, such admirable designers of 'affiches' as Lautrec and Berthon

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Vulcan.' E. Claus, of the Belgian section, affords another instance; compare his 'Passage des vaches,' No. 49.

* Sudden, in that the spectator is suddenly introduced to them; that is the intention of the picture in every case.

would not have followed after. And if such a summary of the outcome of Puvis de Chavannes' influence seem, as it will seem to his admirers, meagre or utterly incomplete, this much may be pleaded, that the present review of art is professedly based upon a review of the pictures in the Grand Palais of the Exhibition, and that Puvis has no proper representation there. Nor will we attempt to affiliate a school of painting which confessedly we have not here appreciated. That in its origin this mural school touched not slightly the school of the white and chalky light (of the *lumière faite de la farine*) which we spoke of just now, of that there can be little doubt. But how soon and how far afterwards, or again under the influence of what aims and inspirations, it diverged therefrom, these are matters not easy to determine. In its final aims, which are professedly permanent and monumental, it might seem to contrast as much as it was possible for painting to do with any attempt to render the momentary effects of light and colour.

In that it is essentially decorative, and in a certain way idealistic, the school of Puvis has relations with our later Pre-Raphaelite school, e.g. with the work of Burne-Jones. This kind of art we must, however, be content to leave undiscussed here. This, too, has had a notable influence on decorative work, on black-and-white, on needlework design, on stained glass, and so forth. It does not seem likely to affect greatly the future developement of painting in any country.

Though we profess not to do it justice here, the consideration of the French mural school leads by natural transition to the work of men such as M. Henri Martin, and others who more or less adopt his methods and his aims.* Painting of this kind is designed to approach fresco-painting. It is meant, too, to be monumental: it proposes to raise us into an atmosphere which is not only not of instantaneous impression, but is not quite that of earth at all; and it is in a high sense decorative. That M. Martin himself is a master we believe to admit of no dispute. In the hands of inferior painters—men neither endowed with his vivid colour-sense nor his imagination—a similar *genre* of painting easily descends to mere æsthetic prettiness. This is likewise past question; and M. Aman Jean is here to offer the proving example.†

* Such as MM. Legarde (cf. esp. No. 1088), Duhem ('Ste. Geneviève,' 'Paix de la nuit'), and Steck ('Tendre automne').

† Aman Jean is, perhaps, rather to be reckoned a disciple of Puvis

And now we must pause a moment, turn aside from the evolution of the 'light-effect' painters, and retrace our steps to look at a class of pictures which form the most striking contrast imaginable to all those orders which up to now we have been describing.

The school from which these works proceed may be described as the Breton school, for that they are almost always inspired by scenes of Breton peasant life. M. Dagnan Bouveret must, so far as any existing art is concerned, be reckoned the parent of this Breton painting. It began as an offshoot of the *plein-air* art. But whether through the influence of the people it dealt with, or from some other cause, it soon grew to be much more serious and more literary than any other kind of peasant-life painting of that school, and approached more to the work of Millet. We mean by this, what we always mean by literary art, that it went much farther than the *plein-air* painting did in giving the character of the people, painting what it *knew*, not only what it saw. At one time this school had an immense vogue. Now it has almost died away. Dagnan has turned his attention elsewhere. In the present exhibition he is represented best of all by his 'Last Supper,' which, though it is quite different from any of the light-effect pictures spoken of before, is yet before all things else an effect of light. But the Breton school survives in at least one very remarkable work, the triptych, by M. Collet, showing three scenes connected with the farewell of the Breton Pêcheur d'Islande.* A work almost exactly of the same kind—obviously copied from Collet in fact, but an improvement upon him—by M. Charlet was shown at the 'new salon' last year.

This is a parenthesis. We turn now to follow another wide-spreading and deep-reaching current of art, which, though it started from the same primal cause—the revolt against literature—that produced all the schools of light and colour, took a quite different course.

In the fifth chapter of the second book of 'Modern 'Painters' Ruskin discusses what he calls the primary and secondary truths of painting, and, as will be remembered, sets off with a quotation from Locke. The outcome of this authority and of this discussion is, according to the critic, that truths of form are far more important than truths of

than directly connected with the work of M. Martin. His art would be charming for *affiches*. It is too weak for oil-paintings.

* No. 508. The full title is 'Repas d'adieu; ceux qui sont partis; celles qui restent.'

colour, because the latter depend upon a hundred changing accidents of light. The statement is in a sense true. What is most noticeable about it is not its measure of truth, but the principle by which the truth is established —namely, by no appeal to *facts* in the history of art, but to a philosophical judgement which lies quite outside the range of art. It is true that in the enlacement of the branches of a tree, the stratification of a rock, we have things permanent in themselves, and, considered as the objects of philosophy or of literature, of more importance than effects of colour and light. But, as subjects for treatment in a picture, it by no means follows that the forms are the most permanent elements. Move ten yards away, and these fixed shapes may have changed utterly, while the colours of the things have little changed. How, then, can we say that *for the painter* one truth is more primary than the other? Or how can what we *know* to have been the appearance of the rock from one point of view affect what we see its appearance to be from our present point of view? * It was from the literary standpoint that Ruskin judged. There is no reason in the nature of things why painting should consent to be bound by such rules,† for they are founded on philosophical generalisations, not on mere experience.

Howbeit there is in painting which is pure representation an element which is not precisely either colour or form, which is of great moment to the truth of the painting, and which yet by the majority of past schools has been greatly lost sight of. This is that distribution of light and shade over the whole scene, which gives their relief to individual objects, and gives the effect of distance between one object and another. It is common nowadays to speak of this

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* For instance, the trees upon a tolerably near horizon may show perfectly clear outlines. Ruskin would, of course, say that it was a high crime in the painter not to delineate the form of each faithfully. Yet two steps to the right or left will destroy these forms or groupings and reveal fresh ones. It is absurd, therefore, seriously to maintain that the first grouping was a more essential truth in the picture than the second grouping.

† 'In the nature of things'; i.e. considered as merely subjects of art. We cannot of course utterly overlook our philosophic or literary interests in things; and it is certainly true that the revolt towards impressionism in all things has too much destroyed the sense of form among modern painters. In the case of the human form it undoubtedly has done so. That is, however, a rather different question,

element as the 'values' of a picture; the word 'chiaroscuro,' which should naturally have the same signification, having been perverted to a different use.* These 'values' are not essentially different from 'atmosphere;' and yet the interchange of the two terms would probably soon lead to confusion. Even among the perfect ancients—even with Titian and Rembrandt—the values of a picture are rarely given with utter correctness. Velasquez alone is nearly impeccable in the matter. And it is probably because Velasquez has long been better appreciated in France than in England that the first perception of values in modern painting comes from France. The master in this branch of art is Mr. Whistler, though of course he had his predecessors: and Mr. Whistler studied first in France.

Two years ago there was to be seen in the International Exhibition at Knightsbridge an early picture by Whistler, 'The piano picture,' the subject, a lady playing, a child resting its arms upon a piano. The dress shows it to have been painted in the earlier sixties, that is, we assume, when Mr. Whistler first came from France to work in this country. It is a picture of extraordinary interest, when we consider the date to which it belongs, on account of the wonderful accuracy which it shows in this particular, in the treatment of light and shade as they give effect of distance. Let us recall that this picture is contemporary with such works of the English Millais as 'The ransom,' or 'Sleeping,' pictures which, excellent in many technical qualities, are quite deficient in this all-important sense of values. For all-important it is now reckoned. Mr. Whistler is, of course, distinguished by many gifts besides that of a knowledge of values; but in the history of art his name will, more than that of any contemporary painter, be associated with this particular acquisition in technique. Now all schools and all sects of painters have grown to understand more or less what is required of them in this regard; not alone Mr. Whistler's more immediate disciples, such as the portrait-painters of what is called the Glasgow school, or some of those who are conspicuous in the New English Art Club, or such again as M. Da Gandara in France, Mr. Humphreys Johnston in America, but all our younger painters, those, for instance, of the Cornish schools; these have all learnt the art.†

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* See note above, p. 193.

† It would, in fact, be difficult to choose for the English reader a

But though in a general way the sense of values is a universal acquisition, there are some painters who have studied it in a much more intimate and subtle way than the general; and of these Mr. Whistler is the chief. It would be too long a matter—and useless moreover by the help of words alone—to discuss or to explain Mr. Whistler's system in the distribution of light and shadow in his pictures, the exceeding subtlety in his rendering of all the 'planes' in a face, or again, the use he makes of colour to contrast or harmonise with these delicate effects of light and shade. This of Mr. Whistler's portraits; but, changing what should be changed, it applies no less to his landscapes. And there is another reason for not dwelling as long as one might wish on this painter's place in contemporary painting—that he is insufficiently represented in the present exhibition.* M. Da Gandara fairly well speaks for the same movement; and though he is, of course, far less original than the other, he has certain excellences of his own. A number of works by this painter are exhibited, and one of them of great merit.† Another painter who has found out a method of his own for producing the same effects of value is M. Eugène Carrière. He has been accorded a great deal of space, almost an entire wall. At first sight, nothing could seem more extraordinary than M. Carrière's work. Why, one asks, is the whole canvas reduced almost to a monochrome, and everybody on it represented as seen through a brown fog?

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better illustration for what is understood by 'values' than to bid him compare two pictures in the Tate Gallery which are not far from one another—one, Martineau's 'Last day in the old home'—a picture of the early pre-Raphaelite school; the other, an excellent example of what used to be known as the Newlyn school, Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'The health of the bride.' He will then understand the progress that has been made in the art of rendering effects of atmosphere and distance.

* Mr. Whistler has two portraits—one of himself, the other of Mrs. Charles Whibley. Both are very good. But we need some of his sea-pieces or landscapes, and some portraits, which should show better than these do his use of colour (cf. the 'Lady Meux'), if we are to form any judgement of his art and methods.

† Room 18. Unfortunately we have not marked the number of the best of M. Da Gandara's portraits. We believe it to be a portrait of the Comtesse de Noailles. M. G. Biessy (especially No. 170) is another disciple; and Mr. Snell, 'Crépuscule sur mer' (American Section, No. 287), affords a good example of a disciple's work in landscape. But in truth examples such as these are too numerous and too well known.

What is the meaning of those sharpened features and preternaturally black eyes? Howbeit, we cannot look long at M. Carrière's work without appreciating, as we do in Mr. Whistler's, his great understanding in the same matter, the lighting of different planes upon a face, of different strata, one may say, in an atmosphere. The two pictures among M. Carrière's eight or nine which specially deserve notice are that called 'Théâtre populaire,'* and that called 'L'étude.'†

The school of painters with whom we have last been dealing, whose canvases are as a rule extremely sober in hue, whose blacks and browns predominate in their palette, are connected with the school of the flour-light painting leading on to the prismatic painting of Besnard and his like, by the fact that they sprang from the same primary impulse; and in consequence by the attention which all alike have given to the mere technique of their art, and to their determination to be inspired only by the thing seen and the thing to be shown upon their canvas. Thus all are essentially realistic. Yet the degree in which they are so, and the kind of realism in which they deal, will depend upon the character of each individual painter. A mystery hangs about the work of Whistler, and of Carrière likewise; and M. Besnard's coloured effects are sometimes so beautiful and delicate that they seem hardly to belong to the actual world.‡ But there is another painter born of the same movement, the equal in technique of any of these, and perhaps their superior in originality, who is distinguished by an almost brutal realism. This is Édouard Manet. Manet is seen only in the centenary section; for he died six years before the opening of the previous exhibition. Yet, though Manet has thus become to his admirers a master and a classic, the great body even of French picture-lovers are strangers to his work to-day; and in this country his name is still little known. Never before has a finer collection of Manet's pictures been shown in a public exhibition than is to be seen here. It is work very difficult to characterise. Manet was an intimate friend of Zola, and the French novelist was one of his earliest champions. No doubt there was something similar in their way of regarding their separate arts, for Zola's realism likewise may certainly be charac-

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* No. 375. † No. 380.

‡ For example, the landscape in the Luxembourg Gallery, 'Port d'Alger au crépuscule.'

terised as brutal.* But in either case if you take exception to the aim, you certainly cannot deny the effect. Beside any one of Manet's pictures, its neighbours look like what they are—painted canvas; while his figures seem to be endowed with life. The picture in Room XXIX. (separated from the great body of Manet's works, which are in Room XXV.), wherein in the foreground we see a boy in velvet jacket seated on the edge of a table, is an excellent example of Manet's peculiar power; as is that other in Room XXV. called 'Un bar aux Folies-Bergères.' All the remaining pictures are of very great interest,† though it must be said that they are almost all ugly. For a specimen of a picture by Manet which is not ugly we must go to the 'Olympia,' in the Luxembourg Gallery. Such as he is, Manet stands very much alone. It was easy to imitate him slavishly, and one picture exhibited in Room XXV. ('La loge,' by Mlle. Gonzalès) is so close and so successful a copy of Manet's manner that it might easily be mistaken for his work. Many other painters have adopted certain of his tricks,‡ and of late years it has been possible to distinguish in the French salons quite a series of outdoor effects all with the trees outlined in black in the Manet fashion. But in the proper sense of the word this painter never founded a school. And towards the end of his life his painting was deflected into a new manner by the influence of a younger artist, M. Claude Monet.

It might seem that the ground principle of all the new movement in art—which we have declared to be a rebellion against literary art—could have little influence over one branch, landscape-painting. As a fact the very conventional landscape-painting of the last century was in a degree literary. But this lies so far behind us that we need not

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* Manet very well fulfils Zola's requirements for an artist: 'Une nature qui saisisse largement de la Nature en la main, et la plante debout devant vous.'—'Mon Salon' (1866). This passage was not written expressly of Manet.

† One or two of them have likewise, in an accidental way, a connexion with literature. No. 440, the 'Déjeuner sur l'herbe,' is the picture described in an early chapter of Zola's 'L'œuvre.' What should be No. 447, 'Ledéjeuner dans l'atelier,' (it was misnumbered 280 when we saw it), gives portraits of Verlaine, Rimbaud, and others.

‡ M. Raffaelli is, perhaps, among painters of some distinction, as near a disciple of Manet as could be found. He exhibits a large number of pictures in the decennial section, and some in the centennial (Room XXIX.)

trouble ourselves therewith. It is unquestionable that the impulse producing the modern changes in subject-pictures and in portraits has been less observable in this field of landscape; so that between the older landscape-painting and a great deal of the new no clear line of cleavage can be shown. Corot, for all his grace and charm, and for the general truthfulness of his representation, belongs more to the past than to the future. We have already spoken of Théodore Rousseau's treatment of his subjects as literary in this sense that it is the reverse of impressionist. The same holds true of the painting of Diaz, or of Troyon, his contemporaries.* Since then, in the hands of a large number of painters of talent, landscape-painting has developed in a natural manner. Landscape-painters of the sort of Ch. Busson, Simonnet, Guillemet, Meunier,† Pointelin, Damoye, Quignon, Rigolot, may be studied in and for themselves; they show immense varieties of treatment, but no special intention, no chosen side. Of another painter of talent, Ménard, so much cannot be said; but his *parti pris* is altogether against modernity, a determination to go back towards the beautiful artificiality of Claude. There has been another set of landscape-painters who have come more under the influence of the movement, for they hold of the schools who strove after effects of light. These are they who of fixed resolve make their pictures all blue, all violet, and pink, and so forth. It is difficult to say whether we ought to reckon among the absolutely normal developement of landscape, or as belonging to the school of light-effects, those efforts so essentially modern to paint landscape in very strong sunlight. We have several examples of this among the French school.‡ But, as has been already said, by far the most brilliant and striking are met with in the Spanish section.

But there are some schools of landscape-painting without question due to the same influences that have produced the special developements of modern painting already discussed. We have already said and shown why the *plein-air* movement must in the end, and by logical sequence, lead to impres-

* Diaz de la Peña was born in 1808; Troyon in 1810; Th. Rousseau in 1812. J. F. Millet was a few years younger than Rousseau. Corot was twelve years Diaz's senior.

† Meunier, a closer follower of Corot than most of his contemporaries, began by some charming work. His eye seems to have lost its delicacy of late.

‡ Montenard may be reckoned one.

sionism. It may be added that, by the same logical necessity, impressionism was sure to advance in its significance. The labourer in the fields, the peasant in his cottage—or for that matter the gentleman who was sitting for his portrait—must, according to the new principle, be looked at in his surroundings and considered, as it were, a part of them. But how long he is to be thus seen is not decided. Only, as every living thing does constantly change its place, it is *natural* to assume that the man and his environment have been taken in at a glance. Wherefore we are brought straight to the habit of thought which in painting would apprehend everything and every aspect of nature at a glance. For everything in nature changes; if the leaves do not move, at least the sunlight on them shifts. That is to say, we are brought to the very antithesis of the temper of mind in which Ruskin wrote when he pleaded for the importance of form as against colour, or when he spoke, as he did so well, of the 'loving' and 'faithful' way in which the objects of nature should be handled by the painter. In Room XXIX. we have a collection of painters who all express the 'last 'word' of the impressionism we have been describing. Their constant endeavour is to show the passing shadow on a face, the passing flicker of sunlight among leaves. Claude Monet is reckoned the chief among these; his friends and fellow-craftsmen, Sisley, Pissaro, Renoir, have each his own excellences and his characteristic defects. It is neither for excellences nor for defects that they hold a special place in what we have described as the movement of modern art, but because their workmanship shows the extremist point in a certain tendency, which it has been our hint to try to characterise and explain.

It is then, perhaps, time to expect—most people would certainly say to hope for—a reaction against the reaction, and for something which shall carry us nearer to the old ways. But we must not look that painting will ever again quite tread those ancient paths. The 'new movement,' however extravagant in parts, has in it a certain logic and a certain necessity. This is not saying that the painting of the future must be mere realism, mere impressionism, or, in any way, necessarily more earthly of the earth than heretofore. As Ruskin, who would have been, nay by anticipation was, most unfriendly to this movement, reminds us, the difference between great and mean art lies not in technique, not in the handling of the subject, but in the mind and character of the painter, and the nobleness of the end to which he is

addressed. 'We cannot say that a painter is great because 'he paints boldly or paints delicately, because he generalises 'or particularises, because he loves detail, or because he 'despises it. He is great if by any of these means he has 'laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions.' Though at this moment the plastic arts in France and elsewhere seem rather on the decline, yet it can in no wise be said that painting will find in itself no principles of regeneration; or that there is no occasion for the arousing of noble emotions in a kind of art which shall speak, much more directly than great painting has yet done, through the medium of its proper self; in the same sense that music so speaks when it is written by a Beethoven. For such a regeneration and for such a new and high art we must perforce wait. But we are not forbidden to hope.

ART. X.—1. *The Danvers Jewels.* By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. London: Bentley, 1887.

2. *Sir Charles Danvers.* By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. London: Bentley, 1889.

3. *Diana Tempest.* By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. London: Bentley, 1893.

4. *Red Pottage.* By MARY CHOLMONDELEY. London: Arnold, 1899.

5. *Concerning Isabel Carnaby.* By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1898.

6. *The Double Thread.* By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. London: Hutchinson, 1899.

7. *The Farringdons.* By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. London: Hutchinson, 1900.

THERE is nothing more vexing and misleading than an arbitrary classification; but, after all, names are a necessity, and it is impossible to talk about the modern novel with any chance of distinctness unless one specifies the class of novel that is referred to. And, since prose fiction began to stand alone as a separate art, there have always been two main types of story—the novel of incident and the novel of observation. Naturally the types have overlapped; human intelligence more than anything else in the world refuses to be shut into watertight compartments; but still there exists a broad distinction between the story told as a traveller may tell his adventures in Abyssinia or Peru, and the story concerned from start to finish with circumstances familiar to the audience in their own daily life. And—broadly speaking again—the novel of incident commends itself to men, the novel of observation to women. Our curiosity is limited by our imagination, and the bulk of us care most for the recital of such actions as we can see ourselves take part in. In the secret chambers of our mind we still play, as we played when we were children, at being heroes and heroines, though we select the precise type of heroism (or villany) with a little more discrimination. We do not aspire after the entirely incongruous; if our flesh has succumbed under the ordeal of a Channel crossing, we avoid the identification of ourselves with the young rescuer of the shipwrecked. But still, there is scarcely a man so tied by custom in soul as well as body to his office-stool that he does not conceive it possible, and even desirable,

that he too might take a hand in bloodshed and feel the lust of combat rise in his veins. The battle instinct survives in the sex that did the fighting long after there had ceased to be any fighting for it to do. But woman, who in the old times readily identified her emotions with those of the valiant knight, and who listened—or so one may suppose from the old forms of literature—with more interest to the recital of innumerable tourneyings than to any love song—she has greatly lost touch with these fiercer emotions; and among novel-readers women make the majority.

That is why in every novel the love interest is obligatory. When you have that, you have something that appeals to every woman—something that she can compare, not, perhaps, with her actual experiences, but with those infinite capabilities of which she alone is aware; and therefore, to win her approbation, if the story be one of risks and adventures, they must at least be risked and adventured for the sake of a woman. If the novelist neglects this interest he does so at his peril; women have hardly yet become reconciled to Stevenson, because in the books by which he became famous there was no love-story. Still, in Stevenson there was always that charm which is not proper to the novel as a novel—the fascination of romance; the sense everywhere, at every turn of the narrative, that there is something waiting always just beyond the corner; and this touch of mystery is felt less by women than by men, yet it is felt by all human beings who have a susceptibility to the influences of literature. But give to the average educated lady a book like Mr. Morley Roberts's 'Sea Comedy,' which is simply an admirable yarn of rough-and-tumble adventure, with the grimmest issues taken in a jesting spirit, and the book will have no interest for her. She has no possible concern in the scenes that pass on board a ship homeward bound from Australia with a crew of broken miners, half of them 'Shanghaied' or trepanned, and every mother's son with a revolver in his pocket. But, on the other hand, every man will enter at once into the spirit of the adventure, and he will have a man's admiration for a man, the hard-fisted ruffian who first of all sharks up the crew out of hospitals and gambling dens, and then manages to keep such a makeshift for discipline as lands the ship safe in port without throat-cutting. If he had been labouring for the blue eyes of a fair-haired lass, discreetly suggested in the first chapter, hinted at in moments of high emotion throughout, and introduced with a pink halo on the last page, the book

might have been a novel in the orthodox form, and women might have read it; as it was, it remained a yarn, and one of the best of its kind, but Mudie's, probably, had very little call for copies.

A book of this sort is a saga, and a saga of the old Icelandic type; it appeals to man, the aboriginal fighting animal, who is more concerned with the fight than the motive of the fighter. But the pleasure of recognition, of identifying our own latent instincts translated into act, is, in a book like this, only for men, whereas the successful novel easily eschews such a limitation of the potential audience. The superficial interests of men and of women are to-day widely similar, and a novel that deals with the ordinary life of civilised society gives this pleasure to both sexes, but chiefly to the sex which is *par excellence* the sex of novel-readers. Hence, in spite of the vogue which the historical novel has recently attained, there arises the domination of the novel of manners; yet it must not be supposed that here the novelist has to move checked and fettered by the laws of common probability. The most popular novel of manners is that based mainly on imagination. It contrives to pay a double debt, gratifying the human interest in a story, and tickling the human curiosity where that curiosity is most sensitive. Mr. Hall Caine, in 'The Christian,' revealed to a palpitating public the monstrous wickedness that goes on in London hospitals, and showed how patients generally owe their lives to the sagacity and resolution of a raw probationer. The information was vouched for as accurate by the author, and it was just the information that the general public desired. Accuracy was a matter of slight importance; to have a picture of the life lived by people whom one met in the street, but not elsewhere, to see the true inwardness of what was only vaguely recorded in the newspapers—this the average novel-reader, the person in whose hands lie pecuniary success and failure, demanded of the popular instructor. For novels of manners resolve themselves into two classes—those which are based on knowledge and those which rear a fabric on imagination. And for solid success it is to the latter we should look. The power to gratify a popular curiosity accounts for the stupefying fact that Miss Marie Corelli is read by tens of thousands. She describes society—the haunt of wicked peers and abandoned peeresses—not exactly as it is, but exactly as her audience wishes to hear it described. Her books are to her audience 'as good as a sermon,' and much

better too, because they are more detailed. A work like Ouida's powerful piece of rhetoric, 'The Massarenes,' does not rest on direct observation, but it rests on facts; it is not life, but it comes as near life as satire is bound to do. A book like 'The Murder of Delicia' is true to nothing in heaven and earth but Miss Corelli's imagination. And yet Miss Corelli has been so successful that it is impossible, in an essay of this kind, to omit at least so much reference to her as is contained in saying that her work is entirely undeserving of any consideration.

Miss Corelli ranks as a novelist of manners by intention rather than by result, but it is plainly her intention to depict not so much individuals as classes; to render not a single character but the character of a society. The distinction is important for our present purpose, and it may be well to dwell upon it. A novelist who sets out to tell us what men and women *may be* like uses imagination for the purposes of psychology; one who tells us what they are like uses observation. The stronger the emotional interest, whether roused by violent and exciting incident or by the suggestion of some great spiritual crisis, the more difficult it is to avoid concentrating all attention on the principal figure, unless, like Scott, the writer fixes our minds on the events themselves rather than on the persons affected by them. But in the day of small things interest is diffused, and we observe all the actors, we note their individual peculiarities, we listen to general comment, every accessory has a value in its own right, we see things and people as they are in themselves, not in relation to some tragic personage. The room where a murderer sits takes a shadow from the murder, but the room where three old ladies combine to talk gossip has a physiognomy of its own. Where there is no overmastering central preoccupation the novelist may atone for its absence by the significance given to detail, and a catholicity of concern.

Let us illustrate by examples. In 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' Mr. Hardy's object is to portray character, but individual character, to show us the nature of Tess shaking off alien accretions and shooting up into the final glory of its tragic blossom. Every other actor affects us in a way through Tess; we judge them by their dealings with her, by their contrast to her figure or their harmony with it. So true an artist as Mr. Hardy is indifferent to no form of human life, but he depicts the surroundings for the sake of Tess. On the other hand the novelist of manners is concerned to combine and to contrast in the picture groups rather than indi-

viduals. There is no character in Miss Austen's works who so dominates a story, none who is such an emotional centre as Tess. But on the other hand look at the skill with which this subtle artist marks off not only individualities but the gradations between group and group in the very limited section of society that she knows and treats of. The county families, the stray visitors from the world of London, the professional men like the clergy and barristers, the indigent gentlefolk of country towns, who barely escape social relations with the shopkeeper—all these are differentiated so perfectly that every character which figures is true not only to its own nature, but to the class from which it comes. Miss Ferrier, aiming at a similar result, was forced to employ the most glaring contrasts—to plunge fine ladies into the house of a Highland laird, or bring a Highland lass in among the blue-stockings at Bath; and her work is superannuated these fifty years. Even Thackeray makes his task easier for himself than Miss Austen did; his oppositions were obvious; the life of the soldier or of the Bohemian is naturally incompatible with that of the stockbroker or merchant, and a less skilful hand could have drawn out the contrast between Major Pendennis and old Costigan. But after all, Thackeray would be the novelist of manners *par excellence* if he were not so much more. When subtlety of discrimination is needed it never fails, and the households of the prosperous Osbornes and the broken-down Sedleys are rendered in every detail with the same certain touch as Becky's card parties, or Lord Steyne's ball. But the genius of the novelist half obscures his art, and in thinking of Becky and Amelia we forget that, just to fill in the picture, he has accomplished what is the lifelong effort of laborious artists.

Recent fiction never attempts such a range as Thackeray's; it is prone to limit its study to a single class. Mr. George Gissing, to name a typical example, has written the novel of manners with genuine talent. His 'New Grub Street' is an amazing study of the people who live the most uncomfortable of all lives, between two classes; meeting on the stair that leads up and down from the recognised literary world. It is a sordid ascent, a squalid descent, as Mr. Gissing sees it, and that, perhaps, is why he is a neglected excellence. Mr. George Moore in 'Esther Waters' gained a wider popularity with a study conceived in a similar spirit, but dealing with a class—the hangers-on of race-courses—whose lives are of more general interest, and have less frequently been treated in literature. But for the full

measure of success the novel of manners must be the novel of Society—with a capital S. Mr. E. F. Benson recognised that fact some time ago, and made his profit out of it; his last book, 'Mammon & Co.,' gave the public what it wanted, a story about the sort of people with titles who not only are, but call themselves, 'smart' (an adjective we find it hard to reconcile our ear to), with details about a baccarat party thrown in. The book was clever enough, but, without entering into the questions of taste which it suggests, one has to object to its insincerity. A lady who misconducts herself without the excuse of passion is made to develop scruples which she certainly would not have felt; and this tampering with truth out of a desire to conciliate sympathy for a person who does not deserve it appears to us an offence against the morality of art. Mr. Benson gratifies at the same time the taste for scandal and the taste for false pathos; it is an achievement, but not one on which he is to be congratulated. Let us talk rather of two other novelists who come under the same classification—Miss Cholmondeley, who is much more talented than Mr. Benson, and Miss Fowler, who is much more successful.

The first fact that strikes one about these ladies is the fact of their sex. They are both novelists who write stories exclusively about love, but who write them as social philosophers. They are both somewhat sententious, and the main text of their moralisings is love. Consequently, one is led to the conclusion that the British public delights in novels which consist mainly in moralisings about love, and that it likes the moralisings about love to be done by unmarried women. One must distinguish, however. Miss Cholmondeley, who is not nearly so lavish of her aphorisms, writes, it is true, like a woman with a limited outlook upon life, but she writes like a woman of the world. Miss Fowler writes like a clever girl. It is true that the public thinks her, and with some reason, to be extremely witty; but we have a shrewd suspicion that her readers also admire and buy her because she is so wise—almost as wise as Miss Corelli. That, however, is merely a matter of conjecture; our business is to say how the work of these two ladies, taken as outstanding representatives of their art, impresses our candid judgement.

Miss Cholmondeley does not date from yesterday, though her first notable success came after Miss Fowler's. 'Red 'Pottage,' the only one of her novels which 'took the town

'by storm,' appeared last autumn. The first of them, a story of less than the orthodox length, called 'The Danvers 'Jewels,' was published in 1887. As a piece of work it has no great merit, but it is of interest as proving that Miss Cholmondeley's first interest was in plot, and her first model Wilkie Collins. In this book the story—a story of wildly improbable robbery—is narrated in the first person by an elderly colonel who has that childlike faith in his own knowledge of the world, which is certainly more characteristic of elderly colonels, when they happen to be stupid, than of any other type of stupid man. The trick of making a narrator unconsciously expose his own oddities and shortcomings is one that had been worn rather threadbare in the generation to which Wilkie Collins belonged, and Miss Cholmondeley was no doubt conscious of the fact. But in one of the other characters she hit upon a type that interested her, and she made him the hero of her next novel which bore his name, 'Sir Charles Danvers.' About this book one need only say that it is a decidedly clever book with a good plot of the mechanical kind; that is to say, a plot in which interesting circumstances happen as they might conceivably have happened to those very people, and throughout which the characters behave consistently. A great plot is one like that of 'Vanity Fair,' in which the events arise naturally and inevitably out of the characters, with nothing arbitrary about it; but it is a difficult matter to invent a story, even with arbitrary elements, which shall be interesting and probable, and Miss Cholmondeley may fairly claim to have mastered this accomplishment at her second attempt. The book was in other ways characteristic; it showed a decided talent for that species of pointed moralising, which is a natural embellishment of the novel of manners, as, for example, in this passage:—

'If conformity to type is indeed the one great mark towards which humanity should press, Mrs. Thursby may honestly be said to have attained to it. Everything she said or did had been said or done before, or she would never have thought of saying or doing it. Her whole life was a feeble imitation of the imitative lives of others; in short, it was the life of the ordinary country gentlewoman, who lives on her husband's property, and who, as Augustus Hare says, "has never looked over the garden wall."'

It is tolerably obvious that this paragraph would have been materially improved by the omission of the last sentence; and in the book the effect of the opening epigram is further diluted by two full pages of expansion. However, satire

always tends to be diffuse; and satire was in that novel, and in its successors, a main part of Miss Cholmondeley's intention, and the objects of her satire have changed very little. Intolerance of provincialism, intolerance of stupid women, intolerance of stupid religion—those are natural marks of a clever woman living most of her time in the country. There was a positive glut of stupid women in that book, and one of them, Mrs. Alwynn, the almost imbecile wife of the kind and scholarly rector (a marriage not accounted for by Miss Cholmondeley), was a positive caricature. Indeed, Lady Mary, Sir Charles's matchmaking and religious aunt, is little more human. Satire has a license to overcharge traits; but Miss Cholmondeley has throughout failed to realise that all the characters in a novel ought to bear the same relation to life. If you overcharge consistently, as, for instance, Lever did, or Disraeli, or Dickens, the general effect is consistent; but if you obey the modesty of nature in one chapter, you must not affront it in another. This point must be raised here; but it can best be illustrated from 'Red Pottage.'

'Diana Tempest,' which appeared in 1893, was at least as good a book as the one which made such a sensation last year. It had really a capital plot, though, again, of the arbitrary Wilkie Collins order. Colonel Tempest is brother to Mr. Tempest, of Overleigh, and Mr. Tempest is dying. Mr. Tempest has an heir, born in wedlock, but illegitimate. Mr. Tempest knows this, Colonel Tempest knows it, every one knows it; and the boy, though brought up as the heir, has never been treated as a son. But there is a deadly feud between the brothers, since Colonel Tempest ran away with his brother's *fiancée*; and for that reason the owner of Overleigh lets the hereditary home pass to one who has only his name, and not his blood, sooner than see it go to a Tempest who first robbed him of the woman and then maltreated her. Nevertheless, Colonel Tempest hopes against hope, and at the very last makes an attempt, described in an admirably dramatic scene, to win the succession for himself and his son, Archie. But by the plea he uses—invoking the memory of the woman whom he stole, with a lack of imaginative sympathy that is, as Miss Cholmondeley insists, the mark of the entirely selfish—he only embitters the wronged man; and Colonel Tempest returns to London separated from the great inheritance by the barrier of this boy John, who is called John Tempest. A disreputable ruffian, hanger on of gambling dens, learns the situation,

and makes a horrible suggestion. Will Colonel Tempest lay ten bets of a thousand to one that he never succeeds to the estate? Colonel Tempest yields to the temptation; the tempter, Swayne, disappears; and thus a machinery is set in motion which the first mover cannot control. All this is a kind of first act or prologue; the real action of the book begins when John Tempest has come to manhood, after a youth of unaccountable dangers and escapes. He is on friendly terms with his uncle and his cousin Archie (whose debts he pays), and the woman he is in love with is Colonel Tempest's daughter Diana, who lives not with her father, but her grandmother, Mrs. Courtenay. The psychological crisis of the book comes when John, who has been arrested in the very act of declaring his love by a last attempt at assassination, and has virtually learnt Diana's love for him by her behaviour in his peril, discovers his illegitimacy in the first stages of his convalescence. The melodramatic climax follows, when John, having divested himself of name and estate, that his uncle, the legitimate heir, may succeed, accompanies Archie to Paris, before the affair is made public, and Archie is killed by the assassin in mistake for John.

The whole thing is melodramatic, perhaps; but it is very good melodrama. Once you concede the possibility of a gentleman who has given a commission to effect the murder of his nephew, there is no reason why the holder of the commission should not, so to say, sublet the actual killing to ten different persons, each of them ignorant of the other's mission. It is an ingenious idea, but the criminal classes do not lack for ingenuity; and the position in which it leaves Colonel Tempest, of continual intercourse with a man against whom he has directed an engine, without knowing when or how it will strike, is admirably melodramatic. It is not one of the situations which arise directly out of nature; it is too ingeniously contrived to be poetic; but it is certainly very well planned. The tension of never-ending suspense is excellently suggested, and the futile efforts to undo the work half done already in a moment of remorse, when he sees John half burnt to death, are fully in keeping with the nature described. For there is a great deal in the book that rises high above the level of melodrama. Colonel Tempest and his son are finely drawn types of the selfish spendthrift, whose leading passion is self-pity. John Tempest, the hero, is strongly and consistently presented from his lonely childhood upwards, and his personality makes a vehicle for Miss Cholmondeley's own thoughts

about many things—but especially upon the moral influence of birth, and the passion of an ancient race for the beauty and associations of its hereditary home. Miss Cholmondeley, at all events, knows what race means, and what breeding means; and she does not exaggerate the moral qualities they connote, for Colonel Tempest and his son are strongly stamped with the mark of *noblesse*; but their *noblesse* repudiates its obligations. Mrs. Courtenay, Diana's grandmother, the old lady who retains her position at the top of the social ladder, defraying by tact and personal charm her deficiencies in wealth, is a portrait of the *grande dame*, who is worldly and wise, without being more worldly wise than is quite excusable.

And Diana is charming—brilliant, high-spirited, and intolerant, with the natural intolerance of youth for mediocrity and pretence. She is one of the people who had rather be disappointed than expect too little; and the first scene in which she figures is one of keen satire upon loveless marriage. She uses all her eloquence to dissuade a friend from her engagement to an elderly and unattractive *fiancé*, and she half prevails; but at the critical moment the French maid brings in two rolls of brocade, between which the bride that is to be has still to make her choice.

'Madeleine sat up and gave a little sigh.

'"If she gives them up, she will give him up too," thought Di. "This is the turning-point.'

'"Di," she said earnestly, "which would you advise—the mauve or the white and gold? I always think you have such taste."

'Di started. She saw by that one sentence that the die had been thrown, though Madeleine herself was not aware of it. The moments of our most important decisions are often precisely those in which nothing seems to have been decided; and only long afterwards, when we perceive with astonishment that the Rubicon has been crossed, do we realise that in that half-forgotten instant of hesitation as to some apparently unimportant side issue, in that unconscious movement that betrayed a feeling of which we were not aware, our choice was made. The crises of our life come like the kingdom of heaven—without observation. Our characters and not our deliberate actions decide for us; and even when the moment of crisis is apprehended at the time by the troubling of the water, action is generally a little late. Character, as a rule, steps down first. It was so with Madeleine.

'Sir Henry owed his bride to the exactly timed appearance of a mauve brocade sprinkled with silver *fleurs-de-lis*. The maid turned it lightly, and the silver threads gleamed through the rich pale material.

'"It is perfect," said Madeleine in a hushed voice; "absolutely

perfect. Don't you think so, Di? And she says she will do it for forty guineas, as she is making me other things. The front is to be a silver gauze over plain mauve satin to match, and the train of the brocade. The white and gold is nothing to it."

'"It is very beautiful," said Di, looking at it with a kind of horror. It seemed to her at the moment as if every one had his price.'

That is decidedly good satire, delicate and intelligent; and the scene is dramatically sound, for it indicates better than anything else could Diana's fundamental characteristics —a youthful generosity of courage and of scorn. We have only to regret that the chapter is injured by a fault of taste where Madeleine Thesinger, in her defence, says: 'I can't 'go back now. It is wicked to break off an engagement. 'God would be very angry with me.' And Miss Cholmondeley comments: 'It is difficult to argue with any one 'who can make a Jorkins of the Almighty.' Witty enough, no doubt, but Miss Cholmondeley can afford to leave out such witty things.

One criticism should be made before we leave 'Diana 'Tempest.' On the whole the motives assigned to the characters are sound and natural throughout, though an arbitrary plot almost always entails a conventional psychology. But at one point the action lapses into pure convention. When John Tempest discovers the secret of his birth he is already morally bound to Diana. She is in London waiting for him to speak, and he knows what her answer will be. Let it be granted that from his point of view the marriage has become impossible; he owes to her at least the promptest explanation. Instead of that, he is made to leave her in doubt, presumably with the expectation that when she learns the secret she will guess his motive; but for the time being the bitterest of wounds is inflicted on her pride. Now, it is only in plays and books that people behave like that; in real life they have a common-sense instinct to avoid the infliction of unnecessary pain. Miss Cholmondeley overlooks this elementary fact, and in order to secure an extra complication in her plot makes John Tempest behave as no considerate man could have behaved to the woman whom he loved, and who had all but openly avowed her love for him.

'Red Pottage' is, at all events for the purpose of the present review, the most important of these books; it conforms more closely than the others to the type of the novel of manners. There is, of course, the same leading interest

of a psychological study under arbitrary exciting circumstances. As most people know, in the first chapter Hugh Scarlett, at the very moment when he desires to escape from his *liaison* with Lady Newhaven, finds himself forced by Lord Newhaven into a duel of a novel kind. Lord Newhaven presents two paper lighters, one of which Hugh is to draw; the man with whom the short lighter remains is to kill himself within five months. Hugh accepts, draws the short lighter, and finds himself condemned not merely to death, but to the decision of his own death and the torture of suspense—the same torture as destroyed Colonel Tempest's reason. It is an ingenious idea, and the working out is skilful and plausible; but the best things in the book lie outside of this ingenuity. There are many figures and most of them live; they say the things and do the things that they would have done, and say and do them in a personal way. Dick Vernon, the colonial man of many devices, and the wise, kind old bishop, are minor characters worthy of Trollope—and Miss Cholmondeley is never heavy-handed as Trollope sometimes was. Her two principal women—Rachel West and Hester Gresley—are finely drawn, and in Hester, the writer of books, she has contrived to suggest a touch of real genius—defined by contrast with the spurious article, the crowd of pretentious charlatans who assemble in the train of Sybell Loftus. The satiric intention is everywhere apparent in the book—satire sometimes explicit, sometimes teaching by examples. Lady Newhaven is Madeleine over again—the shallow, brainless woman, who makes a pretence of passion and religion, and drifts into intrigues under colour of a moral mission to attractive but erring young men. Miss Cholmondeley is merciless to her, but perhaps not unjust. Her sketch of the literary and artistic affectations and hypocrisies is not strong enough nor lifelike enough to be taken quite seriously. But the central object of her attack is in this, as in all her books, the mean outgrowths of religion. 'Corruptio optimi pessima;' and she attacks religious hypocrisy and religious bigotry with the passion of one who believes profoundly that the highest meaning of religion is to welcome and cherish any natural goodness, looking in a spirit of love for whatever is sincere. Yet a satirist who is that and nothing more, is an advocate or an accuser, and has no call to be just:—a novelist cannot afford to be unjust to one character. Trollope, for instance, is never unjust to Mrs. Proudie. Miss Cholmondeley somewhat overcolours her parson, the Reverend James Gresley,

Hester's brother. One need not dwell on the question of consanguinity, though another hand might have made traceable some family resemblance; let us simply take the alleged facts. Hester has been brought up in London with her aunt, Lady Susan Gresley, and her own personal attractions of wit and breeding have made her something of a personage, some one sought after, even before her book was published and earned a brilliant success. Lady Susan had died, and Hester had gone into the country to live with her clergyman brother. This gives Miss Cholmondeley her chance to indicate the contrast not only between types but between classes, and she profits by it with enthusiasm. It is perfectly natural that Hester should find the qualities which made her a personage in London simply ignored in the country. In London she is a little person with a delicate and charming humour, courted by the set of people who have the sense of such qualities; in the country she is simply an unmarried woman, and in the country, as she finds to her consternation, your intimates are decided for you, not by affinity but by distance; you call your next-door neighbours by their Christian names. Naturally, the case is more than a little overstated. Social talent finds its value in the country, as, for instance, Mr. George Meredith well knows; and it is not everybody in London who divides people into desirable and undesirable, according as they are agreeable or dull. But though no one can reasonably object to a certain emphasis, there is a distinction between portraiture and caricature. Hester is a portrait, Hester's brother's wife even is a portrait, though certainly no agreeable one, but Hester's brother approaches a caricature: an effective caricature, undoubtedly, for the intolerant, narrow-minded parson is by no means hard to find, and views upon the Dissenters such as Mr. Gresley expresses are sometimes expressed; yet still he is exaggerated, and, therefore, out of key with the rest. It is hardly conceivable that an educated man and a gentleman could be unaware of what was signified by such a success as is attributed to Hester's first book; and no man knowing that would think himself at liberty to burn the manuscript of its successor, the book which had been painfully brought to birth under his uncongenial roof. Such a man would certainly have felt himself entitled first to read the manuscript when it fell into his hands, just as he would hold himself entitled to open and read his wife's letters; and he might very possibly feel bound to take strong measures expressive of his disapprobation. He might, for

instance, have told his sister that if the book were published he could no longer receive her in his house. But to stretch the *patria potestas* so far as to burn a valuable book which had been actually sold is a thing that no man could or would have done in the remotest country village. Yet the story hinges upon his doing so—in so far as it hinges on anything but the incident of the lighters. And, indeed, in this respect the book is inferior to 'Diana Tempest,' for whereas Diana affords a natural focus, a connecting link between the designs of Colonel Tempest and the designs of John, Rachel West, the woman whom Hugh Scarlett loves, divides the interest with Hester, and there is a certain want of unity resulting.

But one may recognise gratefully that once these deductions are made the book remains a clever and extremely interesting book. And, although Mr. Gresley's portrait may be exaggerated in many details it is excellent reading. There is, for instance, the story of a temperance meeting sadly shattered by an address from Dick Vernon, the colonial, that endears itself to every one who has suffered from teetotal oratory. And the children, as everywhere in Miss Cholmondeley's books, are capital. Moreover, the philosophy of the end is a wise and kindly philosophy worthy of the bishop who dictates it. The issue of the duel is decided halfway through the book. Lord Newhaven waits until his anticipation verifies itself, and Hugh Scarlett fails to carry out the compact; then the drawer of the winning lot shows the doomed man how to die. But Hugh is held to life by his love for Rachel and his knowledge that the love is returned; and Rachel, like Lady Newhaven, believes that in the duel Lord Newhaven was the loser. Hugh has not the courage to undeceive her. But when all has seemed to settle down, and forgetfulness begins its work on Hugh's light nature, a message comes from the dead—a letter left by Lord Newhaven to be delivered a month after his death to his wife. It tells her the secret, and arms her with a weapon, for she looks to Hugh to marry her; and when he refuses to do so, the truth is told in Rachel's presence, and he owns to it. Rachel turns on her lover with terrible scorn, and he goes out into a hell of remorse. Then the bishop, learning the whole story, tells her—what Miss Cholmondeley has learnt, we believe, from Maeterlinck, the gentlest of modern apostles—the duty and the responsibility laid upon her by love. The man has loved her, and he has broken his death-

bond because of it; he has loved her, and has lied to her because of it; and at last, when he has her utter trust, with the means of successful deceit still in his grasp, he has reached a point at which he can lie to her no more, and he gives up his whole hope of happiness. Will she fail him now? Gradually the bishop urges upon her the truth that love is bound by its own insight; that she is committed, not to reject her lover because his act has proved him false to the conception she had formed of him, but rather to labour to shape his life into full accord with love's judgement of him. The measure of her duty is not his worthiness or unworthiness, but his need of her. And at the end Rachel consents, though Miss Cholmondeley does not condemn her to the lifelong sacrifice, but passes on Hugh a gentle sentence of death.

The scene between Rachel and the bishop is a fine scene, and an intensely dramatic scene. At this time, when novelists who have any gift but that of drama are dramatising, or causing to be dramatised, their works, why does not Miss Cholmondeley write a play? A scene like that between John Tempest and his real father is ready for the stage. But one may congratulate her on possessing the power of invention which can compass situations that instantly stir us with a sense of drama; and, moreover, at least one admirable touch of the romantic invention may be adduced from 'Red Pottage.' When Hugh Scarlett goes out, driven by all the furies, from Rachel's bitter words, he has no clear thought, but only a vague prompting to find a refuge in death, and his feet lead him half consciously to the spot where a few months before he gave up his life for lost in the water till Lord Newhaven and another drew him out. Clearer and clearer the thought grows, and at last he knows where he is going, and runs as if to a wished goal through the bitter winter evening, recognising familiar landmarks by the way, till, as he reaches the spot, he is suddenly confronted with what his madness had forgotten—the impenetrable ice. That is really a fine piece of divination, and we, too, like Hugh, forget—like him, are surprised, and are at once astonished and delighted by the justness of the conception.

It will appear from what has been said that Miss Cholmondeley is not in the first instance a novelist of manners. Her chief concern is plot and dramatic or melodramatic psychology. But in so far as she is a satirist—in her study, for instance, of the Gresleys and their neighbours the Pratts, or of Mrs. Loftus and her pseudo-literary coterie, and in the

contrast suggested between them and persons like Lord Newhaven, Rachel West, and the bishop, who are bound together not by proximity but by a community of taste and ideas, in a word by culture—she is making her contribution to the novel of manners, setting down as she sees them certain contemporary types, fashions, and societies. What is secondary with Miss Cholmondeley is of primary importance in Miss Fowler's amazingly successful books. She has written three novels, and in each of them the same material does duty, a smartly written presentment of London fashionable life (as Miss Fowler conceives or knows it), and a contrast to this—not suggested but doubly underlined—which is afforded by life in a midland manufacturing town, called in the books Silverhampton, but fairly to be identified with Wolverhampton—of which place, as every one knows, Sir Henry Fowler is a distinguished citizen. And each book is held together by a single personality—that of a clever, shrewish young woman who alternates between a quiet Dissenting household and the ballrooms and country houses of very fine folk indeed—importing into each environment a point of view derived from the other. Plot there is none, or such a tissue of absurdities as is worse than none. Isabel Carnaby is a fashionable young woman who loses her heart to Paul Seaton, the son of a Wesleyan minister. They meet at a country house where Paul is acting as tutor; they become engaged, and Isabel behaves so unbearably to her *fiancé* that he breaks off the engagement and devotes his whole energies to literature. Six months later appears a novel which enjoys the success of scandal that is only created by a book in which characters can be identified. The authorship is attributed to Paul, who admits it; the virtuous Wesleyan household is deeply grieved, but urges him to retrieve the error by a book as improving as the other had been demoralising, and he accepts the mission and becomes famous with a romance of lofty ideals. The only obstacle in his way is the black mark left against him by the first book; and at last Isabel, contrite and miserable, explains to Paul's parents that she and not Paul had been the author of it, and so all ends happily. This is not a very credible story, but much more so than that of the 'Double 'Thread,' its successor. In that a young soldier becomes acquainted with twin sisters, one a great heiress living luxuriously in London, the other a working gentlewoman on holiday in a country cottage. He makes love to the poor one, and the rich one makes love to him; every inducement

is used to make him shift his allegiance, including at the last a charge of theft; for the poor sister has given him a priceless pink diamond and the rich one has lost a similar stone. He is much too high and noble even to ask for an explanation, and at last is confounded beyond measure by the intelligence that the twin sisters are not two but one and the same. His behaviour when he learns this fact is not a little ridiculous. Miss Fowler's men are the most arbitrary inventions that we are acquainted with. In the latest of her books, 'The Farringdons,' there is a third edition of the same young lady, who finds herself the heiress of great iron-works only upon condition that the legitimate heir does not appear. Her lover is the manager of the works and her trustee. We are asked to believe that this gentleman—who knows himself to be the missing claimant, and who has every reason to believe that Elizabeth, his lifelong playmate, has a very great kindness for him—not merely suppresses his claim but actually lacks the spirit to ask the girl to marry him, though he is devoted to her with his whole soul. Let us admit that he might conceivably have refused to claim the inheritance; surely even a young lady might know that if a man desires a woman, and sees his way to a marriage settlement that would in all ways be ideal, he does, as a rule, at least try his luck, even though the lady may once have spoken shrewishly to him.

Nor is there, strictly speaking, any power of depicting character in these books. The heroine is alive undoubtedly, but her behaviour is unthinkable. A woman who cares for a man may hurt him to the heart in sheer wantonness, but if she does, she will always give him a chance for reconciliation. Isabel Carnaby, it is true, does so, but Elfrida-Ethel is frankly impossible, and Elizabeth Farringdon not to be believed. As for the minor characters they are lay figures, and not consistent lay figures at that. There is a wicked old uncle in 'The Double Thread' who begins as if he were an imitation of Lord Frederick Fane in 'Diana Tempest,' but before the book is over settles down into a philosophy and a vein of sentiment that would do credit to any Sunday school. In 'Isabel Carnaby' there is an agreeable description of the Seaton household, but when Isabel comes down to stay, Miss Fowler is so anxious to demonstrate that Methodists may be cultured persons with a sense of humour that she makes not only Paul, but his sister, say as smart things, and just the same sort of smart things, as the witty young woman from town.

There we come to the one quality which no one can deny Miss Fowler. She is really witty. Some one said of Voltaire that 'il a plus que tout le monde l'esprit que tout 'le monde a.' It may be said of Miss Fowler that she has at least as much as any contemporary of the commonest wit. Apt comparisons, little quaintnesses of expression, come as readily to her as puns or verbal antithesis. If one compares her work with a book like 'The Cardinal's Snuff-box,' the advantage does not seem to a lover of literature to rest with the lady. Mr. Harland's wit may be over-elaborate at times, but it has a grace, a charm of fancy, and above all an intellectual quality that mark it off as purely individual. Whereas when Miss Cholmondeley makes her heroine say of Captain Pratt that 'he is not a bounder, but 'he is on the boundary line,' she hits upon a form of words that might also have occurred to Miss Fowler; and any bookseller will tell you that this is the wit that sells. Miss Fowler will give it you in any quantity; she will even explain it to those who are not 'gleg i' the uptak.' For instance:

'Mrs. Martin was an extremely amusing woman, but she herself had no idea of this; she imagined she was only dignified and edifying. She once said: "Although my husband is a rich man and a county magistrate, he has the fear of the Lord before his eyes." And she had no idea that there was anything humorous in this use of the conjunction *although*."

The story is a good story, and the trait is really illustrative. Yet surely Miss Fowler might have left us to find out when to laugh, and why. But she knows her public, and her public no more resents the explanation of a joke than it rebels against the sloppy repetition of the sloppy phrase 'had no idea.' Here is a more extended example of that brilliancy in dialogue upon which Miss Fowler's reputation is established.

'"I always wonder how the women with pretty noses carry on their advertising department. Of course when we have good eyes we call attention to the same by making use of eye-service as men-pleasers, so to speak; and when we have good teeth we smile as often as is compatible with the reputation for sanity, and we frequently complain of the toothache."

'"Oh, is that your plan of campaign? I have often wondered how teeth as white as yours are can ache as much as you say they do; but now I understand it is only a ruse."

'"You misjudge me there, Aunt Caroline. I know my teeth are pretty, but they are merely little devils disguised as angels of light, for I have inherited an estate of fine and extensive achers. But you

haven't yet informed me how the well-nosed women call attention to their stock-in-trade."

'"My dear, when the thing is as plain as the nose on your face it does not require any advertisement, according to proverbial philosophy."

'"It is not when it is plain that the necessity arises," continued Isabel; "but only when it is pretty."'

That is undeniably witty, but also it is undeniably vulgar; and this continuous crackle of petty verbal smartnesses wearies beyond expression. In 'The Farringdons' there are conversations—one in particular, which passes between a crowd of people on Lady Silverhampton's houseboat—that really have a strong resemblance to the sort of nonsense that is talked by witty people talking nonsense. But the thing for which the personal charm of voice and manner gains a ready welcome shrinks sadly when it comes to be written down; the atmosphere it bloomed in has departed and leaves it in a chilly world. Talk is naturally loose in form, and requires to be braced up and to undergo a severe process of selection and arrangement before it will bear the cold light of print. So at least it seems to us, and Miss Fowler has no sense of literary form. In addition to that, she makes her characters mouthpieces for *ex cathedra* utterances upon art, literature, morals, religion, and theology. The utterances are well meant; Miss Fowler is only too conscious of her responsibilities as a teacher; but they evince a lamentable crudeness of intelligence. In the beginning of 'The Farringdons' we are particularly occupied with Elizabeth's research into the basis of revealed religion under the guidance of an agreeable young sceptic. It is to be hoped that faith will never encounter a more formidable adversary. One may skip all this, but it is impossible not to be annoyed by the touch of false tragedy when we read how this same amateur inquirer finds himself converted to a faith in immortality by the death of his little son and the longing it breeds, yet unable to convert again the foolish little wife whom (in default of Elizabeth) he has married and perverted.

Perhaps all this criticism amounts merely to an assertion that Miss Fowler is young and not very fully educated (she is capable, for instance, of writing 'euphony' when she means 'euphemism'). But we are considering her as an artist, and as an artist she is liable to the reproach of ignoring her own limitations. And her wit is a snare to her. 'Dear 'friend, let us never try to be funny,' remarks a character

in 'The Farringdons.' Miss Fowler should write up over her work-table, 'Dear friend, let us never try to be too funny.' The Silverhampton picnic is an awful example. Also the desire for antithesis natural to a wit betrays her into sad faults of taste. A lady at Silverhampton 'went to sleep one night 'in a land whose stones are of iron, and awoke next morning 'in a country whose pavements are of gold.' That is bad enough. But when Elizabeth has found out through her lover's all but mortal illness the act of self-abnegation to which she has owed her wealth, there is a worse lapse. She comes to his bedside to tell him that she loves him and has always loved him.

'"How did you find it out, my dearest?" he asked at last.

'"Through finding out that you loved me. It seems to me that my love was always lying in the bank at your account; but until you gave a cheque for it you couldn't get at it. And the cheque was my knowing that you cared for me."'

No doubt he is her trustee, and the association of ideas may be held to have suggested the metaphor; but a young lady who could be so ingenious at such a moment would surely be a strange animal.

Success which overshadows the merit of other and finer writers naturally prejudices a lover of literature against the successful one, and we may be unfair to Miss Fowler. We cannot take her picture of society seriously; she knows not enough of life or of the world. But she is witty, she is shrewd, and she may live to be more discriminating in her selection of epigrams; and if she is wise she will return to the genuine sources of her talent. By far the best thing in her books is the study of Martha, the old servant in the Seaton household—a character who gives her creator fair claim to rank not merely as a wit, but as a humourist. It is a depressing circumstance that Miss Fowler's books have certainly not improved as they went on—in this respect or in any other. In 'The Double Thread' a very dull old gardener afforded comic relief with Malapropisms; in 'The 'Farringdons' a couple of old women made a chorus of little attraction. However, Miss Fowler is assured of a huge popularity, probably for the term of her literary life. To compare her with a genuine artist like Miss Broughton would be an injustice to both ladies, but Miss Fowler has the immediate vogue that goes to the chronicler of momentary phases.

As to Miss Cholmondeley it is more difficult to forecast the future. Her work has a fine intellectual distinction,

and, as we have shown, unusual constructive power, yet somehow one cannot look forward confidently to any such advance as would give her a permanent place in literature. Still we recognise gratefully that her books are not only pleasant to read, but are likely to exercise a salutary influence on morals and manners, for they are written by a woman who is evidently in touch, socially and intellectually, with the best culture of the day. Her philosophy of conduct and opinion is not paraded in detached passages, but it underlies the whole texture of her work, and there is nothing cheap or secondhand about it; such as it is, it is genuinely assimilated.

ART. XI.—See *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*, January 14, 1900, and English Newspapers.

Now that we are in a position to sum up the broad conclusions to be drawn from the Boer War it will be well to carry our minds back to the period which followed the week of disasters—the time which included the three failures of Magersfontein, of Stormberg, and of Colenso. The change in the situation which has taken place since then can hardly be better illustrated than by quoting the language of an experienced and able foreign officer, who just about that time contributed to the pages of the 'Berliner 'Lokal-Anzeiger' an estimate of our prospects in the campaign. Just five months after the article was written, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and Pretoria were in our hands. We are not prepared to make ourselves responsible for the quotation which Major-General von Schmeling makes from an alleged conversation of Lord Kitchener's. Lord Kitchener, like most public men, has been often made to say many things which he never uttered; but the words attributed to him were a very natural text for General von Schmeling to take under the circumstances. We think we shall do our readers a service by giving a free translation of the substance of this interesting article and by then inquiring how it has happened that this shrewd observer so completely miscalculated the conditions of the war.

The general is an officer on the active list of the German army, and in selecting his article as a test specimen of much of the criticism which has passed current abroad and at home we do so because it attracted considerable attention at the time, because the writer, from his position, is more worthy of the expenditure of ammunition than any other of the critics we have read, and because it is easy, from the form the article took, to bring it to the test of facts. Our home critics are exceedingly fond of making loose statements on which they found elaborate arguments. When brought to book as to their facts, they maintain their conclusions and take refuge in the well-worn plea that if the facts do not support them it is so much the worse for the facts.

Whether Lord Kitchener ever used the words or not, there can be no doubt that on January 14, when the article was written, the 'cart' was sticking 'in the mud.' It will be seen that it was the purpose of General von Schmeling to

demonstrate that not all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men could ever draw it out again. If an Englishman were to attempt to set forth the difficulties of the problem which then lay before us he might be suspected of desiring only to magnify the achievement now that it has been accomplished. General Schmeling cannot be suspected of any such purpose. We do not attribute to him the least malevolence towards England as a cause of his mistake. We believe him to hav been partly deceived by a misunderstanding of the English Army and of the strength of the British Empire such as at the time was almost universal upon the Continent. It would hardly be unfair to say that almost all his mistakes were borrowed from English sources, though no doubt the imperfect information which reached the Continent tended to magnify these causes of error. Some of the points of his indictment are true, and ought not to be forgotten in the triumph of the sequel. In reading his comments it is well to bear in mind that, though the estimate he attributes to Lord Kitchener of '150,000' as required to finish the war by the end of the present year has been very greatly exceeded by the numbers that have been landed in South Africa, that fact does not cover his necessary retreat from an untenable position. His whole point consisted in showing that the British Empire had not resources in men or material that would enable us to bring the struggle to a triumphant conclusion either in one year from January 14, 1900, or in any time at all.

Let us with this preface now allow General von Schmeling to speak for himself. There is, we think, only one point in the paper that requires to be cleared up by recalling the historical facts. He is writing just when Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had been sent for to take up the direction of affairs. He refers to certain expected raids of the Boers across the Tugela. These must not be confused with the actual invasion of Natal by the Boers which considerably preceded the battle of Colenso. It refers only to certain attempted movements which never attained to any importance, and were easily repulsed by Sir Redvers Buller:—

'"The cart sticks in the mud!" With these words General Kitchener is said to have characterised the position in South Africa. He is also said to have added, "We shall accustom our troops to another way of fight-"ing, and within a year and with 150,000 men we shall "succeed." Yes, indeed, the cart sticks thoroughly in the

mud—sticks there finally, as we shall see. The first period of the war ended after heavy losses with the investment of the English frontier troops in Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith; the second period ended when the attempts at relief and an offensive war against the Orange Free State had been repelled with heavy losses. Instead of offensive plans, the protection of the communications with the base and the bringing up of reinforcements will completely occupy the commanders and headquarters for a while. The English army is scattered thus: part is south of Kimberley, another part to the south of Colesberg, a third at Dordrecht, while the main army is north of Durban. If we made this distribution in Europe, 10,000 to 15,000 men would be arrayed in West Switzerland, the same number in Piedmont and Lombardy respectively, the other half of the forces in Carinthia, and the four detachments would have Munich (Pretoria) as the object of their common operations. Only a complete under-estimate of the strength of the opponent can account for such dispositions.

'"Our troops will get accustomed to another way of "fighting." Not the least doubt about it. The brigades, on their own initiative, will not attack in the same way as on the Modder and Tugela; but how are they to make matters better and use their own power effectively? For this training in time of peace and the teaching staff do not exist at present. The bivouac in face of the enemy is not a drill-ground.

'The English officer at the front does not know of any danger for himself when he is in a fight, but he has not been taught how to look round—how to find the right moment, the right place for his independent action as his own particular contribution to the operations as a whole. The *commanders* lack practice in the commanding of troops. If in a peace manœuvre a commander of a Prussian detachment took up a position with his batteries 880 yards from the hostile riflemen, if the commander of a battalion marching in column allowed himself to be covered by hostile infantry fire, if a major of cavalry did not, quite on his own responsibility, protect the nearest infantry and artillery, if he did not inform them, if he did not send perpetual reports to them—these gentlemen, especially if the offence were repeated, would be placed where, in war, they could not do any damage; for it is well known that defective handling of troops in drill and manœuvring is always repeated in warfare. If a modern training for fighting is not possessed

by the troops at all, it is impossible to make up for it in a war, as the English learnt during the American War of Independence.

'The battalions who have paid dear for their wisdom will go more cautiously into a second fight, and the fresh battalions will do the same after them. The consequences will be much firing at long distances, wasting of ammunition, and minimum losses for the adversary. Firing and hitting at long ranges require training, indeed, just as much as does getting near enough to the enemy before firing, and of this English infantry have no idea, according to their own and their enemy's war reports. Nor will they learn it in this campaign, because it requires a detailed, minute training of the soldiers and an education of the officers, such as may enter into their very flesh and blood in a decade, but not in a few weeks. A frontal fight will not be successful in Africa until the artillery has prepared the ground to such an extent that the assailing infantry has only, when they attack, to find out any men who may be still concealed in a few places on the other side.

'Infantry and artillery will fulfil this task even with their present training for war, as soon as they have learnt how to help one another out of sore straits. But in South Africa, as elsewhere, he will win the day who, at the decisive point, brings forward the last battalion, and the long, thin lines of the Boer riflemen will be forced to a rapid retreat by a well-directed attack on their flank, similar to that in the Soudan. Yes, it is a pity that it is more easy to say that than to carry it out. Things have turned out to be even more difficult for the English cavalry. It would be different if dashing charges would do—if there were no need for their supporting the other arms. But in South Africa, in scouting, such as is their duty everywhere, they have to make up for a quite inadequate supply of maps. How can they, then, enable the commander to make his dispositions for many days in advance, according to the sketches and reports which are made as a result of their reconnaissances? How far the officers and non-commissioned officers are capable of fulfilling this task we are not able to say, but certainly the squadrons have not in them that high indispensable percentage of educated men who have been carefully trained for such service, a shortcoming to which General Gatacre may, perhaps, attribute his bad success. Such leaders of patrols cannot be trained offhand, during a campaign.

'The nature of the country makes the task of the cavalry difficult; and if their patrols see and report correctly, the position of things will have altered when the reports reach the commander, because the adversary has meanwhile ridden away, and will appear again at some distant point. Against this a few squadrons are of no avail; numerous regiments are required, such as cover the country for a great distance with their patrols, keep touch with the enemy, threaten him in the rear—which, in a word, cope with him. But for this the necessary number of regiments is wanting, and this shortcoming is one of the reasons why the cart sticks so deeply in the mud. The 10,000 English peasant boys who, according to the statements in the papers, will be imported as troopers from England into South Africa, will much increase the percentage of the sick, prisoners, and other losses; at best, they might be employed as troops on lines of communication, and to screen the march of columns.

'"With 150,000 men we may succeed within a year."

'We shall see! (*Vedremo.*) For the present we shall first try to understand where the reinforcements arriving up to the end of February could be placed.

'In the east? This would show the intention to relieve Ladysmith, and to march towards Pretoria through a mountainous, rugged country, which is strongly intersected by obstructions and poor in roads. The Boers would have the ground suitable to them, where with hundreds they can stop thousands. Even if, after heavy losses, superior numbers had slowly pushed them back, the English would some day find themselves before the works of Pretoria, which are not to be taken by assault, and they would be surrounded on all sides by the Boers, who, in their own country, are capable of doing double work.

'Perhaps the annexation of Delagoa Bay might be planned, but it would have no effect on the result of the former operation, for the protection of the one line of posts from Durban would have absorbed so large a part of the army of operation that not a single man could be spared for a second line of posts. Even without this second line, the position of the English army before Pretoria would be serious enough.

'Suppose they set out with 100,000 men from Ladysmith, they would count before Pretoria scarcely more than 70,000 combatants, of whom 20,000 to 30,000 men would be stationed before the fortress, so that for other offensive operations only 40,000 to 50,000 men would be left, and to these the

Boers would oppose the same number under much more favourable circumstances.

'The despatch of the reinforcements to the east is, therefore, little probable, unless the relief of Ladysmith be considered a matter of honour and it be intended to advance into the Orange Free State instead of into the Transvaal. This operation would, however, finally have to be concluded before Pretoria, and it would not offer much better chances than the other.

'Will the reinforcements move up from the south? From the three ports—East London, Prince Alfred, Port Elizabeth—three railways lead to Burghersdorp-Middelburg, thence two railways cross the Orange River to Spring, and thence one railway goes by Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The country does not offer anything like the difficulties of the eastern campaign. The Orange River will have to be crossed after serious fighting. On the other side is broken and much intersected hilly ground. Three main roads lead to Bloemfontein, which in the south are at least 31 to 37 miles (50 to 60 kilomètres) distant from one another.

'If, therefore, all the reinforcements were placed in the south, if from the east three-fourths of the troops now there were brought up, then on each of the above roads 40,000 men could advance. The Boers might check these on the march, without, however, stopping them, so that by the middle of the year the occupation of the Orange State might be effected.

'Then, of course, the offensive against Pretoria would have to follow, with all the difficulties above described and with the understanding that 150,000 men was too small a number from the very beginning.

'Even in the Orange State the advance would not be a mere route march, and the English corps will require all the resources which modern warfare makes indispensable. We reckon amongst others: four battalions of pioneers, two railway battalions, four pontoon-bridge trains, four telegraph detachments, four balloon detachments, four bakery detachments. Add to these an immense number of ambulances, ammunition columns, provision columns, the waggon train (? Fuhrpark), siege train, and a great reserve of engines, waggons, and railway materials. If we think of the fact that all these impedimenta and these special services must be brought from England, that few or no depôts at all exist for them, that there is a want of men of military training and of officers and of experienced officials in the service—

we can form a partial idea how these various bodies will look when Kaffirs take the place of commissariat soldiers, when undisciplined and untrained militiamen are in charge of this rabble, who, when in presence of any Boer patrol, would cut the traces and run away.

'To place the reinforcements in the west and to force the railway De Aar-Kimberley-Buluwayo as a line of operation is out of the question on account of the bad conditions of the road and because the railway passes by the two hostile capitals at distances of 154 and 275 miles (140 and 250 kilomètres) respectively; moreover, the English have probably had up to the present time such an unsatisfactory experience of the result of dividing their forces that we cannot suppose they would send their reinforcements to the east and the south at the same time.

'Whatever resolution the English headquarters may have taken concerning the operations after the arrival of the reinforcements, these operations could hardly be undertaken before the end of February if it be the fact that the 7th Division did not leave England before January 11. Until then the initiative will remain with the Boers, and everything points to their making good use of their chances.

'In the east the English main army is still near the Tugela river. For weeks they have not been disturbed there by the Boers. Taking into account the cautious leadership of the Boers up to the present time, we may assume that all their forces not otherwise employed have been concentrated. Further, since the arrival of Boer detachments to the south of the Tugela has been recently reported to London we may also treat it as a fact that this concentration has been already completed. Within eight days we ought to know the effect of these movements, because General Buller must now either fight his way back to Durban or cut his way through by an attack.

'Such enforced fights are always attended by bad results. They will be all the more disastrous to an army which has only had up to the present ill success, one which, owing to the tropical heat, will not have gained in energy.

'If in these operations General Buller suffers a decisive reverse, the cart will stick deeper in the mud than ever. For what reason have we to believe that after such defeat the turbulence among the Cape Boers will not break out into fierce flames and that England will not then have to subdue the Cape Colony as well as the Free State? and for all that certainly a year is not sufficient.

'In the south, at Dordrecht and Colesberg, in the west, at Kimberley, matters are more favourable for the English divisions. Here they are, it is true, surrounded by smaller Boer detachments, whose tactics lead us to the conclusion that they are only meant to threaten and to occupy the enemy and to avoid any decisive action; but no serious danger for the moment exists in those quarters for the English.

'But let us even suppose that a destiny favourable to England should protect all her various detachments in Africa, and that the reinforcements should join them, the success of her arms would not yet be guaranteed at all. From 60,000 well-mounted Boers and 60 well-served and horsed pieces of ordnance ten martial bodies can be formed, which, like swarms of wasps, will fall upon the enemy's front, flank, and rear, and, owing to their knowledge of the ground, disappear without leaving a trace when the state of things becomes critical. Such action produces every day losses in men and material for the opponent, small in themselves, but such as in the course of weeks and months considerably thin the "cadres." These are the more appreciable because the necessity for being on the alert reduces the vigour of both man and animal. Should a lengthened cessation in the supply of provisions—which is not improbable—occur during this period the position might become more serious than ever before. If the Cape Boers wait for this moment, and then make up their minds to armed action, the progress of the English towards Pretoria would terminate as once did that of the French against Moscow.

'General Kitchener is said to have called the waging of war a thankless enterprise, and in his case he is ominously right! England intended to make an expedition against the Transvaal like that of the Soudan or of Afghanistan, and now she is committed to a serious campaign for which she has neither sufficient troops nor material; and so the d——l may draw the cart out of the mud.' *

So far the indictment. Why is it that appearances so deceived a competent critic? Why is it that the cart did not stick fast in the mud finally and for ever? Why is it that if Lord Kitchener anticipated that the war would be over in

* Translation from the 'Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger,' Beiblatt, Sunday, January 14, 1900.

a year he only erred in giving it too long a period, and that at the amplest allowance five months sufficed from that date to bring about the fall of both Bloemfontein and Pretoria, the very incidents which the writer himself fixes as the unattainable end of the war? There are certain obvious factors in the case that have been so often enlarged upon that they scarcely require to be repeated were it not that it were deeply ungrateful not to acknowledge them.

The masterly skill with which Lord Roberts applied the strength that was at his disposal enforces again the truth of Napoleon's saying, that 'in war men are nothing, a man is 'everything.' The next element on which no foreigner could have counted was the enthusiasm of the whole Empire and the supply which that enthusiasm furnished, both from the colonies and from home, of men as well accustomed as the Boers themselves to the conditions of a wild country life, and of those more educated men in the ranks which it was natural that a Prussian officer should regard as the exclusive possession of a compulsory and universal service. The cavalry regiments which he assumed that we did not possess in fact appeared in the field in far larger numbers than he had anticipated as possible. They were supplemented by immense bodies of the best kind of mounted infantry, supplied by our home and colonial yeomanry. The whole course of the war has tended to show that mounted infantry alone were no match for the combined power of cavalry, horse artillery, and mounted infantry each working together in their proper sphere, the mounted infantry transported as rapidly as the Boers, in order, like the Boers, to fight on foot, the cavalry moving more rapidly than the mounted infantry or Boers, and supreme whenever they could catch the Boers, as they often did, mounted like themselves, or could draw them off by outflanking attacks, especially threatening their horses; the horse artillery able to manœuvre as rapidly as the cavalry themselves, and to afford assistance to either mounted infantry or cavalry.

It is rather remarkable that even at that date—when many of our less informed and more hysterical papers at home were agitated by a conviction that our artillery, because it had been undoubtedly outranged by some of the Boer guns, had therefore proved its inferiority in point of armament to them—no word on that subject finds its place in this elaborate indictment. General Schmeling no doubt understood what those reckless critics did not, that a gun may well have a superior range to another and yet be an inferior weapon.

He at all events shows, as was to be expected, that he very clearly understands that the question of the power of artillery depends on its concentration at the right point at the right time, and that, until that employment was given to it, it was useless to discuss the quality of the armament as a serious factor in the war.

Next, however, in importance as regards the power of England comes his calculation that, seeing that all the vast amount of special services and special material that will be required for the army in the field will have to be transported from England, it will be impossible for such a campaign to be carried out. The cart, for lack of them, will still stick in the mud. The answer under this head is complete. All, and far more than all, that he calculates as necessary has been transported to the shores of Africa and moved up to the front. Never in any campaign, as we now have testimony upon testimony, have the medical supplies, medical comforts, and medical care for sick and wounded been provided in such ample profusion at so great a distance from home for so large an army. From the point of view under which we are now discussing the question the accuracy or inaccuracy of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's statements does not affect it. The Government may not have seen fit to send as many lady nurses as it was advisable that they should have sent. There is no doubt that if that prove to be true it was due to an error in judgement and not to a deficiency in the supply. If in Bloemfontein any medical stores were deficient it was due to the combined effect of a sudden outbreak of typhoid consequent upon the conditions of the campaign, and to a temporary breakdown of the railway at the moment when that epidemic was at its worst. It was not in any sense due to a deficiency of resources in Britain either in what was needed or in the organisation for delivering it at the front. It was a deplorable incident of the campaign. It represented no failure which greater resources in men or material could have warded off. Great rivers have had to be bridged; smaller bridges innumerable have had to be restored. These restorations have all been made with a marvellous rapidity, and, while necessarily the delay involved in replacing such great structures as those over the Orange River and the Modder have affected for a time the movements of the Army, the ordinary repair of railways and their protection from destruction after they have been repaired has been a triumph alike of engineering skill, of mechanical re-

sources, and of skilful organisation. Despite General Schmeling's positive prediction to the contrary, the line by Kimberley to Buluwayo has been seized, repaired, and protected, and our troops have crossed from that western side completely over to Bloemfontein, to Johannesburg, and to Pretoria at four several points and at four different periods. Whereas he looked upon the guarding of the one short line from Durban to Pretoria as sure so completely to exhaust our army in its defence that only a small remnant would be available for his assumed siege of Pretoria, we have seized and then guarded not only that little line but the two great trunk-lines by Bloemfontein and by Kimberley and all the feeders from East London and Port Elizabeth. The enemy have attempted against us every form of injury that he imagined. In one or two minor instances they have been successful in injuring the railway, both by treacherously devised collisions, by local surreptitious attempts, and in one recent instance by outwitting and evading the troops assigned for the protection of the line. Taken as a whole, their efforts have been signal failures. The ordinary railway lines—which, to do them justice, the Boers very effectually broke up in their retreat—have been repaired almost as fast as the army required them for supply. One most serious injury was inflicted upon us by a Boer surprise—the capture, namely, near Jacobsdal, of the convoy which had been made ready for providing the forage and food for the great movement for the relief of Kimberley, the captures of Cronje and of Bloemfontein. As a result of that loss and of the severe exertions entailed upon horses and transport animals working without forage, our cavalry, mounted infantry, and artillery, as well as most of the transport, was from the time of Lord Roberts's arrival in Bloemfontein practically destroyed as a mobile force. The Boers took full advantage of their opportunity, and the disasters of Hornspruit and of Reddersburg were, whatever local mistakes may have contributed to bring them about, the direct consequence of that great misfortune. It is safe to say that it was a disaster of such a kind that Lord Roberts's resolution in carrying out his original enterprise for the relief of Kimberley and the subsequent operations was one of the boldest ever undertaken in war. Had he allowed himself to be frightened off by the risks and actual disaster to which the mounted arms on which he especially depended were really exposed, the transformation-scene, which he in fact effected in the whole

character of the campaign, could not have been brought about. Nevertheless, on the other hand, it is true also that this tremendous loss of material resources at one of the early stages of the campaign, to which our German general looked forward when he wrote had not entered into his calculations, and that had he known of it he would have assumed it as certain that those material resources of Britain, which he looked upon as altogether inadequate without that misfortune, must have even more completely broken down than he had anticipated. In fact, however, the provision made by the organisation in England behind the army in the field had been so complete that the severe losses entailed by this great catastrophe were replaced with a delay which was little more than that necessarily due to the great obstruction to the sending forward of fresh supplies of animals, occasioned by the effective destruction of the bridge over the Orange River. This could not have been secured had it not been the case that just about twice as many animals were sent by the home organisation from all parts of the world to South Africa as were asked for from that country. From the point of view, therefore, which we are now specially discussing—that of the material war-resources of Great Britain as made available in South Africa—the disaster only increases the stringency of the proof that General von Schmeling completely underrated our capacity for the delivery in South Africa of the needed resources.

But, as is natural in the work of a man trained in the experience of previous wars, so far as these may be learnt from their history, there is another reason why our critic is convinced that the cart must stick in the mud for ever. He knows how in all wars the attrition, which takes place from disease produced by inevitable exposure to unhealthy conditions, by the using up of men for all sorts of necessary duties, and the numbers temporarily *hors de combat* as a result of minor engagements, tends to reduce the strength of *cadres*, so that after a few weeks' or months' campaigning the company, which according to its paper-strength should be 100 strong, in fact numbers only fifty, and the squadron that should have 120 mounted men cannot turn out with sixty. The Wellington Despatches from the Peninsula are full of such statements as this: 'You reckon 'that I have 60,000 men in the field, but I can muster on 'parade only 30,000.' This is the common experience of all wars—French, German, English, and other. Seeing, therefore, that our German critic was in these matters

deriving his impressions from English sources, and that he was informed by Mr. Arnold-Forster and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, accepted, as he knew, as great authorities by the public in such matters, that we had no reserves whatever behind the army in the field, what could he do but assume, as he does, that in this war our cadres would be finally and utterly depleted, that we might talk of squadrons, batteries, and battalions, but that they would be mere names? We had put, he was told, all our 'reserves' into the field to make up our first line. We had no means of keeping our strength at its proper figure. It may be doubted whether reports of the despatch of ships from England with reinforcements for the several battalions, batteries, and squadrons, have during the war reached General von Schmeling with sufficient regularity to startle his self-complacency in this matter. Week by week, month by month, they have been reported. They must have been read by Mr. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, and our other heaven-born and infallible critics. No one word has issued from any of them admitting that they have been in this matter wholly and merely wrong and that they are the source of these errors of our foreign critics. How completely wrong they have been it is easy to show by a special example. It happens that, at a dinner of the 'United 'Club' early in the year, Mr. Arnold-Forster made a speech in which, in order to show how hopelessly rotten our system of providing an army for the field was, he selected as a test-specimen one battalion which he knew exceptionally well—the Irish Rifles. The battalion went out 874 strong. It was made up to war-strength by adding from the territorial system 210 men. Mr. Arnold-Forster's point was, that there it was, and that that was the end of what we could do for it. All its reserves were used up. No more could be sent. What has, in fact, occurred is, that successive drafts have reached it of 300 to replace the casualties of the Stormberg disaster, of 100 to allow for normal waste, and of 382 to replace the casualties of Reddersburg. Thus in all 1,866 men have been sent out for this one battalion. All of them were over 20 years of age. All of them were trained men. All of them came in regular course from the territorial system. What has happened with this battalion has happened normally with cavalry, artillery, and infantry units. We select it only because Mr. Arnold-Forster himself chose it as a crucial test of the unimpeachable accuracy of his own assertions.

The fact that these things are so, and not as the German was led by his English advisers to imagine them, is another and a very important reason why the cart has not continued to stick in the mud.

How stupendous has been the amount of material that has been delivered in South Africa may be judged from this, that over 170 millions of small-arm ammunition have been sent out; that for the various artillery weapons there have been sent

Over	105,000	rounds	for the	12-pounder horse artillery gun
„	330,000	„	„	15-pounder field gun
„	30,000	„	„	5-in. howitzer
„	20,000	„	„	5-in. gun
Nearly	21,000	„	„	4·7 gun
„	380,000	„	„	'pom-pom' (37 millimètres)

But this comprises only the actual supply of ammunition. In addition to this, clothing has been sent to the following amounts:—

Drab suits	much over	200,000
Khaki suits	... about	80,000
Boots (pairs)	... over	370,000
Woollen drawers	„	400,000
Jerseys	„	200,000
Worsted socks	„	850,000
Cotton socks	„	170,000
Flannel belts	„	400,000
Flannel shirts	„	500,000

Then, besides those taken with men or horses, there have been sent, as general stores,

Circular tents		18,000 (or thereabouts)
Blankets...	over	420,000
Waterproof sheets	„	300,000
Camp kettles	„	37,000
Horse rugs	about	100,000
Sets of ten or six span mule harness	nearly	6,000

Of food the proportions have been even more gigantic, though immense quantities have been collected in the country itself. The following figures will give some idea of what these amounted to. There were fifty-eight different items at least, comprising meat, bacon, cheese, pea soup, rations of meat with vegetables, emergency rations, biscuit, yeast, groceries of all kinds—tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, and the like—compressed vegetables, rice, lime-juice,

rum, jam and marmalade, extract of meat, bovril, Brand's essence, brandy, calf's-foot jelly, champagne, claret, roast fowl, port wine, condensed milk, soups, sparklets, stout, whisky, carbolic acid, chloride of lime, disinfecting powder, izal, alum, tobacco, tin-opening knives. While the total weight of these has exceeded, exclusive of the forage, 80,000,000 pounds, some estimate may be formed of the difficulties of package, examination, and transport, from the fact that they included 622,000 bottles of different kinds. The preserved meat alone from home and foreign ports weighed 20,500,000 pounds, the jam and marmalade 10,000,000 pounds, the biscuit 27,000,000 pounds, tobacco 1,500,000 pounds. The forage—hay, oats, bran, compressed forage—sent in addition to the above has weighed nearly 79,000 *tons* from English ports and 154,000 *tons* from foreign and colonial ports.

Instead of the one 'siege train' which seemed indispensable to General Schmeling, we have sent two powerful armaments of that kind. The Boers have found it prudent not to allow our siege-guns to try the strength of the fortifications on which for years, under the advice of the best European engineers, they have been expending large sums raised in the main from the taxation of the vast wealth of the Uitlanders. Like Captain Cuttle's coon, as soon as these works, which have so much impressed General von Schmeling's imagination, have been exposed to danger from our siege artillery they have cried at once, 'Don't shoot, Captain, I'll come down.' Meantime our ignorant and contemptible officers, from Baden-Powell downwards, everywhere, where they have thrown themselves into undefended places, all the temporary fortifications of which they have had to construct on their own best judgement, have held out against that overwhelming and superior artillery of the Boers of which we have heard so much. That introduces the other side of General Schmeling's charges. Hitherto we have been dealing with specific facts about which there can be no dispute. The war has not in any sense whatever taken the course which General von Schmeling predicted for it. The things which he said would prove impossible for us have been done. The resources which he said did not exist and could not be transported have been delivered in the field. They have, so far at least as concerns the administrative departments in the field—transport and supply for ammunition and food, engineering work, and more especially railway

work—been admittedly admirably handled. Perhaps it is now hardly too much to appeal to a man of General von Schmeling's experience and inquire whether these vast resources could have been organised, collected, and regularly despatched, partly from home, partly from all parts of the habitable globe, if there had existed that complete want of competent officers which he supposes to exist among us. The appeal in his case is more likely to be effective than in that of some of our critics nearer home, who do not understand as well as he does the difficulties of the task that has been surmounted. We are very far from wishing to be hard upon him himself, but, as he has pointed out how severe and strict is the German system as compared with our own, there is one point in ours to which it may be well to draw his attention. We too have, with such facilities as have hitherto been granted us in the way of working over ground and other matters, practical and theoretical tests applied before an officer is allowed to be promoted from rank to rank. The German staff system is perhaps rather more than our own based upon a display of an officer's competence in the matter of practical studies produced in the form of essays, appreciations of a situation and the like. Most of our examinations require the use of troops on ground, but we do employ the essay test, or something like it, more especially for staff officers. Speaking from some knowledge of these tests we can say unhesitatingly that if an officer of any rank in our army so completely failed to diagnose an assigned problem as General von Schmeling has done he would be in a perilous position. He has failed adequately to collect his evidence. He has gone to wrong sources for his information. He has applied to his work the severe test of the fulfilment of prediction dependent on the accuracy of his facts and the correctness of his reasoning from them, and the test condemns him.

Having said so much, and with such an example before us, we may freely admit that we have not succeeded in eliminating during peace time possible errors of human judgement during war. General von Schmeling is, no doubt, much too close a student of the Franco-German War of 1870 not to be as well aware as we are that that very perfect organisation which von Moltke created did not succeed in eliminating such errors either in the higher or the lower ranks. It is a dream which has arisen in Germany during thirty years of peace that it is possible to secure that result by selections made in peace time. The British army, which during those

years has been fighting at least thirty several wars of more or less gravity and under every variety of conditions, has no such delusions. At this moment we have on our hands three struggles, each involving different conditions—those of China, South Africa, and Ashanti. Within the year we have had a fourth, quite unlike any of the others—that which the Sirdar, now in England, Sir F. Wingate, brought to a triumphant conclusion by the capture of the Khalifa. We do not put this forward as merely and only an advantage which the British army possesses over the German. There are two sides to it. It is quite certain that we have an enormously larger body of officers than they have to whom the conditions of rough campaigning, the looking after their men in the field, and the general organisation for food and ammunition supply under the rough circumstances of field work, not to mention shot and shell fired in anger, are familiar. The very existence of this factor is ignored by General von Schmeling, as is the considerable body of non-commissioned officers and men of similar experience whom we have, and of whom they have hardly one. On the other hand, there is truth in Trochu's saying that it is peace time that makes armies and war that injures them. Our own army, which perhaps more than most learns only by experience, is apt, in every war into which it enters, to have to unlearn much of its war experience of the past before it can adapt itself to the new circumstances. Moreover, it is apt to have to unlearn much peace training which has been based upon recent experience in fighting wholly unadapted to the novel conditions with which it has to deal. We, from some knowledge of it under varied conditions, firmly believe that, despite these disadvantages, it is one of the most, if not the most, adaptable armies in the world when the facts are fairly and squarely before it. One lesson, perhaps, the Germans have yet to teach us—namely, how best to profit by our mistakes when the war is over. They have, however, a far simpler task than we have. Always for them it is European war for which they have to prepare. With us each year we meet with a new experience, often three or four times a year, as now, with three or four different experiences. Moreover, it cannot be denied that a military despotism presents naturally many advantages for the one purpose of creating an effective military machine. It certainly would be unendurable by any people so intelligent as the Germans if it were not so. We are dependent for

our efficiency on the passing whims of a nation which during years of peace time cannot understand the necessities of warlike preparation, and with the utmost patriotism opposes from not understanding them the men who are doing it the best service. Then, when war breaks out, it is terribly apt to fall under the influence of those who pander to its momentary impressions and unscrupulously feed it with direct misstatements of fact. The very want of training—from which it is true that many of our officers suffer—is due to the refusal during long years to grant our army those facilities which were necessary and were denied to the passionate demands of successive generations of soldiers—not because, if the nation had understood the case, these demands would not have been readily granted, but because the subject did not interest the mass of those whose votes determined the issue, and they had, therefore, never read what was written or known what was wanted. Under a system of party government such a condition of things determines the question. It is, so far as our observation goes, precisely those who have used every influence they possessed, and some of them very great influence, to oppose, contemn, and resist every proposal that was made to increase the efficiency of our army, who now most bitterly complain that their actions have produced their natural result. So much we may concede to our German critic. But we have faith in the sound sense of the English people, and we believe that the truth, if it be honestly put before them, will be listened to. We have faith that the nation at large will realise that it, too, has to learn from the mistakes of the past, and will set its house in order.

ART. XII.—1. *An Essay on the Government of Dependencies.* By Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, K.C.B. (originally published in 1841). Edited with an introduction by C. P. Lucas, of the Colonial Office. Clarendon Press, Oxford: 1891.

2. *A Bill to Constitute the Commonwealth of Australia.*

3. *Publications of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee.* Westminster: 1900.

4. *Speech of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., in the House of Commons, April* 3, 1900.

MORE than ten years ago we called the attention of our readers to the gradual change of sentiment and opinion that had grown up in the preceding quarter of a century as to the relations between Great Britain and her great self-governing colonies.* It is not the case that our principal statesmen or party leaders on either side of politics ever seriously advocated the complete separation of the colonies from the Mother Country, though here and there some chance expression of a sense of weariness at the never-ceasing troubles in Downing Street may have seemed to point in that direction. It cannot be denied, however, that among the eminent men who were the ornaments of the Manchester school there was little appreciation of the greatness of the British Empire, as apart from its material prosperity, good government, and well-being; and were they among us to-day they would hardly share that enthusiasm for the National Flag, the most powerful political sentiment, which now inspires British democracy all over the world.

We are not quite sure that any British statesman ever deserved the name of 'Little Englander,' convenient as the expression may be for the purposes of electioneering controversy; but we are certain that it was never applicable to the Liberal party as a whole, nor indeed to any of the great men who have led it. It has been too much the fashion of late to identify the politics of 'a school' which did in its own way splendid service to the country with the general principles of a great party in which it was never more than a minority. If not held, however, among practical statesmen of the first rank, the view of the too burdensome nature of the connexion between England and

* Edinburgh Review, April 1890, 'Confederation or Independence.'

her colonies—burdensome to both sides—was strongly urged by political and philosophical writers, and obtained a strong footing among some men who from the inside of the Colonial Office saw the want of smoothness with which the wheels of our colonial system then worked.

Would not these troubles all be removed if the ties which united us were completely severed, and Great Britain were to find in her heretofore colonies separate independent and friendly nations? Thus in 1865 Lord Blachford and Sir Henry Taylor, both of them men of great experience in the working of our system, were in general agreement 'in their 'desire to shake off all responsibly governed colonies,' including the whole of North America!

At the present day views such as these have for practical purposes ceased to exist, and have been replaced by a universal sentiment throughout the whole Empire in favour of closer union. It is not difficult to understand the reasons for this change. The enormous extension given to the system of independent colonial management of colonial affairs has of course greatly lessened to the Home Government the burden, the responsibility, and the worry of administration. The increased facilities of travel and communication have brought British subjects all over the world into much closer personal relations, and recent events have shown, beyond all possibility of dispute, that a common patriotic sentiment burns with equal ardour in every part of the British Empire. The strong feeling for the unity of the Empire was the chief feature of the Jubilee rejoicings of 1897; and for many years previously it had been evident that popular sentiment had begun to run strongly in that direction. It was Sir Charles Dilke who first gave currency to the expression 'Greater Britain,' and asked his countrymen at home to remember that the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and those who had become associated and united with it, possessed in common almost all the elements of nationhood. Professor Seeley's remarkable book on the 'Expansion of England' certainly expanded the views of many Englishmen; and Mr. Forster in 1885 gave a practical character to the movement of opinion and sentiment by founding the Imperial Federation League. It was the fundamental principle of the League 'that any scheme of 'Imperial Federation should combine on an equitable basis 'the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common 'interests, and adequately provide for an adequate defence of 'common rights.'

It was a great step forward in the cause of Imperial Union when Mr. Chamberlain accepted the seals of the Colonial Office. Political opponents have mockingly asked whether Mr. Chamberlain discovered the colonies? Assuredly no statesman before him has done so much to draw together into a common sentiment of patriotism all parts of the Empire: and it is this common sentiment, far more than any scheme of Imperial Union, which will enable us to *act* as one great people, whatever may be our political organisation. It is interesting to watch the course of developement of popular and individual habit of thought. The onward march of democracy at home and in our colonies has never been checked. This march our political prophets and philosophers foresaw; but it did not occur to them that it would be the function of the undemocratic part of the Constitution—the Crown—to hold together as a single people the British democracy of the future. As we democratised the House of Commons, we did something to localise and even to provincialise its character, as compared at least with the non-representative parts of the Constitution, especially with the Crown. The colonies may well feel that the House of Commons belongs to its own electors, that they the colonists have no part in it; and certainly the 'delegate 'theory' so pleasing to democracy as contrasted with Burke's higher conception of the duty of a representative supports their view. But in the eyes of all her subjects in every part of the globe her Majesty is as much Queen of Canadian, Australian, and New Zealander, as of the Londoner himself, and by the same title. Even the House of Lords is felt to be less completely divested of the character of an Imperial institution than is the House of Commons, and as time goes on eminent colonists will doubtless be found, in greater numbers than at present, among the Peers.

There can be no doubt then of the growth of the *sentiment* of Imperial Union at home and in the colonies, especially in recent years. Nevertheless there has been no advance made towards any practical scheme for combining together our loosely connected Empire into one great Federal nation, under the government for Imperial purposes of the same central authority. The Imperial Federation League did good work. Conferences were held, and British and colonial feeling was stirred. But, for all that, the greatest difficulty was experienced in the making of definite proposals. At length, after eight years well spent in ventilating the whole subject, the League in 1893 presented

to Mr. Gladstone's Government certain recommendations made by their Committee to the effect that it was desirable to issue

'An invitation to our self-governing colonies to take a share in the cost of the general defence of the Empire, commencing with the maintenance of the navy, and that if this combination were achieved, the formation of a Council of the Empire to deal with defence and foreign policy would become possible, and that such a Council would in course of time attract to itself other functions.' *

Shortly afterwards the League dissolved, and the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee was formed for the purpose of carrying out the above policy of Federation, in the first place for common defence *alone*; in the full hope that this first step would be followed by a much closer unification of the Empire. In 1895 the Defence Committee urged its views upon the new Government, which doubtless listened far more sympathetically than the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone to proposals for consolidating and increasing the military and naval strength of the Empire. Assuredly the Defence Committee could not possibly hope to find a minister more ready to further their views than the new Colonial Secretary; and accordingly a move was very soon made in the direction desired by the Committee. In Cape Colony in the Jubilee year (1897) the subject was taken up with much zeal, especially by Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Rose Innes, the Colonial Parliament passing a resolution to contribute annually towards the expense of the Imperial navy. Then came 'the famous present of an ironclad,' as Sir Gordon Sprigg's offer was enthusiastically described at the time by Mr. Goschen, and a little later the offer of Natal to coal the British fleet annually at Durban, free of cost, to the extent of 12,000 tons. The Australian colonies have long borne some portion of the cost of naval defence; and the Defence Committee are now able to urge that contribution towards the Imperial navy by the self-governing colonies has already become an accepted principle.

One good result at least has been brought about by the unhappy war in South Africa—fraught as it is with so much suffering in the present, and entailing on the future a heavy burden of troubles—in the pulling together of every section of the British people in one common sentiment of patriotism. We have had no Grand Council, no other Supreme

* See 'A Summary of the Situation,' published by the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee, 1900.

Authority for the Empire than her Majesty's home advisers. As regards our military power no steps whatever had been taken such as we have seen in respect of the navy to establish an Imperial force. Nevertheless our colonies, acting each for itself, have sent us the most material military assistance, and have greatly contributed to our success, and the Defence Committee are quite entitled to hold, according to their programme, that the time has come for them to take a second step in advance. In March last accordingly they passed the following resolution, viz.:

'That the principle of colonial contributions to the navy having been to a great extent established, and in view of the spontaneous co-operation of the colonial forces with those of the United Kingdom in the field, the Imperial League (Defence) Committee should now direct its efforts towards the developement of the principle of co-operation and the promotion of means by which the self-governing colonies may be represented in the councils of the Empire.'

For a closer Imperial union the times would seem to be propitious, and the popular mind is favourable, but as yet no real advance has been made, and no practical scheme has been even suggested by responsible statesmen towards carrying out the end desired. Towards joint naval and joint military preparation and action a good deal has been done, and there can be no doubt that much further advance will be made in that direction. But as to establishing a 'Supreme Imperial Council'—as to the 'Federation of the Empire'—it must be frankly owned that no progress has been made at all.

How very different is the spectacle that meets our eyes when we turn them from Imperial to Colonial Federation! There, in North America, and in Australia, we see that States have combined, or are combining, into Federations, which again may not improbably some day consolidate into some more centralised national systems. The explanation is that the problems to be solved are entirely dissimilar; and misunderstanding and even mischief will arise if we do not distinguish the essential fundamental differences between the two cases. Nevertheless there is a hazy notion prevailing at the present day that the remarkable attempt, now successfully accomplished, to bind together in a single 'Commonwealth' the various colonies of Australia is not only a long step forwards towards some closer connexion than now exists between Mother Country and colonies, but even that this measure affords an example on a small scale of that Imperial Federation which it is believed will ultimately unite under one great Federal Government

the component parts of our large but loosely connected Empire.

A very little consideration will show that the desire to federate, and the reasons for federating, which have produced and are producing such excellent results in North America and Australia, either do not exist at all, or exist in a very minor degree, for uniting under a single government and legislature the whole of her Majesty's dominions. Doubtless there are many and strong reasons for bringing into common council, upon questions of general policy affecting the Empire as a whole, our sister nations beyond the seas, who with ourselves own and boast allegiance to the same throne and flag. There is at home and in the colonies a desire for closer political union within the Empire, but the more closely the subject is examined the more clearly it will be perceived that, if this closer union is to meet the practical necessities of the case, it must be of an utterly different character from that system of federated States under which our North American and Australian kinsmen are growing into nationhood.

Let us look a little closely into the 'Commonwealth of 'Australia Constitution Act,' as the Bill agreed upon by the Australian colonies, which has now received the approval of Parliament, is to be called. The speeches of Australian statesmen who have for years past promoted this policy, and indeed every line of the bill itself, show that its authors have been inspired by the thought of founding a nation. Australia has grown up; has attained her majority, and is prepared henceforth to be responsible, as other nations are, for her own fate. The very name chosen—'The Commonwealth of 'Australia'—indicates a certain modification of the old conception of the colonial relation towards the parent country. The Canadians founded out of the various British colonies of North America a 'Canadian Dominion.' Now we have an 'Australian Commonwealth.' Almost imperceptibly our forms of speech and our metaphors become modified to suit modern conditions, and our Colonial Secretary rightly feels, when he refers to the Empire, that it is time to substitute for the old phrase 'Mother Country and her Colonies' the more accurate expression of 'Sister Nations'—nations, that is, owing a hearty and voluntary devotion to a common throne and equal allegiance to a common flag, while in all other respects they enjoy the privileges and bear the burdens of independent States.

It is more than nine years ago since Sir Henry Parkes

at Sydney presided over the convention of delegates appointed by the Parliaments of the several Australasian colonies to consider the subject of Federation; and the resolutions then adopted afterwards formed the basis of the Commonwealth Bill. A National Federal Government and a Federal Parliament were to be formed. Internal free trade was to be adopted, customs and bounties were to be regulated by Federal, not State authority. The military and naval defences were to be entrusted to federal forces under one command, and a Federal Supreme Court was to be established, and was to constitute a High Court of Appeal for Australia.

The Commonwealth Act has been entirely the work of Australian statesmen. English ministers, it is hardly too much to say, have had nothing whatever to do with it, yet in a wider sense the measure is essentially the outcome of practical British statesmanship, proceeding upon the constitutional lines familiar to Englishmen all over the globe. King, Lords, and Commons, as near as may be, are to be reproduced, and the Bill, as a matter of course, implicitly contemplates the existence of those constitutional conventions and customs which regulate the working of our system at home. British statesmen in young colonies and in the old country resemble each other in their distaste for originality in constitution-building, and possibly here and there the theorist and doctrinaire may experience a sense of disappointment in discovering in this the latest of constitutions so little that is new. To such novelties as have been introduced we shall call attention further on. The reformers have done the work they took in hand and no more. They have framed their constitution upon the ordinary British lines, with such modifications only as are required by the practical necessities and special circumstances of the case.

The only constitutional links with the home country to which the Commonwealth Act makes reference are her Majesty's prerogative, the powers of the governor-general, and the judicial authority of the Privy Council. The governor-general is to be appointed during pleasure by the Queen at a salary of 10,000*l.* a year, to be provided by the Australian Parliament, and not subject to addition or diminution during his continuance in office. He is to be 'the representative of her Majesty in the Commonwealth,' and as such to have the chief command of the naval and military forces, and, subject to the constitution, he is to enjoy such powers and functions as her Majesty may assign to him.

[illegible]

(a) [illegible]
(b) [illegible]
(c) [illegible]
(d) [illegible]
(e) [illegible]
(f) [illegible]
(g) [illegible]
(h) [illegible]

(xi.) Fisheries in Australian waters beyond territorial limits.
(xii.) Census and statistics.
(xiii.) Currency, coinage and legal tender.
(xiv.) Banking, other than State banking; also State banking extending beyond the limits of the State concerned, the incorporation of banks, and the issue of paper money.
(xv.) Insurance other than State insurance; also State insurance extending beyond the limits of the State concerned.
(xvi.) (xvii.) (xviii.) (xviii.) Weights and measures. Bills of exchange, &c. Bankruptcy and insolvency. Copyrights, patents, and trade-marks.
(xix.) Naturalization, and aliens.
(xx.) Foreign corporations, and trading corporations formed within the limits of the Commonwealth.
(xxi.) (xxii.) Marriage and divorce, and parental rights over infants.
(xxiii.) Invalid and old age pensions.
(xxiv.) Service and execution of civil and criminal process and judgments of the States throughout the Commonwealth.
(xxv.) The recognition throughout the Commonwealth of the laws and judicial proceedings of the States.
(xxvi.) The people of any race, other than the aboriginal race in any State, for whom it is deemed necessary to make special laws.
(xxvii.) Immigration and emigration.
(xxviii.) The influx of criminals.
(xxix.) External affairs.
(xxx.) The relations of the Commonwealth with the islands of the Pacific.
(xxxi.) The acquisition of property on just terms for any purpose in respect of which the Parliament may make laws.
(xxxii.) Control of railways for military purposes of the Commonwealth.
(xxxiii.) Acquisition, with the consent of a State, of any railways of the State.
(xxxiv.) Railway construction in any State with its consent.
(xxxv.) Conciliation and arbitration, where industrial dispute extends beyond the limits of any one State.
(xxxvi.) (xxxvii.) (xxxviii.) Incidental matters.
(xxxix.) The exercise within the Commonwealth, with concurrence of the Parliaments of all the States directly concerned, of any power which can at the establishment of the Constitution be exercised only by the Parliament of the United Kingdom, or by the Federal Council of Australasia.

Now at the first glance the casual reader might suppose that so long a list of subjects must import that almost general and universal powers are to be enjoyed by the new Parliament. A second reading of the clause will show him how strictly limited are in truth the parliamentary

functions which it creates. The Parliament derives its legislative authority from the Constitution alone. It can make laws only under and in accordance with that constitution. Laws so made will abrogate, it is true, any statutes inconsistent with them passed by the State legislatures. But outside the provisions of 'The Constitution' and within their own authority the State legislatures are supreme; for 'The Constitution' provides that all the powers of the State legislatures not expressly withdrawn by the constitution are to remain to them as they existed at the establishment of the Commonwealth. Thus, for instance, the legislature of Victoria will continue to enjoy within the State of Victoria what Englishmen would consider full parliamentary powers, excepting only those expressly withdrawn from them by the constitution. In this respect, therefore, State rights will be far more completely protected in Australia than in Canada, where in its general authority and character the Dominion Parliament has been closely assimilated to the Parliament at Westminster. In short, the constitution of the Commonwealth has more of the federal principle in its composition, while the constitution of the Dominion has been drawn rather on the single-nation line. In North America the governing idea is that of a National Parliament with subordinate provincial legislatures. In Australia it is that of a combination or federation of independent States for specified general purposes.

The Parliament of Australia is to be the legislative authority of the new Commonwealth. Nevertheless, it would be beyond the scope of its authority to pass for the Commonwealth, or for any State, a Poor Law, or an Education Act, to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in any part of Australia, to pass a Land Act, or an Act of Indemnity, except for offences against laws coming within the provisions of Clause 51. The whole subject of criminal law is outside the control of 'The Parliament.' It is scarcely too much to say that not one of the important measures which, apart from taxation, have during the last twenty years been brought to the attention of the Parliament of the United Kingdom in speeches from the throne, would be within the competence of the Parliament of the Commonwealth even to take into consideration.

Even as regards those subjects of general interest entrusted by Clause 51 to The Parliament, since they are not granted *exclusively* to The Parliament, nor *expressly*

withdrawn from the State legislatures, they may be dealt with by the latter, subject, however, to this, that in case of the State legislation conflicting with a Federal statute, Federal law is always to prevail. In theory, of course, the State legislatures are, like 'The Parliament,' subordinate assemblies to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster, from which they all derive their powers; but as regards Australia the State legislatures are not subordinate to The Parliament. On every subject not contained in Clause 51 the State legislatures are, so far as Australian authority is concerned, supreme; and as to subjects within it they have concurrent authority with 'The Parliament' so long as the latter does not override their acts by legislation of its own.

It is felt universally in England both by Parliament and public that the framing of the Australian constitution was wisely left to Australian statesmen and the people of Australia. Australians know their own needs far better than we do; and it could hardly be expected that a mere copy of our own system would fit the very different conditions under which dwell the population of the vast continent of Australia. We call attention to the special peculiarities of the new constitution in no desire to question the excellence of the arrangements adopted, but in order to point out the twofold aspect in which, of necessity, Australian statesmen have had to regard the problem. Towards the world outside Australia 'The Commonwealth' is to be the political embodiment of a nation. Within Australia it is to represent only certain limited aspects of national life, and its institutions have been constructed to perform certain strictly limited functions which have been expressly assigned to them. The Englishman's conception of Parliament as representing in the last resort and for all purposes the nation itself is quite different from that of 'The Parliament' under 'The 'Constitution.' The absolute sovereignty of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, the basis of the British system, will have no counterpart in Australia.

As regards the provisions of the Commonwealth Bill which affected other than Australian interests, it was of course the duty of Parliament to watch carefully what was proposed. Even here, however, there was no disposition on our side to cavil at the extent to which Australian authority might be pushed, nor on their side to grasp at control of other than Australian affairs. Undoubtedly here and there the language of the constitution seems wanting in precision, and much of it undoubtedly will,

as time goes on, have to be subjected to legal definition. What, for instance, are the boundaries to 'Australian waters 'beyond territorial limits,' whose fisheries are subject to the control of The Parliament? Legislation as to 'naturalisation 'and aliens' may give rise to all sorts of questions between Great Britain and foreign nations. The right of the Parliament to make laws for the benefit of the Commonwealth with regard to 'external affairs' (xxix), as to 'immigration and emigration' (xxvii) and 'as to the relations 'of the Commonwealth with the islands of the Pacific' (xxx), has been accepted by the home Parliament even in the very vague language of the Bill. As indeed was probably best, considering the practical difficulty of making any alterations at so late a stage of the proceedings.

The Commonwealth Act does not provide in terms as does the British North America Act of 1867 that the new constitution 'is to be similar in principle to that of the United 'Kingdom.' Nevertheless the Australian constitution would hardly be intelligible to any one not acquainted with the British constitution and with those customs and conventions which in its working are treated with as much respect as actual law. The Act has been framed and drafted, as every line of it testifies, by men, as it is intended to be worked by men, whose political minds and very nature have become impregnated with the spirit of modern British constitutionalism. As has lately been well pointed out by Mr. Haldane,* this customary and conventional constitutionalism is in a constant condition of change and growth. It is always silently adapting our system to modern conditions and to the general sense of the community in accordance with the teaching of growing experience. To this elasticity, not less perhaps than to the formal adaptations of the constitution made by Parliament, is due the historic continuity, and the permanence of the main outlines, of the British system. The Commonwealth Act is not a codification of the whole law of the constitution applicable to Australia. That constitution will be worked out by Australians themselves, in their own Parliament and State legislatures, in their own courts of law, and in the growing appreciation of the Australian people of what their own conditions and circumstances require.

In the actual business of legislation it is needless to say

* See address to the Society of Comparative Legislation, by R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., on May 4, 1900. John Murray, London.

that 'The Parliament' will under the constitution follow British practice. The Senate will not be allowed to amend a money bill, and such a bill must originate always with the House of Representatives. Otherwise the functions and privileges as regards legislation of the two Houses will be the same. Special means have, however, been taken to avoid a permanent deadlock by reason of a continued difference of opinion between the two Houses—precautions evidently highly desirable where each House is directly representative of the same electorate, and has therefore equal right to maintain that its own voice is the voice of the people. The constitution provides that when the Senate has *twice* rejected a bill passed by the other House, the governor-general may dissolve the two Houses simultaneously, and if, after a general election, the Houses still differ, he may convene a joint meeting of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and if the measure is passed by an absolute majority of this assembly, it shall be deemed to have been duly passed by both Houses of the Parliament and shall be presented to the governor-general for the Queen's assent.

The Royal assent, which, as regards home legislation, has long been a form only, is still an operative part of the colonial legislative system, and the governor-general under the Australian constitution is by no means the exact counterpart of a constitutional sovereign according to the modern British theory. True, he will govern Australia with the advice and assistance of his Australian ministers; but he will have been appointed by the Queen on the advice of the ministers at home, who are responsible to the home Parliament, and he will have certain duties towards the central government representing the Empire at large. Under the Commonwealth Act, framed by a young democracy in a democratic age, the power of the representative of the Crown over legislation is infinitely greater than the prerogative enjoyed by the sovereign at home as an inheritance from the Plantagenets and the Tudors, which, be it remembered, no Act of Parliament has withdrawn. The governor-general, then, may in his own discretion assent or withhold assent to laws which have passed both Houses of The Parliament; or he may reserve the laws for the Queen's pleasure—that is, for the consideration of the Home Government, or he may himself suggest amendments to the proposed laws and transmit them so amended for the further consideration of The Parliament.

Chapter II. of the Commonwealth Act dealing with the

executive government affords the strongest example of what has been said as to the implied incorporation into the Act of the customs and practice of modern British constitutionalism. We see at once what is intended. Evidently the wish is to set up a system of government by ministers responsible to, and virtually appointed by, a parliamentary majority. Now it would be by no means easy to set out in black and white, in the sections of an Act of Parliament, the whole theory of ministerial responsibility, and the relation between the British Executive and Parliament. Accordingly the Act attempts nothing of the kind, but simply enacts in some half-dozen short clauses that the governor-general shall be advised by an executive council chosen by himself to hold office during his pleasure from among members of Parliament. He is to appoint the ministers of State out of these executive councillors. They are not to exceed seven in number nor to receive in the aggregate a greater salary than 12,000*l.* a year until The Parliament otherwise provides. So also, till further provision is made by The Parliament, the appointment and removal of all other officers of the executive government of the Commonwealth is to be vested in the governor-general in council. Thus the thing is done; and a British parliamentary constitution, as contrasted with the system of the United States, is duly launched. The executive is made dependent upon The Parliament, and to The Parliament it will be responsible.

Australian statesmen were necessarily bound to consider the methods by which future changes and reforms when required should be introduced into the constitution. Under a Federal system, where it is part of the essence of the constitution to preserve State rights, it is clear that there is no room for our British doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of Parliament. As we have seen, the Australian Parliament is very closely limited by the constitution, under which alone it derives its own powers. Australian statesmen have met the difficulty in the following way, viz. by requiring that constitutional reforms which have been passed by The Parliament, or passed repeatedly by either House of The Parliament, shall be submitted to the approval of the electors in each State, and if they are approved in a majority of States by a majority of electors in each State, they shall be presented to the governor-general for the Queen's assent. And in no case is any alteration to be made in diminution of the representation of any State in either House of The Parliament, or prejudicing its rights

under the constitution, without the approval of a majority of electors of that State. Thus the 'Referendum' becomes part of the Australian constitution where constitutional reforms are in question. It is not an expedient which it is desirable to see extended in parliamentary constitutions. It tends to diminish the responsibility of statesmen and of representative assemblies, and had it been part of our own constitution, it would in all probability have greatly delayed some of the most useful measures ever passed, such, for instance, as Catholic Emancipation and the Poor Law of 1834. Still, in the special circumstances of Australian Federation, it is not easy to see how any better expedient could have been found. Doubtless in any country, here or elsewhere, if representative assemblies once cease to be respected, and are no longer credited by public opinion with a sense of patriotic responsibility for their conduct, the public interest and safety may require that strict limitations, by way of referendum or otherwise, shall be placed upon their powers of mischief. But that is a state of things highly unfavourable to the whole scheme of parliamentary government—a system which, in truth, rests on the basis of the responsibility of public men towards their fellow-countrymen. The system of plebiscite, either as regards men or measures, may be pleasing to democratic instinct and to autocratic ambition. It certainly is fundamentally opposed to the theory of parliamentary government.

The only difference or difficulty that arose between the home Government and Australia on the subject of the Australian constitution was in regard to Chapter III., providing a Federal Supreme Court—to be called the High Court of Australia—in which was to be vested the judicial power of the Commonwealth, and which was to have the power of *final decision* in cases appealed from the State and other local courts, whence hitherto appeal had lain to the Privy Council. This appellate jurisdiction of the High Court was to be subject to future regulation by The Parliament. The much-discussed Clause 74 of the measure as it was presented to Parliament expressly barred all appeals to the Privy Council in any matter involving 'the interpretation of the Australian 'constitution, or the constitution of any State, unless the 'public interests of some part of her Majesty's dominion, 'other than the Commonwealth or a State, are involved.' With this exception, there was to be no limit on the authority of the Privy Council to grant special leave of

appeal from the High Court. Nevertheless, for the future, The Parliament was expressly given the power to make laws limiting the matters in which such leave might be asked.

The truth is that the divergence *in aim* between the framers of the constitution and her Majesty's Government on this subject of appeal was of the smallest. Nevertheless differences of the most secondary importance, when not handled by statesmen with patience and temper, have often been productive of unhappy consequences utterly disproportioned to the original cause of quarrel. Here there was no quarrel. Mr. Chamberlain, as usual, knew his own mind, and his whole bearing was as courteous and conciliatory as his views were clear. Australian statesmen for the most part, and Australian public opinion too, were ready not merely to listen to Mr. Chamberlain's view, but to give it due weight, and accordingly the clause finally passed in a form which gave universal satisfaction. Clause 74 now provides that no appeal shall lie from the High Court to the Privy Council on 'questions as to the 'limits *inter se* of the constitutional powers of the 'Commonwealth and those of any State, or as to the limits '*inter se* of the constitutional powers of any two States,' unless the High Court itself certifies that the question ought, to be decided by the Privy Council. With this exception the Privy Council may still grant leave to appeal from the High Court; and as to the future The Parliament is authorised to make laws to limit this appeal, but such laws are to be specially reserved by the governor-general for her Majesty's pleasure.

When this discussion first arose the view was freely expressed that the high character and dignity of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was such, and its independence from all partiality in Australian controversy was so complete, that it was highly desirable that the function of finally interpreting the constitution should be in its hands. Some indeed thought that something might be done to exalt its authority still higher, and give it a constitution of a more representative and Imperial character. But on the whole the discussion has tended greatly to strengthen the opinion that it is for the general interest that Australian courts and judges should interpret the constitution that Australian statesmen have framed. The population of the Australian colonies is to-day very much the same as was the population of the leading American colonies at the end of last century. What will that population be

two or three generations hence? Why should Australians be less competent than Americans to produce great statesmen, judges, and constitutional lawyers who will mould into shape their own system? From the point of view of the United Kingdom and her relations with the colonies, it may well be doubted whether it is desirable that highly controversial questions of internal colonial consequence should be decided by judges at Westminster, rather than by eminent Australians, who are equally the Queen's judges, sitting at the Australian capital. In our view the less of the 'Imperial' factor,' whether its authority is exercised in executive, legislative or judicial business, in the internal affairs of a self-governing colony, the better for all concerned.

As for difficulties between the Home and the Australian Governments, Sir Charles Dilke pointed out in debate on the Commonwealth Bill that they were far less likely to arise out of a difference of construction of The Constitution than out of divergent views of policy—perhaps some action taken by the Colonial Executive Government, and disapproved at home. Difficulties such as these would need to be surmounted by wise statesmanship and conciliatory behaviour on both sides, rather than by the decision of a supreme court of law. In the discussion in Parliament on Clause 74 there was perhaps too much tendency to believe that the decisions of an Appellate Court, when sitting in London, would invariably solve political problems so as to give universal satisfaction!

It is the hope and expectation of Englishmen that the growth of the Australian Constitution will be in the direction of consolidation; and that, as in America, a national principle will tend to prevail more and more over State particularism. But these are questions for the Australians themselves to settle by the light of their ever-growing experience. They are not, it must be remembered, as were the people of the United States, and of the Canadian colonies, under the influence of that steady pressure towards consolidation which is produced by the neighbourhood of a rival and formidable power. And it may be that the vast continent over which the Australian people is scattered is so vast, that the interests of different portions of it are so distinct, and that the intercourse between them is so slight, that for many generations to come a loose political connexion between the different States may best suit Australian circumstances. It is impossible to foresee precisely what shape the future greatness of Australia will take. No one

can measure the material possibilities of her future. Steam and electricity have done much to render possible over wide areas political consolidation and national centralisation, but they have not yet abolished considerations of space and time. And in the long run geographical conditions and material resources will be found to tell as powerfully as present sentiment upon the ultimate political developement of the island continent.

When we turn our eyes from Colonial Federation to projects for federalising the whole British Empire we find ourselves at once in a different atmosphere of thought. As regards the first, the discussions and the projects have been all along eminently practical in their nature, concerning themselves with the felt needs of the time. Australians believe that it will be infinitely more convenient that certain very numerous common interests of theirs should be placed under joint management. National sentiment and practical everyday wants have joined in producing the Federation movement. Every one of the thirty-nine sub-sections of Section 51 of the Commonwealth Act, quoted above, had been carefully considered and fully discussed in every one of the Australian colonies long before Parliament was asked to approve Federation. The discussions and controversies as regards Colonial Federation have therefore turned on the practical work which Federalism was to accomplish. Imperial Federation, on the other hand, is for the most part regarded as the realisation of a great idea, and practical considerations and projects have received very little attention. In the last nine years men's minds have moved on fast towards assimilating this idea, and probably Mr. C. P. Lucas would not say now, as he did in 1891 in his interesting introduction to the very interesting book mentioned at the head of this article, that

'Imperial Federation is little more than a dream. If,' he continues, 'we are to dream of the future, at any rate let the vision be as rich and extensive as possible, and let it ever be borne in mind that British federation cannot be complete without eventually including in its scope the greatest of British colonies—the United States.'

A dream indeed! Mr. Lucas has a thoroughly English distaste for a policy of constitution-building. This feeling may be too strong; but nevertheless there is much wisdom in his words, when he declares that British colonial history proves that

'the soundest policy is to leave events to shape themselves, and to shun any definite scheme however promising in principle, and however

carefully worked out in details. The British Empire has grown of itself; it has owed little or nothing to the foresight of soldiers or statesmen; it is the result of circumstances, of private adventure, and of national character; it is not the result of any constructive power on the part of the Government. The French laid their plans and sketched out their future much better than the English; they have been and are far more logical and consistent, and in past days they fathered and watched over their colonies to a much greater extent than the English ever did. Yet the French on the whole failed, and the English on the whole succeeded. When in the last century the English Government, with great show of reason, tried to interfere with the old North American colonies, it failed ignominiously and lost those colonies; and one of the few successful State interferences in British colonial history has been the policy which has restricted the possibility of future interference, and has placed the great colonies of late years more out of the reach of home control. There is little in the chronicles of the past to encourage any plan of reconstruction, and there is a great deal to show that to attempt any such plan would be disastrous. If Great Britain is to retain her Empire, it will be in the main by just, considerate, and sympathetic dealing towards her children and her subjects, leaving the rest to time and circumstance. Such a conclusion will no doubt seem impotent in the eyes of those who hold that some scheme for more closely uniting the provinces of the Empire ought to be tried;'

and he proceeds to say a few words of caution in this direction on the subject of Imperial Federation.

Mr. Lucas clearly foresaw that federation among neighbouring colonies must come first, and that if this was successful with our great colonial groups, a very considerable step would have been taken which would at least greatly facilitate the ultimate federalising of the Empire. 'Let 'Australasia become like Canada a Dominion, let South 'Africa be united, devise a West Indian Federation,' and then perhaps 'something tangible' might be done. Well, Australia and Canada *are* each federalised. New Zealand, for the present at all events, stands apart, as she has every right to do. The West Indies are a much smaller affair; their circumstances are very different from those of our great self-governing colonies, and in any case they will require special treatment. As for South Africa, little real progress can be made there towards building up a federation of loyal self-governing States on the lines of British constitutional freedom, till time and patience have done something to repair the mischief and soften the bitter hatreds of a calamitous racial war. Still the great precedents of Canada and Australia entitle us to hope that colonial federation among our self-governing colonies, wherever

they are conveniently situated, will ultimately be universal throughout the Empire. Mr. Lucas's conditions have been largely fulfilled. Has then the time come for doing 'something tangible' towards the realisation of the great idea?

It is desirable to have clearly in our minds what it is that we expect Imperial Federation to do for the Empire, before we begin to construct our new Imperial institutions. Some light was thrown on the crudity of opinion on this subject in a debate in the House of Commons last April when a private member * brought forward a resolution that 'it was 'desirable in the interests of the Empire that the colonies 'should be admitted to some distinct representation in the 'Imperial Parliament.' Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Minister deprecated an academic and premature discussion of topics so full of complexity and difficulty, and his very weighty speech, whatever the proposer of the motion may have thought of it, was far the best justification of a debate otherwise very unprofitable indeed.

No one, said Mr. Chamberlain (and he had every right to say so), was more strenuous than he was in favour of a closer union between Mother Country and colonies; but a federation of the Empire could not possibly be brought about by the addition of a certain number of colonial representatives to one or both Houses of Parliament. Such a scheme would give satisfaction neither to the colonies nor to ourselves. No responsible Colonial Government had asked for or suggested anything of the kind, and we should be wise on these matters to follow our colonies, rather than to appear to dictate or even to suggest to them. Mr. Chamberlain had no difficulty in pointing out the impracticability of Mr. Hedderwick's proposals; but some of his criticisms must be borne in mind whenever *any* system of *governing* our great colonies from home is put forward. He went to the root of the question when he asked

'With what object does Mr. Hedderwick seek to bring about the Parliamentary representation of the colonies? Mr. Hedderwick said nothing could be more satisfactory than the action of the colonies during the present war, and he quoted the action of Canada as an illustration, and he went on to say that Canada reserved to itself the right to decide whether in any future war it would extend the same assistance. Of course it does. Does he suppose Canada would occupy a different position if she had not been represented by Lord Strathcona and the Agents-General? Does he suppose that under these

* Mr. Hedderwick, M.P. for the Wick Burghs, on April 3, 1900.

circumstances we should be entitled to say to Canada, "You shall no longer go as you please, but you are to accept the decision of this House and you are to give us assistance and send your bravest sons to fight because you are represented in this House by the Agents-General"? . . . But assume that we have given to every self-governing colony representation in this House in proportion to its population, and a certain representation in the other House also. *Then what is this new Parliament to do?* In the first place, what is to be its attitude towards the colonies? Is it to legislate for them? If not, what is the object of having this large representation?'

On the other hand, are the colonies, Mr. Chamberlain asks, to interfere with *our* affairs? Are they to interfere with *our* fiscal legislation? Are we to tax them because they receive a small share of representation in the Imperial Parliament? Where then would be colonial independence? The Secretary of State made it perfectly clear to all reasonable men that, as the world now stands, the way towards a closer relation between Great Britain and her colonies does not lie through a system of general representation of the whole Empire in the Parliament at Westminster.

'The present position is that the great colonies, although they reverence the person of the Sovereign, and are devoted in their loyalty to the Crown, are nevertheless with that exception independent sister nations, and their assistance is rendered to us voluntarily upon such occasions as we are witnessing to-day. But we do not pretend to have any power to compel that assistance.'

We think the British people have in modern times got fully to recognise the truth and importance of Mr. Chamberlain's words. They no longer look upon the great colonies as British dependencies. They see in their fellow-subjects beyond the seas the rise of new and friendly 'sister 'nations' to be for ever, they hope, their loyal allies; and if closer union within the Empire is to come, it must be built up on a recognition of this principle of 'sisterhood.'

Mr. Haldane, whom we have already quoted, has shown us how steadily, though silently, the powers of the Imperial Parliament are becoming limited by constitutional usage, very much in the same fashion as the prerogative of the Crown came to be diminished. As the exercise of the prerogative became more and more unsuited to the changed necessities of the day, it dropped at first into the background, and then fell into complete abeyance. The unlimited sovereignty of the Parliament at Westminster over the whole British Empire is in theory indisputable. The

authority which enacted an Australian Commonwealth Act yesterday, may repeal it to-morrow. No limits can be imposed by other legislatures, or even by itself, on the omnipotence of Parliament. Mr. Haldane argues that if the existing constitution of the Empire is to continue, it is essential that the Home Parliament should remain in theory and in law supreme. With this constitutional *theory*, Imperial Federation is no doubt *in theory* absolutely incompatible, and Mr. Haldane feels this so strongly that he even asserts that the following out of the federal principle 'would break up the constitution of the Empire and substi-'tute what would be in the main a rigid and inelastic con-'stitution for the unwritten and developing one which has 'so far worked well.'

Mr. Haldane, of course, recognises as fully as every one else, that the constitution of the Empire would be completely broken up by an attempt of the Imperial Parliament to act upon the doctrine of its own sovereignty; and for our own part, if we are to do any constitution-building at all, we think that greater danger lies in ignoring hard facts than in neglecting constitutional fictions. Usage, which has rendered powerless the Royal Veto, now prevents the Imperial Parliament from interfering with the internal legislation of the great colonies; and Mr. Haldane maintains that what he calls 'the new doctrine of continuity in foreign 'and colonial politics' is making the Imperial Parliament on such subjects a trustee for the whole Empire, rather than the exponent of the views of the electorate at home. All that his constituents ask of him, for instance as regards Australasia, is to keep the Colonial Office up to the mark in giving effect to Australasian wishes. Few people probably know better than Mr. Haldane what belongs to trusteeship, yet surely it is a too pleasing theory that the trustee exists for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the *cestui que trust*!

We have all learned now that the policy of giving the utmost possible independence to our colonies has been a wise policy; indeed the only policy by which the Empire could have been maintained. Yet there was a time not at all distant when many colonial liberties, such as that of putting heavy burdens on British merchandise and trade, were regarded at home with a jealous eye. The aiming at an ideal uniformity throughout the Empire will tend to delay closer union, or to hamper its smooth working, when we have got it. When an *Imperial Parliament*, representative of the whole Empire, is suggested, we have to ask ourselves if it is

intended that this Parliament should (1) make laws for the whole Empire, should (2) tax the whole Empire, or should (3) choose an Executive Government for the whole Empire. If it is to do none of these things, it will not be in English eyes a Parliament at all! If, on the other hand, the suggestion is an *Imperial Council*, to decide upon Foreign Policy, and Imperial affairs generally, a different and perhaps not less difficult question arises—to whom is this Council to be responsible?

Now policy involves cost—that is, taxes. Is, or is not, the council which decides, say, upon a policy of peace or war to be independent, in greater or less degree, of the House of Commons at home? Is Parliament, is the United Kingdom, prepared to place itself *under* a Supreme Federal Authority on matters of the very highest import? How the future may answer these questions it is not for us to say. At present we concur with Mr. Lucas and Mr. Haldane, that it is far wiser in the interest of Imperial unity to let things develope, than to hurry on the adoption of the most ingeniously constructed constitution. What is needed among the various States within the Empire is consultation *inter se*, rather than joint control; and the true ideal at which to aim would seem to be rather a great British League under one sovereign and flag than a Supreme Federal Government. In our recent South African troubles, is it clear that with a Federal system there would have been more unity and heartier combination than under the present conditions? That is not easy to conceive; for a common sentiment, based on the determination to preserve the Empire intact, ran through the whole of it, and made us one. But in a case of less unanimity, would the existence of a Supreme Federal Government have got rid of all difficulty arising from divergences of opinion or sentiment? Would it have even seriously diminished it? In most cases it certainly would seem that joint action, which after all is the great end, is more likely to be secured by friendly co-operation between the sister nations than by the authority of a Supreme Central Government over them all.

The unity of the British Empire rests upon the community of feeling among British subjects all over the world, and this is infinitely more important than the form of the Imperial Constitution. The Imperial Federation League and the Defence Committee have done and are doing excellent work in promoting the sentiment of union, though they have wisely not attempted to put before the public any detailed

scheme for federating the Empire. Our greatest colonies have 'federated,' with every hope and prospect of success. Imperial Federation is, however, not merely the carrying out of the same policy one step further. It would in truth amount to an entirely new departure in our constitutional system. In time this may be required; but at present it is surely wiser to let The Constitution grow as heretofore by usage, and by positive reforms based on experience, rather than to attempt in pursuance of a great idea fundamental changes in a system full no doubt of theoretical imperfections, but which nevertheless works surprisingly well.

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ART. I.—1. *Official Despatches from the Seat of War.*

2. *Press Military Correspondence from South Africa.*

WAR has usually found Great Britain unprepared. We have commonly underrated our enemies. Our information in regard to the conditions under which a campaign would have to be fought has generally been inadequate. The Crimean campaign was entered upon with the almost unanimous support of the people who had not the smallest knowledge of the military situation, and whose ideas as to the rights of the quarrel scarcely went beyond a vague impression that it was desirable to humble the growing power of Russia. The diplomatic preliminaries of this great contest reflected little credit upon our sagacity. A masterful representative abroad, an equally masterful Minister at home, a foreign sovereign who had personal reasons for promoting a European war in which he desired to play a leading part, many misrepresentations—these were the main determining factors. What is called 'the 'feeling of the country' ran high, and when the press clamoured for an invasion of the Crimea, after the action of Austria and the failure before Silistria had caused the Russian army to recoil from the Principalities, the British Cabinet, without knowledge, without an equipped field army, and without misgivings, undertook a task which nearly led to absolute disaster. The wholesale loss of gallant lives, and the untold suffering directly entailed by administrative incompetence, are already half-forgotten. The period of direst stress passed, and there was time during which the immense resources of Great Britain could be brought to bear upon the needs of war. Strong resentment pervaded all ranks throughout the country, and the depart-

ments were forced to set aside routine and pedantry. Freed for the moment from the trammels of red tape, the natural vigour of the race came to the relief of a miserable system, and when fighting had ended and Napoleon III. had begun to incubate peace, a fine British force, fully equipped, was at length assembled in the Tauric Chersonese. There were the usual inquiries, too late to be of use, and 'we soon reverted 'to our customary condition of military inefficiency.'*

The campaigns of 1866 and 1870–71 profoundly impressed the imagination of Europe and ushered in an era of army reform. Reorganisation on German principles was widely undertaken, and, partially awaking from our slumbers, we have since extensively tinkered our military system, borrowing copiously from German sources, while ignoring the essential conditions which conferred brilliant success upon the German arms. There was no attempt to formulate the military requirements of the British Empire and to frame an organisation capable of fulfilling those requirements. Germany possessed a rigid territorial system, which automatically evolved regiments, brigades, divisions, and army corps as soon as mobilisation was decreed. We attempted to follow suit, and, by dropping the numbers of our historic regiments in favour of complicated territorial and other titles, it was fondly believed that we had taken a further step in advance. Germany, perpetuating the principles devised by Scharnhorst and Stein in the days of Prussia's humiliation, upheld short service with the colours, followed by a long period of furlough, succeeded by a further period in the army reserve. We effected a compromise by instituting a period of seven or eight years with the colours,† followed by five or four years on furlough. Men thus relegated to furlough were entitled army reservists, and as these men were required on a general mobilisation to make up the peace cadres to war strength it followed that there was no army reserve. It was sought to remedy this deficiency by giving a retaining-fee to a certain number of Militiamen who volunteered to serve in the ranks of the army in the event of war. Such men were designated as the 'Militia 'Reserve.' It is impossible to overrate the confusion and the misapprehensions to which these misnomers have given rise. The 'Army Reserve' is not a reserve, but a body of

* 'The War in the Crimea,' Sir E. Hamley.

† Enlistments for three years with the colours were afterwards sanctioned in the Guards.

men liable to be called up to fill out the peace cadres to war strength. The 'Militia Reserve' is not a reserve for the Militia, which does not exist, but an indifferent army reserve which can only be called into being by depleting and disorganising the Militia.

German conditions require a powerful army always at home in peace time, with its units always quartered in their territorial districts, and capable, in whole or in part, of being placed on a war-footing at the shortest notice. British conditions demand that one half of the army should be always abroad and on a war-footing. It was therefore arranged that each infantry regiment should have two battalions,* one of which was to be always abroad, while the other was to act as a depôt at home. As equality of battalions at home and abroad has never been and could never be maintained, the system was invariably out of gear, and makeshift measures of various kinds were applied to conceal the chronic breakdown. The conditions of the British Empire further demanded the frequent despatch of expeditionary forces to distant parts of the world. The home army could only meet this demand by calling up men from its misnamed reserve, a body created only for the purposes of a great war, by promiscuously drafting men from several units to make one unit complete, or by creating temporary units out of men skimmed from the whole of the home army. These three expedients, all equally objectionable and destructive alike of regimental *esprit de corps* and of the vaunted territorial principle, have been adopted at various times.

It was inevitable that such an organisation as is above sketched should be subjected to continuous criticism, and while in other armies defects of detail have been attacked with beneficial results, our system has been unsparingly condemned in principle. The distinction is vital, and the reasoned strictures which have been heaped upon our organisation, combined with the general distrust and dislike of the War Office which permeate the British army, have unquestionably exercised an unfortunate moral influence upon all ranks. A military force which, rightly or wrongly, feels no confidence in its central administration cannot be in a sound and healthy condition.

The military renaissance which dates from 1870 led to other changes in this country. Field manœuvres, which the Prussians regarded as the keystone of their system of train-

* Four in the case of two Rifle regiments.

ing, were imported into England, and occasionally practised on a considerable scale. There was, however, no attempt to imitate the thorough and complete progressive methods which formed the basis of the German system, and our autumn manœuvres have been parodies of their prototypes. It would be unjust to assert that they have taught nothing; it is certain that the benefits which they might have conferred upon all ranks have been heavily discounted. Meanwhile, the startling success of the German arms, and the tragic collapse of the military system of France, produced intellectual effects of importance. A powerful impetus was imparted to military study among civilians and soldiers alike. Thought was everywhere directed into this comparatively unaccustomed channel, and the result was shown by an immense increase in the literary output. Writers on military subjects became numerous, and publishers quickly discovered that the general public was interested in military matters. The intellectual revival in the army itself was marked, and an earnest desire to learn was manifested which, if wisely directed, would have worked wonders. Unfortunately, the practical aspects of military training were ignored, and a system of theoretical examinations, borrowed from the wisdom of China, was introduced, which set a premium upon military pedantry. Elaborate analyses of the details of the Franco-German war usurped the place of field training, and a large class of officers arose which could critically discourse upon the operations round Metz, but could not place outposts in the field. Education in this country, long neglected or left to chance, still remains unpractical, unscientific, ill-organised, and inadequate to the requirements of a people involved in keen commercial rivalry with other nations. The palpable defects in our military education which the South African war has brought to light are but manifestations of national weakness in a single and a limited aspect.

Other influences have been at work to undermine the efficiency of the army as a fighting machine. Prior to the Crimean War the distribution of rewards and decorations was niggardly in the extreme. The heroes of the Peninsula for the most part received nothing. In 1854–55, however, a new system was inaugurated. A heavy shower of honours and promotions descended upon the officers who had served in the Crimea, and the distribution was in the main ill-directed. Staff-officers who had shown exceedingly little capacity, and who had in some cases spent only a few

months at the seat of war, were extravagantly rewarded, while men who had served continuously with their regiments through the miseries of the winter siege were ignored. It soon became an article of faith in the British army that regimental duty was a thing to be avoided as much as possible, and that honours were the prerogative of the staff. Subsequent experience tended to crystallise this impression. Onwards from the days of the Crimea there has been an almost continuous series of small wars. One expeditionary force after another has been improvised, and, as no military body ready for war existed in this country, it was necessary to appoint staffs *ad hoc*. The numerous posts were eagerly sought after, and the fortunate officers selected were withdrawn from duties of the most varied natures. Once thus employed, decorated, and promoted, an individual would naturally have strong claims to be selected on another occasion, so that a starring system was inaugurated, akin to that which renders good opera almost impossible in this country, and officers whose names had been made familiar to the public by the press found themselves in an exceptionally favoured position. Our numerous small wars have taught some useful lessons; but as our opponents were for the most part ill-armed and ignorant of all military science, generalship was not severely tested, and liberties could be taken which in less favourable circumstances would have entailed disaster. Among the results of these wars the following must be reckoned:—All sense of scale in military operations was lost, and relative importance depended principally upon the amount of space which, having regard to other current affairs, the press was disposed to accord. Personal gallantry, the display of which is largely a matter of chance, was extolled at the expense of military capacity. High rank was attainable by officers who had never commanded a battalion or proved that they could handle a brigade. The military administrators of the War Office remained for many years passing from one post to another, growing more and more out of touch with the army, and forming, with their adherents, a charmed circle from which outside ability was excluded. Manœuvres rigorously carried out on German principles would have supplied a corrective to some of these evils; but trained directors were wanting, and gross mistakes were treated as amusing incidents which had no influence on the professional advancement of their perpetrators. Tactics were of minor importance in small wars, and inspecting generals who could gauge the tactical

proficiency of units did not exist. It was far simpler and quicker to test parade efficiency. The Algerian experiences of the French army prior to 1870 must have produced many of the results from which we have suffered. In a striking passage General Lewal has contrasted the slow promotion, the unnoticed and unrewarded years of toil which Von Moltke patiently endured, with the high rank and reputation cheaply won by French officers during the same period:—

'While this major laboured in Berlin without great recompense, high-sounding reputations, prodigious promotions were being won in Algeria. Men of the same age were attaining the highest rank, and, later, fate was to bring these brilliant generals face to face with this persevering old Prussian major in an immense convulsion, in which the French army was to succumb.'

It is of the essence of the German military system that it could bring such a man as Von Moltke to the forefront as an organiser and as a director of war. If we have a Von Moltke, it is certain that he will live and die in obscurity. Our system has no place for him; he could not fulfil any of the conditions necessary to bring his genius before the army and the public. The successful leader of some petty expedition against savages would soar over his head. A military administration cannot, however, be justly charged with full blame for the defects, moral and material, of the organism which it controls. An army is largely the reflex of a nation. A State which is in a sound and healthy condition, and a people animated by the true and earnest patriotism which lies deeper than words, will generally succeed in creating and maintaining an effective army. It was a national regeneration, not a military movement, which uplifted Prussia after the crushing disaster of 1806. And in seeking the causes which have led to many mishaps and some humiliation in South Africa, it is necessary to search outside and beyond the War Office.

Probably no war in which Great Britain has engaged began more inauspiciously than that now drawing to a close. We maintain a large and expensive establishment for the conduct of foreign affairs. By the accident of circumstance, the negotiations upon which peace or war depended devolved upon another department of State untrained in diplomacy. The result was naturally unsatisfactory. While some powerful interests may have inclined towards war, the Government undoubtedly wished for peace, and it was therefore unfortunate that in the eyes of foreign observers the

tenour of the negotiations was capable of an opposite interpretation. Trained diplomacy would have carefully avoided the risks of a misconstruction of motives. In such cases, even the turn of a phrase may be important. As the possibility of a war, which has since been pronounced 'inevitable,' must apparently have been taken into account, it may be assumed that early in the spring of last year the War Office was asked to give some idea of the extent of the preparations which would be required. National policy and military considerations cannot be safely divorced, and all War Offices except our own have a special department charged with the duty of studying military contingencies and of tendering reasoned advice. The establishment of such a department had been forcibly urged by a Royal Commission nine years previously without any result. The Intelligence Branch had, however, prepared a singularly accurate statement of the armed strength of the Dutch Republics, including detailed particulars of the guns and ammunition purchased from abroad. The information in regard to the *personnel* and *matériel* of the possible enemy was, therefore, quite exceptionally exact. There remained, as uncertain factors, the attitude of the Free State, the extent of the defection of Cape Colonists, and the measure of fighting power which the Boers were likely to develope. Of these, the last only was a military question, and the experience of the war of 1880–81, together with the known character of the Dutch people as stubborn fighters, which is deeply graven on history, provided sources of enlightenment, while the Austrian campaign in Bosnia and Herzegovina supplied a grave warning. There were, however, false prophets who asserted, first that sufficiently strong language would bend the Dutch Republics to our will, and secondly that the military power of the Boers was a bubble easily pricked. The military authorities originally considered that a force of 35,000 men would meet the requirements, and the Cabinet, so informed, shaped its policy accordingly. History nowhere records so colossal an error.

The army at home was organised on the theory that it should be able, 'as a second phase of a struggle with a 'first-class Power, to send two army corps abroad.'* The army corps is a product of the German territorial system which has never existed nor can exist in this country. In the English language, it means only a printed list of units,

* Mr. Wyndham in the House of Commons, March 19, 1900.

horses, vehicles, and details which have to be collected from all parts of the United Kingdom when required, and supplied with a hastily improvised staff. Successive Cabinets and Parliaments must be assumed to have acquiesced in this theory, and no special fault can, therefore, be found with the War Office for not having provided for such a contingency as a war with the Dutch Republics which has entailed the employment of the numerical equivalent of more than six army corps. An expeditionary force consisting of a so-called army corps, a cavalry division, and seven infantry battalions for the line of communications, in all about 47,000 men, having been at length decided upon, and some weeks being available before mobilisation was decreed, there was ample time to make necessary preparations.

Meanwhile, there was a grave deficiency of ammunition. As Lord Rosebery's Government had been defeated on a motion with regard to the reserves of this essential requisite of war, and as the statement of military experts, which the then Secretary of State for War adduced, failed to satisfy the House of Commons, it was universally believed that the Cabinet which assumed office had made good all possible shortcomings. This belief proved ill-founded. When war was declared, ammunition both for artillery and small arms was dangerously deficient. Now that, after great efforts, this deficiency has been remedied, it may be stated that if in October last we had been involved in a war with a European Power, and if the navy as well as the army had required ammunition, national disaster would have been inevitable.

From the Boer point of view, it was most desirable to postpone hostilities till rain had fallen; but as early as July the Government of Natal became uneasy, and in the first days of September the Governor forcibly pointed out the defencelessness of the colony. The regular troops in South Africa at this time numbered about 9,500 men, with eighteen field and six mountain guns, a force obviously inadequate to the mere passive defence of Her Majesty's dominions. The organisation of the British army was such that not a single unit at home was ready to take the field. To mobilise might prejudice the negotiations in progress; but it was evidently necessary to take some action, and on September 8 reinforcements amounting to about 9,000 fighting men, with six field batteries, were ordered to South Africa. There were 106,000 nominal effectives in the regular army at home; but only one weak battalion,

another which chanced to be at Aldershot *en route* from Crete to the West Indies, and three field batteries made up to war strength by a wholesale drafting of men and horses could be provided. By drawing a brigade, three field batteries, and three cavalry regiments from India, and two battalions from colonial garrisons, the meagre reinforcement was made up. If 30,000 men could have been sent out at this period the whole course of the war would have been different, and no more striking object lesson of the unsuitability of our organisation to Imperial requirements can be imagined.

Throughout September, Natal was at the mercy of the Boers, whose preparations were happily incomplete. On October 3 the first Indian transport reached Durban, and others rapidly followed. On the 11th the period fixed by President Kruger's ultimatum expired, and a state of war supervened. Meanwhile, the mobilisation of the expeditionary force was ordered on the 7th; but the earliest departures did not take place till the 20th, and the distance from Southampton to Cape Town is nearly 6,000 miles.

A more dangerous situation than that which arose on October 11 is hardly to be found in the annals of war. It was open to the Boers to occupy our troops fully in Northern Natal and to sweep down into Cape Colony. A general rising of their colonial sympathisers would certainly have occurred, and we should have been driven to defend Cape Town at all cost. At the best, we should have had to reconquer South Africa from the sea northwards. At the worst, we should have lost Cape Colony. Natal, however, offered the shortest route to the coast, and reminiscences of 1880–81 may have inclined the Boers in this direction. Upon Natal the storm of invasion burst. In England the entire situation had been hopelessly misunderstood, and the local military view has not yet transpired. The general officer commanding in South Africa, who was not in political sympathy with the High Commissioner, was recalled at the moment when his presence was most needed, and became at once the object of violent attacks, although debarred by his position from all means of self-defence. Whether any definite idea existed as to how the possessions of the Crown were to be protected against invasion is at present unknown, and the responsibility for such measures as were taken is undetermined. In Natal, military stores were accumulated at Ladysmith, which had been utilised as a camp without the smallest consideration of its defensive capabilities.

Kimberley was to be held as the centre of the great diamond industry, and Mafeking either on account of its association with the raid of 1896, or with a vague notion of maintaining communication with Rhodesia. A detachment of British troops was sent to the former, and capable officers were placed in charge of both. Both positions were partially provisioned, and at Mafeking local foresight happily added to the supplies. That a long line of railway is peculiarly vulnerable, and that both Kimberley and Mafeking were certain to be isolated for months, was apparently not realised by the authorities. In Natal, political sentiment was naturally opposed to abandoning territory, and it was urged that Newcastle, thirty miles from Volksrust, where the Boers were concentrated, should be held. This was, however, too obviously preposterous, and Major-General Sir W. Symons, who had arrived from India, took post at Dundee, thirty-five miles further south. The Quartermaster-General of the British army, removed from his post just when its duties were becoming vitally important, arrived in Natal a few days before the outbreak of war to take command, and was persuaded by the Governor, against his better judgement, to acquiesce in the occupation of Dundee.

The military situation on October 11 was thus absolutely false. About 4,000 men were occupying an impossible position at Dundee, and the railway thither from the frontier had been left intact for the use of the invaders. Another force of about 6,000 men was at Ladysmith, a place totally unfitted for defence, and no effective measures for artificially strengthening either had been taken. There was a small reserve at Pietermaritzburg, and Durban could be guarded by the Navy. Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking were completely *en l'air*; the whole frontier of Cape Colony was open to any form of attack, and no reinforcements could be expected at the front for five weeks. At the northern apex of Natal about 16,000 Boers were ready to advance, and at least 6,000 more were preparing to move on Ladysmith from Van Reenen's Pass. In England it was generally believed that a repulse with moderate loss would suffice to break up the enemy's forces.

During the night of October 19 the Boers, with artillery, occupied Talana Hill, north of Dundee, and opened fire at daybreak on the British camp. Their guns were quickly silenced, and the first position ever defended by magazine rifles was gallantly stormed by the British infantry. Most unfortunately, Sir W. Symons fell mortally wounded, and

the action subsequently lacked direction. A combined attack in three columns had been intended by the enemy, which happily failed; but a squadron of Hussars, with some mounted infantry, fell into the hands of one of the belated Boer columns in circumstances which have not been explained. A long series of 'regrettable incidents' which have caused dismay and perplexity throughout the country was thus early inaugurated. The British force, originally placed in a false position, now found itself hopelessly compromised, and was withdrawn on the 22nd, abandoning its wounded and baggage, and joining hands with the Ladysmith force on the 26th, after a hazardous march which a more enterprising enemy would have turned into disaster. Meanwhile, on the 21st, Sir G. White attacked and routed the Boers in a strong position at Elandslaagte, and on the 24th fought an action at Rietfontein, having moved out to cover the force retreating from Dundee. On the 30th a general movement from Ladysmith was made, leading to severe fighting with unfortunate results. On the right the infantry, of which only a part was actually engaged, was repulsed, and the retreat might have been compromised but for the great efforts of the artillery. On the left, part of two battalions and a mountain battery, which found themselves isolated at Nicholson's Nek, surrendered, owing to some unexplained misunderstanding. Most fortunately, on this day a naval contingent with 4·7-inch and 12-pounder guns arrived by train from Durban, and the moral gain arising from this accession of armament proved valuable out of all proportion to the material effect. The ready aid of the navy, frequently forthcoming in times of military difficulty and danger, has never been so opportune as on this occasion. No further offensive operations on a large scale were attempted, and by November 2 a British field force of more than 10,000 men, including nearly 2,000 mounted troops, with thirty-six field and five naval guns, was definitely invested in a thoroughly disadvantageous position. 'The 'unhappy entanglement of Ladysmith,' which was to exercise a most baneful effect on the whole course of the campaign, had begun.

In the west, Vryburg was occupied by the enemy; Kimberley and Mafeking had been isolated since October 15, and the first of several unfortunate armoured-train affairs had occurred near the latter. In the centre the Boers were preparing to cross the Orange River into Cape Colony. 'In war,' said Napoleon, 'our aim must be to

'secure a good position,' and in all wars the opening moves have proved supremely important. If the organisation of the British army had permitted the despatch of 30,000 men early in September, if military and not political considerations had ruled the dispositions in Natal, and if Mafeking had been abandoned as a point of no strategic or other importance, infinite future difficulty would have been avoided. The opening moves left us in a position strategically as well as morally bad. To have shut up our only field force within three weeks of the outbreak of war was a considerable triumph to the Boer arms, and henceforth for a long period the initiative was lost to us, and we became preoccupied with the attempt to restore a situation already compromised. Until the middle of May the British commanders were hampered by fears for the safety of besieged garrisons. 'It is almost 'impossible,' wrote Von Moltke, 'to remedy during a cam-'paign an error in the primary concentration of the troops,' adding that 'no plan of operations can with any certainty 'reach beyond the first encounter with the enemy.' The initial errors in the South African campaign could never be wholly remedied; beyond a general idea that the invasion of Natal and Cape Colony must be averted, there was no reasoned plan of operations.

As soon as war was evidently imminent, the great self-governing colonies at once offered assistance, and, on the eve of a campaign for the special needs of which mounted troops were clearly all-important, the War Office telegraphed to the colonial governors, 'Unmounted men pre-'ferred.' Nothing could more conclusively prove how absolutely the military conditions were misconceived; no mounted troops were better fitted for the semi-irregular warfare which alone could occur in South Africa than those which the great colonies were able to provide. This amazing blunder was afterwards recognised, and it may be hoped that the vital necessity of maintaining a military department charged with the duty of studying the requirements of 'inevitable' wars will at length be admitted.

On October 31 General Sir Redvers Buller reached Cape Town, and on November 9 the 'Roslin Castle,' first of the transports conveying the expeditionary force, arrived there. The new Commander-in-Chief brought with him a plan of campaign discussed with H.M. Government. A defensive attitude was to be observed in Natal, and the bulk of the troops were to invade the Orange Free State and strike at Bloemfontein. Meanwhile, however, the situation had

assumed an aspect which seems not to have been expected. Ladysmith and Kimberley, 300 miles apart, were believed to be in imminent danger. To proceed to their relief may have seemed a natural course, although it violated the first principles of strategy, which demand concentration of effort upon a primary objective. An advance on Bloemfontein, as was later to be proved, would have quickly drawn to the Orange Free State the bulk of the enemy's force, and would have transferred the principal scene of action to country better suited to the operations of the British army than Northern Natal. On November 1 eight cavalry regiments, twenty batteries, and thirty-five infantry battalions,* exclusive of colonial forces, were at sea or under orders for embarkation. Upon the direction given to this large force the future course of events evidently depended. This was the first turning-point of the campaign.

Whether any local influence was brought to bear on the Commander-in-Chief is not known; but, without explanation of the reason of his change of plan, he suddenly left Cape Town for Durban, where he arrived on November 25. The following were approximately the dispositions made at this period:—A force of two cavalry regiments, five batteries, and twelve and a half battalions, with a naval brigade and a colonial contingent, was assigned to the De Aar-Kimberley line. About three and a half cavalry regiments, some mounted infantry, four batteries, and two and a half infantry battalions were allotted for the capture of Colesberg; and one squadron, with a colonial mounted force, three batteries, and four and a half infantry battalions for the line East London-Stormberg. The bulk of the remainder, including sixteen regular infantry battalions and eight batteries, was sent round to Durban. Broadly speaking, therefore, one-half of the expeditionary force was diverted to Natal, and the rest was split up into three bodies, each with a separate objective. The evils thus arising were manifest.† The British army was spread over a front of 450 miles in scattered detachments, nowhere strong enough for any effective purpose. The elaborate army corps and cavalry division organisation was utterly destroyed—divisions, brigades, and even cavalry regiments being ruthlessly broken

* To make up the losses in Natal, one battery and three infantry battalions were, on October 31, added to the expeditionary force.

† As these evils were pointed out at the time, there is, in this case, no question of the wisdom which follows events.

up. The resulting confusion of transport and stores was appalling. Lastly, the Commander-in-Chief being committed to a campaign on his own account in distant Natal, there was no one to maintain any control over the operations as a whole or to co-ordinate the movements of subordinate commanders. In a short time, as was inevitable, military chaos reigned in Cape Colony, and friction between the colonial and Imperial forces added to the difficulties. The second phase of the war, which was commenced under even worse auspices than the first, culminated in a week of disaster.

The orders left behind by the Commander-in-Chief have not been published. Nor do we know what reports had been received from Colonel Kekewich, the able commandant at Kimberley. It must be assumed that the situation was regarded as urgent, since Lord Methuen began his advance from Orange River on November 21 without waiting for the concentration of his whole force. At Belmont on the 23rd, and at Enslin on the 27th, the Boers were attacked and dislodged from strong positions. Extreme hurry was the main characteristic of these two actions. No attempt was made to utilise the great numerical superiority of the British troops to envelope the enemy, and, the small mounted force being unable to pursue, the successes were fruitless. Advancing again on the 28th, Lord Methuen stumbled up against a strongly entrenched position on both banks of the Modder River, and a severe action followed. The Boers, who were completely concealed, were heavily shelled by the British artillery, and in the afternoon a party of infantry succeeded in crossing the river and turning their right. During the night the trenches were evacuated by the Boers, who took up a fresh position at Magersfontein, astride of the road and railway to Kimberley. Since the action at Tel-el-Kebir—which, in spite of exceptionally favourable conditions, would have miscarried but for a fortunate chance—night attacks had found influential advocates in the British army. On the night of December 10, after a slight and ineffective artillery preparation, the Highland Brigade was ordered to storm the enemy's position, which was most imperfectly understood. Caught in close formation at short range, the attacking force was shattered with heavy loss. The advance along this line was now completely checked, and the total losses during the operations were nearly 3,000. Henceforth, for two months, inaction, mitigated only by desultory artillery fire, supervened. Meanwhile the Boers

at Magersfontein dwindled in numbers, but sedulously entrenched their position, which owed little to artificial aid when attacked in December.

In the neighbourhood of Colesberg, Lieut.-General French began a series of operations towards the end of November, and succeeded in persistently harassing the Boers and compelling them to bring reinforcements across the Orange River. Here also a night attack made by the Suffolk regiment led to disaster. On the Stormberg line, Lieut.-General Gatacre was induced to make a premature night attack upon a position which had not been reconnoitred. The troops were wearied with a railway journey in the hot sun and a subsequent long march in the darkness. The proper road was lost, and at daybreak on December 10 the troops were exposed in close order to a heavy fire. Retreat was inevitable, and the loss exceeded 700, including more than 600 prisoners. Only the tactical ineptitude of the Boers saved the whole force from capture or annihilation. Reinforcements were sent to General Gatacre, but for three months nothing of importance was accomplished, and the position here, as on the western border, was practically one of stalemate.

In Natal, after the isolation of Ladysmith, raiding parties of the enemy moved southwards, looting extensively, and successfully imposing upon the imagination of the British commanders. By December 14 Sir Redvers Buller had concentrated more than 20,000 men, with five field batteries and some naval guns, at Chieveley, seven miles south of the Tugela, and on this day the enemy's position on the north bank was heavily shelled. The Boer trenches were well concealed; there was no return fire, and the effect of the bombardment, moral as well as material, was necessarily trivial. On the following day an attempt was made to force the passage of the river. The ground had not been studied, and Hlangwane Hill, on the right flank, which commanded a great part of the enemy's position, had not been taken.* On the left, a brigade, marched in close formation under a crushing fire with a view to cross a ford which could not be found, was repulsed with heavy loss. Two field batteries advanced without escort to a position, where they were put out of action by the loss of men and

* The omission to occupy this hill is so inexplicable as almost to give probability to the camp rumour that the staff was unaware that it was on the south side of the river.

horses. Two guns were withdrawn after heroic efforts; the rest were captured. On the right, a small colonial mounted force attempted to capture the Hlangwane Hill, which ought to have been occupied before any general action was fought, but being unsupported was forced to retire. At the battle of Colenso it was only the admirable behaviour of the troops in trying circumstances that redeemed a painful failure.

The plan of an offensive campaign on four widely separated lines had thus led to three serious reverses within six days, and had involved a total loss of nearly 5,000 men. The prevailing apathy of the country was for the moment rudely disturbed, and keen resentment at the unnecessary humiliation of our arms in South Africa was widely manifested. Even misgivings as to the ultimate issue of the war found expression. The successful defence of the Boers appeared in the light of a revelation. There was, however, nothing to cause any surprise. Defective tactics, following close upon faulty strategy, which, in part at least, was due to lack of preparation for war, sufficed to account for all that had occurred. The Boers, with the aid of an excellent rifle, had shown tenacity in defence. Precisely similar conditions had obtained in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–8, and the lessons painfully learned by the Russian general staff at a wholesale cost of life had now to be assimilated by our military leaders. Having free railway communication between Pretoria and Ladysmith, the Boers had brought up some comparatively heavy guns, of which the moral effect greatly exceeded the material results. It was a matter of common knowledge that the enemy to be encountered in this 'inevitable war' would be mounted, and so far the only tactical advantage derived from their mobility was the power of securing a scathless retreat. Mounted troops were, however, almost everywhere deficient on our side, and such victories as Belmont and Enslin were fruitless.* 'The man in the street' readily came to the conclusion that a new departure of some kind was necessary. To the Cabinet Committee of Defence, which has been sometimes regarded as a phantom body, is due the credit for the prompt decision to send Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener to South Africa.

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* The action at Elandslaagte, which was directed by Lieut.-General French, provides almost the only instance of effective cavalry action following a successful infantry attack; but failing light interfered with the pursuit.

On January 10 the new Commander-in-Chief reached Cape Town to take up the tangled threads of a misdirected campaign. Meanwhile, the mobilisation of a fifth division had been ordered on November 11, after the isolation of Ladysmith; of a sixth division on December 4, after the action at Modder River; and of a seventh division on December 15. Further measures followed. On December 19 regulations for the enrolment of Volunteers and Yeomanry were issued. An additional cavalry brigade, together with two regular and thirty militia battalions with various details, were ordered out, and an eighth division was mobilised on January 22. More troops were also offered by the great colonies, and were gladly accepted. The process of reinforcement went on, and by May 31 204,000 men had been landed in South Africa, including more than 8,000 colonial troops. In 1878, the Austrians, who had at first totally underrated the difficulties of an occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, discovered that more than 200,000 men, with 480 guns, were required. To subjugate a country at least as difficult, and held by a people far more warlike, possessing a higher military organisation, and infinitely better armed, the War Office had originally believed that 35,000 men would suffice.

When Lord Roberts took up the burden of his difficult and anxious task, one thing was evident. There was already a large force in South Africa, and more troops were rapidly arriving; but there was no field army. In theory, the army corps and the cavalry division which formed the expeditionary force claimed this designation. In fact, partly on account of the special conditions of South Africa, partly because of the break-up of units, and partly by reason of the administrative chaos which prevailed, no mobile force existed. Hitherto the troops had been tethered to lines of railway, and so long as this restriction remained no decisive results could be hoped for, however great the number of troops employed. Mobility is the first essential of offensive war.

For a whole month the work of organisation quietly proceeded. Transport was prepared and troops were concentrated. At the end of this time there was at length a field army of about 40,000 men. It was certain that Bloemfontein would be the objective; but the line of operations was not equally obvious. By striking direct across the Vaal by way of Norval's Pont or Bethulie, Lord Roberts would clear the enemy out of Cape Colony during his advance, and would undoubtedly relieve the pressure upon Kimberley and Lady-

smith. On the other hand, the Boers would retire before him, destroying the railway, and they would have time to concentrate in front of the invading force. Yielding betimes to adequate pressure, as was their proved policy, they would then have withdrawn northwards with little loss. Lord Roberts decided upon a bolder stroke which, if successful, must lead to far greater results.

At Magersfontein and investing Kimberley were some 5,000 to 6,000 Boers, drawing their supplies mainly from Bloemfontein *via* Jacobsdal. If a field army were placed astride of this line of communications, the Boers must fight in conditions dictated to them, or must retreat in circumstances which would threaten disaster. To secure success secrecy was essential; the enemy must be deceived and surprised. This was most skilfully accomplished. The British field force was concentrated between the Orange and Modder Rivers. A feint by the Highland Brigade to Koodoesrand caused General Cronje at Magersfontein to think that his right flank was to be turned, and by February 11 all was ready.

Meanwhile, at Ladysmith the situation was steadily growing worse. A successful sortie by a body of colonial troops under Lieut.-General Hunter had been made on the night of December 8, by which two of the enemy's guns were disabled; but some badly managed cavalry affairs had proved wholly abortive, and the retention of a considerable mounted force with the garrison was never justified by any effective action. On January 6, the Boers delivered an assault at dawn and surprised Wagon Hill, a vital point in the defensive cordon. The most desperate action of the whole war occurred, and the Boers showed unwonted fighting power. The older burghers,* however, were not well supported, or Ladysmith would probably have fallen, and a heavy thunderstorm, like the fog at Inkerman, aided the defence. A most gallant charge by three companies of the Devonshire regiment ended the struggle. A futile demonstration towards Colenso was the only form of support afforded by the relieving force, which had remained inactive since its disastrous repulse of December 7. The full penalty for 'the unhappy entanglement of Ladysmith' had yet to be paid.

On the day before Lord Roberts arrived at Cape Town a movement began from the camp at Frere, twelve miles south

* Mainly, if not entirely, Free-Staters.

of Colenso. It was now contemplated to turn the Boer positions north of the Tugela and to reach Ladysmith by a long détour to the westward. On January 10, Potgieter's Drift was seized, but the difficulties of movement proved so great that the leading infantry brigade did not begin to cross the Tugela till the 16th. Surprise was thus out of the question, and, after feeling its way forward in the intricate mountain country, the wide turning movement was abandoned on the 19th for an attack on a range of hills of which Spion Kop formed the most marked feature. After several days of inconclusive fighting, Spion Kop, which seems to have been ultimately fixed upon as the key of the position, was carried on the night of January 23. Like other imagined keys of positions, this proved delusive, and as no adequate attempts were made to support the British force on the cramped summit by action elsewhere, the efforts of the Boers could be concentrated upon it, and after heroic efforts throughout the 24th withdrawal was judged to be necessary. The despatches subsequently published constitute a painful revelation of military ineptitude; but the whole story has yet to be told. The British force immediately recrossed the Tugela, and the second attempt to relieve Ladysmith had failed as completely as the first. On February 5 the Tugela was again passed. Vaal Krantz, which quickly proved untenable, was occupied, and two days later the whole British force was again on the south bank of the river, having effected nothing. The natural difficulties of the country and the advantages it offered to the defence were so great that the prospects of reaching Ladysmith by the routes attempted were remote, but success could hardly have been gained by the methods adopted. This was a case in which all the conditions demanded that the attack should be pressed home with the utmost vigour and at any necessary sacrifice. The operations throughout appeared half-hearted, and a fruitless loss of about 2,100 men was incurred. Again a great wave of depression swept over the British people.

On February 11, however, the important strategic movement of Lord Roberts began to take effect. A large mounted force under General French swept round to the east of the Magersfontein position, reaching the Modder River on the 13th, and, starting again on the 15th, entered Kimberley in the evening. It could not be known at the time * that General Cronje

* Information as to the water-supply in the Free State was somewhat defective.

would retreat along the Modder, and the urgency of the situation at Kimberley was probably overrated. General French was consequently ordered to reach the beleaguered garrison at all cost, while three infantry divisions pressed on behind him to gain positions cutting off the Boer retreat on Bloemfontein. Early on the 16th, however, General Cronje, after undue delay, started for Bloemfontein along the line of the Modder and just escaped the leading British (6th) division, which followed in hot pursuit. Recalled from Kimberley, General French, with his force greatly diminished by loss of horses, hastened back to head off the Boers. The long column of slow-moving wagons, which General Cronje declined to abandon, impeded his retreat, and on the 17th he was brought to a halt and began to entrench near Paardeberg, doubtless hoping to be relieved by forces from the east. Here he was enveloped, and an unsuccessful and indifferently planned attack, which has been much criticised, was delivered on the 18th, entailing about 1,100 casualties. The reasons for this attack have not been explained, and Lord Roberts, who arrived on the following day, at once decided to risk no further attempts of this nature, but to employ artillery, and meanwhile to deal with the Boer reinforcements arriving by instalments from the east. A heavy bombardment followed, and early on the 27th Cronje, with about 4,100 men and six guns, surrendered unconditionally.

Strategically the success was complete, and the endurance and marching-power of the troops were beyond praise. Owing to some unfortunate mistake, however, a valuable convoy was captured on the 15th by a small body of the enemy near the Riet river, and much privation was thus entailed, while the forced marches practically wrecked the mounted corps, and in the action of March 7 at Poplar Grove a great cavalry opportunity was consequently lost. On the 10th, the Boers attempted another stand at Driefontein, retreating before their position could be turned, and on the 13th Bloemfontein was occupied.

The effect of the strategic movement against General Cronje's communications, and of the subsequent advance on the Free State capital, was immediate and far-reaching. Kimberley was automatically relieved; commandos were hastily withdrawn from Natal, and the Boers south of the Orange River trekked north, evacuating Cape Colony. By the middle of March, British forces had crossed the river at Norval's Pont, Bethulie, and Aliwal; while Lord Roberts,

despatching a force southwards from Bloemfontein, seized the Free State railway and joined hands with Generals Clements and Gatacre. Most important of all, Ladysmith was relieved by Sir R. Buller at the conclusion of a series of operations which began three days after those of Lord Roberts. Hlangwane Hill, which might easily have been taken on December 15, was occupied on February 19, entailing the abandonment of Colenso by the Boers, who fell back to a position on the north bank of the Tugela. Front attacks having failed, the British troops were withdrawn across the Tugela for the third time, recrossing on the 26th to attack the enemy's left flank. Pieter's Hill was carried on the following day after hard fighting, and the way to Ladysmith lay open. The garrison had lost nearly 1,500 men,* and privation had told heavily upon all ranks. As a fighting body it had almost ceased to exist, and the end was near at hand; Lord Roberts began his movement most opportunely. The defence of Ladysmith will remain as a memorable example of cheerful endurance and fine discipline in most trying conditions. On the other hand, the spirit shown by the relieving force, four times repulsed, ready again and again to attack a stubborn enemy holding strong positions in a most difficult country, never discouraged by failure or bad handling, and fighting to the last with courage undaunted, is worthy of the finest traditions of the army. Only troops of first-class quality would have retained their *moral* after such a series of reverses, and throughout the war the British and colonial soldier has never shone in a brighter light.

It has been regarded as an axiom of war that a retreating enemy should, if possible, be ruthlessly pursued. This was forgotten, although the considerable mounted force with the relieving army had not been overworked. North of Ladysmith the Boers were quietly entraining. On the left flank of the advancing troops they were withdrawing towards Van Reenen's Pass with deliberation. Nothing was attempted by the victorious army, and it was left to the garrison, whose remaining horses were almost incapacitated, to make an unavailing attempt to disturb the northward retreat.

The relief of Ladysmith removed the burden of a terrible anxiety from the British people in all lands. Not since the dark days of 1857, when the fate of India seemed to hang

* The deaths from disease exceeded 600, and at one time more than 2,300 men were in the hospital camp.

upon the capture of Delhi, had the sense of impending national disaster been so painfully oppressive. After five months of war, entailing many sacrifices of life and of reputations and vast expenditure, the lack of preparation, the gross misconceptions, and the initial strategic errors were, in part at least, retrieved. The great turning-point in the campaign was at length reached; the offensive replaced a humiliating defensive, and henceforth the initiative remained in the hands of Lord Roberts. While the foreign press, during the black weeks of December and January, had been almost unanimous in prophesying the complete discomfiture of our arms, and while, even in England, doubts as to the ultimate success of the war found expression, it is interesting to note that the situation was correctly gauged in Japan. Commenting upon the series of reverses which culminated at Colenso, the *Nichi Nichi Sambun* wrote as follows:—

'Two months have now passed since the garrisons of Mafeking and Kimberley found themselves cut off from succour and environed by large forces. Yet the fierce Boers have not succeeded in reducing them. The spectacle is worth considering. Even assuming that England's military organisation is inferior, it is plain that she has the faculty of developing strength and determination the longer and harder the task before her. Provided, therefore, that public opinion does not change, and provided that the present Cabinet retains the confidence of Parliament, Great Britain's final victory is beyond doubt.'

Here was true insight at a time when prejudice caused even the serious military journals of Europe to commit themselves to criticisms in which the principles of the art of war were set at defiance.

The Boers had so far shown little aptitude for the conduct of a campaign, but much tenacity of purpose. They had thrown away their great opportunity, and staked heavily on the capture of Ladysmith and Kimberley. Utilising the railway from Pretoria, they had brought heavy guns to the front, moved them with much skill, and handled them most indifferently. At Ladysmith their artillery fire came to be regarded almost with contempt, and the 20,000 shells expended upon the town and camps produced trivial effects. Elsewhere the moral value of the Boer guns was out of all reasonable proportion to their destructive power. Being of recent pattern, however, they could outrange the British artillery firing shrapnel, which is not effective beyond about 4,000 yards, and a consciousness of inferiority was thus engendered among the other arms, which was, unfortunately, encouraged by a portion of the press. Some of our great

military authorities had lightly regarded artillery fire. In other quarters more had been claimed for it than could be accomplished on such battlefields as those selected by the Boers. The handling of guns was an art little understood by most of the commanders in the field, and our artillery officers frequently found themselves without any orders or even any clear knowledge of the intentions of the general.

The campaign thus far had not given rise to any great surprises except to those who had regarded the military strength of the Boers as a bubble easily pricked. Plevna had clearly shown the resisting power of entrenchments defended by good breechloaders, and the Russo-Turkish war as a whole had as clearly proved the hopelessness of a military policy based upon the defence of positions. So long as the British forces were immobile or tied to a railway, this policy might serve the purpose of the Boers; as soon as Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had created a field army capable of marching 100 miles across country, the defences of Magersfontein, much elaborated after the attack of December 11, became useless. The effects of smokeless powder upon tactics had been anticipated in exhaustive discussions too little studied by our generals. The mobility of the Boers was to be turned to full account later; its value up to the middle of March had been chiefly shown in facilitating their retreat, which our overweighted, generally inadequate, and previously exhausted mounted troops were unable to arrest. In two respects, however, the enemy developed unexpected activity. Their trench-work was frequently excellent and well adapted to their needs. Their enterprise in bringing comparatively heavy guns into the field, and in mounting them in difficult positions, was remarkable. The War Office has been severely blamed for not anticipating this procedure by sending out an equally powerful artillery in the earliest transports. If this was an error, it was included in others widely prevalent. No one, even among the experts of the press, imagined that a force of 11,000 troops, well provided with cavalry, would find itself shut up in Ladysmith within three weeks of the outbreak of war. Here, certainly, a few heavy guns in the hands of skilled artillerymen would have kept down the enemy's fire; but that fire was never really effective, and the investment of Ladysmith was maintained mainly by the rifle. Steps were promptly taken to remedy the deficiency and to supplement the powerful guns which the resourceful-

ness of the navy had provided. Five-inch, 4·7 inch, and heavy 12-pounder guns have since been laboriously dragged about with our columns. It may fairly be questioned whether, on the whole, they have sufficiently justified the trouble, expense, and slow movement entailed, or whether the field armies of the future will be thus hampered. In the attack and defence of strongly entrenched positions heavy artillery is always useful; but there is no reason to expect that warfare is about to relapse into the state of which Lord Orrery in 1677 wrote as follows:—

'Battels do not now decide national quarrels and expose countries to the pillage of the conquerors as formerly. For we make war more like foxes than lyons and you will have twenty sieges for one battel.'*

The Boer war is in some aspects unique, and a wise caution is necessary in generalising from its experiences.

In the middle of March the military situation was somewhat remarkable. The great flank movement of Lord Roberts had placed about 35,000 men at Bloemfontein, and given them railway communication, temporarily broken at the Orange River, with Cape Colony. Kimberley and Ladysmith were both relieved, and all strain on the extreme flanks ceased. A considerable body of Boers and colonial rebels, headed off by Lord Roberts, had begun to trek northwards along the Basuto frontier. It was evidently important to arrest this movement, to break up the enemy south of Bloemfontein, and to capture his convoys. Unfortunately the march from the Modder had told heavily on the British forces, and sickness was beginning to assert itself. The expenditure of horses had been excessive, and the surviving animals were weak and ineffective. The loss of the valuable convoy captured by the Boers had somewhat disorganised the transport, besides causing a depletion of supplies. The army had ceased to be mobile, and its many pressing needs could not at once be supplied. In place of striking at the Boers with strong flying columns, therefore, an attempt was made to establish a cordon between Bloemfontein and Ladybrand. This was necessarily a poor alternative to a vigorous offensive, and failure resulted. A force about 1,200 strong, with two horse artillery batteries, thus thrown out to the east, was compelled to withdraw, and was attacked at daylight on March 31 near the Bloemfontein waterworks, which had been left without a garrison. The artillery and transport were ordered to retire, and, from

* The Art of War.

indifferent scouting or some other culpable mistake, they fell into an ambush, losing seven guns and nearly 600 men, of whom 425 were taken prisoners. Only the conspicuous gallantry of the horse artillery redeemed a most humiliating incident. The loss of the waterworks, which were not occupied by our troops till April 23, proved gravely detrimental to the health of the army at Bloemfontein. Quickly realising that the mobility of the British forces was temporarily eclipsed, the Boers developed unexpected activity. A body of British infantry was surprised and surrendered near Reddersburg, twelve miles east of the railway on April 4, having forty-six killed and wounded and more than 400 prisoners. The circumstances of this unfortunate affair remain to be explained. Moving eastwards, the Boers attacked Wepener, which was successfully defended by colonial troops till relieved on April 25. The enemy now retreated northwards, escaping with their convoys unscathed.

During this fresh period of reverses the railway was never molested, and the process of supplying, equipping, and reorganising the army at Bloemfontein made steady progress. From the purely military point of view the Boers had obtained no important advantage, except the temporary occupation of the waterworks; but the political effect of their successes and of their ultimate escape was unfortunate, while General De Wet had learned lessons which later he proved well able to apply. The inevitable delay following the occupation of Bloemfontein thus detracted from the moral results of the capture of Cronje and of the relief of Ladysmith and of Kimberley. Moreover, a certain relaxation of care and of vigilance, of which the Boers took advantage, seems to have supervened. Their easy success at Reddersburg doubtless inspired the attack on Wepener, which happily diverted efforts from the important main line of communications.

After some weeks the army at Bloemfontein was reorganised and equipped, and on May 3 Lord Roberts started from Karee Siding, a point on the railway twenty-three miles north of the capital. On the following day Colonel Mahon, a young cavalry officer, crossed the Vaal at Barkly West in command of about 1,200 men, nearly all colonial troops, to relieve Mafeking. The distance of about two hundred miles was covered in twelve days, and a junction having been effected with Colonel Plumer's force, and with some Canadian and Queensland troops, who arrived from the north after a fine march, Mafeking was entered on May 17,

after a successful action on the previous day. The garrison had made a most gallant defence, and the civil population had shown admirable fortitude. In the rejoicings which followed, however, all sense of scale was hopelessly lost. Messages well calculated to concentrate attention upon Mafeking and its commander had arrived at sufficiently short intervals, and the British public, thus stimulated, indulged in unexampled demonstrations. Military history records successful defences in circumstances far more difficult than those of Mafeking, and while high praise was due to all ranks, and especially to Colonel Baden-Powell, the exaggeration of language which prevailed was an unwholesome symptom. The defenders of Kimberley and their commander, Lieut.-Colonel Kekewich, whose task was quite as onerous and quite as well discharged, were alike forgotten; and there was no recognition of the months of exposure and fighting endured by Colonel Plumer's force, which suffered greater hardships than the defenders of Mafeking.

The Boers at one time apparently contemplated a strong resistance to the advance on the Vaal, but in the open country north of Bloemfontein the threat of being outflanked sufficed to cause the hasty abandonment of successive positions. Advancing on a broad front, with a large mounted force on each flank, Lord Roberts reached Kroonstad on May 12, and halted to repair railway-bridges and to bring up supplies. On May 21 the forward movement was resumed, and the mounted force on the right flank was rapidly swung over to the left. The line of the Vaal was undefended, but the mounted troops were sharply engaged to the south-west of Johannesburg, which was occupied on the 31st. On June 4 some opposition was encountered, and on the following day Pretoria was surrendered. Thus in thirty-three days, including the halts at Kroonstad and Johannesburg, the army marched at least 270 miles, giving a fine proof of its mobility. In deciding upon this great movement Lord Roberts accepted certain inevitable risks and drawbacks. He left upon his right rear in the Free State a considerable force of the enemy which might be expected to make attempts upon his line of communications. His mounted force was certain to suffer heavily from the exhaustion of its horses, and another prolonged period of inactivity would necessarily follow. The advantage of an early occupation of Johannesburg and Pretoria was, however, so great that the decision was amply justified. The grip thus established upon the railway system of the Transvaal

was exceedingly important, and if politically the effect proved disappointing, the strategic gain was undoubted. It was now necessary to open up railway communication with Natal, to gain possession of the line from Klerksdorp to Johannesburg, to bring up forces from the western frontier, and, above all, to guard the main line from Bloemfontein.

On May 13 Sir R. Buller, who was directed 'to keep the 'enemy occupied in the Biggarsberg,' had concentrated a force eighteen miles east of Ladysmith, and moving rapidly northwards he occupied Newcastle on the 18th. There was no serious opposition, and the Boers fell back on Laing's Nek, where they ostentatiously entrenched themselves. On June 6, after granting a three days' armistice to General Louis Botha, Sir R. Buller occupied Botha's Pass with little difficulty, and, driving back the enemy, succeeded in turning the Laing's Nek position, which was promptly abandoned. Natal was at length clear of the invaders, and the British troops, moving along the railway and repairing it behind them, joined hands at Vlakfontein on July 5 with a force from Heidelberg. By this time the Klerksdorp-Johannesburg line had also been occupied, and the whole railway system was in the hands of Lord Roberts with the exception of the line to Lorenço Marques. On July 23 an advance in force along this line began, and Middelburg, about eighty-five miles east of Pretoria, was occupied on the 28th.

The rapid advance from Karee Siding to Pretoria was probably unexpected by the Boers, whose resistance was never serious and who showed great anxiety for their line of retreat. The menace of outflanking movements was most skilfully employed by Lord Roberts, and the four permanent forts which affected to defend the capital were incontinently abandoned, the Boers, more wise than the advisers of Napoleon III., being unwilling to incur the risks of a Sedan. Their leaders may have been inspired by the example of 1812; but, unlike the Russians, they were unwilling to sacrifice anything, and Pretoria became convenient headquarters for the British army.

The supervision of the line of communications at this period left much to be desired, and on May 30 at Lindley, and on June 6 at Roodeval, disasters occurred involving the loss of nearly 1,200 men. Lieut.-General Rundle, holding the line Senekal-Ficksburg, was able, with the help of entrenchments, to prevent an incursion of the enemy

southwards, but could effect nothing more in this difficult country, and was hampered for want of supplies. Passive measures proving hopeless to prevent raiding, it soon became evident that the Boer forces in the Bethlehem district must be broken up. Remounts having reached Pretoria, a strong force was despatched southwards, and on July 1 Lieut.-General Hunter reached Frankfort to co-operate with Major-Generals Clements and Paget. The effect of this offensive movement was most important. Bethlehem was captured on the 7th, and after a series of operations, admirably directed, Lieut.-General Hunter obtained on the 29th the surrender of Commandant Prinsloo with more than 4,000 men and a large number of much-needed horses. This substantial success was gained with small loss, and Harrismith was almost immediately occupied, opening up railway communication with Natal. General De Wet, however, the most capable and enterprising of the Boer leaders, broke away on July 16, and, crossing the railway, established himself near Reitzburg, a few miles south of the Vaal. Here he remained for eleven days and was believed to be practically surrounded; but, suddenly crossing the river on August 6, he outwitted his numerous pursuers, joining General Delarey near Rustenburg, and, after various adventures, doubling back upon the Vaal with the loss of a great part of his baggage and most of his followers. The escapade of De Wet had no direct military results of importance, but it added to difficulties already existing in the country west of Pretoria, and it entailed large and complicated movements of British forces which must have interfered with the plans of Lord Roberts.

A recrudescence of hostility had manifested itself early in July in the Rustenburg district, which was supposed to have been pacified during the march of Major-General Baden-Powell from the frontier to Pretoria. On the 7th a 'small force' of the enemy attacked Rustenburg, and on the 11th a body of troops of all arms sent from Pretoria to Uitval's Nek on the preceding day was surprised and routed with a loss of two guns. A Boer investment of Rustenburg followed, demanding a relieving force, and later the withdrawal of the garrison. Further west, at Eland's River, a small detachment of colonial troops under Colonel Hore was believed to be lost, but most gallantly held its post for many days till relieved on August 16 by Lord Kitchener, who had abandoned the pursuit of De Wet in order to go to its assistance. Meanwhile Major-General Carrington's force,

which landed at Beira in April, had arrived from Bulawayo, and, being opposed on the way to Eland's River, retired with some precipitation to Zeerust and thence to Mafeking. It is at present impossible to unravel the tangled skein of events in this region; but it is clear that before the irruption of De Wet from the south the burghers in the south-western portion of the Transvaal had developed unexpected strength and hostility. The circumstances throw a strong light on the difficulties of Lord Roberts, who had not to do with organised forces but with sporadic outbreaks, the extent of which could not be fully gauged.

During this irritating and baffling interlude the main thread of the operations was not neglected, and Sir R. Buller was directed to make an important movement northwards from the railway which he had been occupied in guarding since the middle of June. Leaving Paardekop on August 7, he reached a point about twenty miles south of Wonderfontein on the 15th. Some opposition was offered on the 23rd, and on the 25th Lord Roberts met Sir R. Buller and Lieut.-Generals Pole-Carew and French at Belfast, and combined action was arranged. On the 27th a strong position near Bergendal was stormed by two infantry battalions after an effective artillery preparation, and the Boer resistance in this quarter collapsed. On September 1, the day on which the Transvaal was formally annexed to the British Crown, Sir R. Buller began an advance on Lydenburg, one of several places where the enemy were reported to intend making a final stand. The advance was delayed by the Boers, who retired when their flank was threatened, withdrawing their guns and stores, and leaving the way open to Lydenburg, which was reached by the cavalry on the 6th and occupied in force on the following day. Moving slowly eastwards through a most difficult country and encountering opposition which quickly yielded to attack, Sir R. Buller reached Spitz Kop on the 12th, capturing stores and ammunition. On the 10th, Lieut.-General French began an advance on Barberton, which was occupied on the 13th. On this day, the Guards Brigade reached Godwaan on the railway. Resistance being evidently hopeless, since the burghers no longer responded to the calls made upon them, Mr. Kruger decided to abandon his country and reached Lorenço Marques on the 13th, after formally resigning office. At the same time General Louis Botha gave up the military command on the grounds of ill-health. On the 24th the

Guards Brigade reached Komati Poort and a large number of Boers crossed the frontier into Portuguese territory to be disarmed.

Meanwhile, minor raids on the railways occurred at various points, and a little garrison of 150 men at Ladybrand defended itself with trifling loss from the 2nd till relieved on the 5th. In the western portion of the theatre of war, mobile British columns were acting everywhere on the offensive, and capturing cattle and stores. The breakdown of the resistance in the Machadodorp and Lydenburg districts, where excellent defensive positions abound, indicated the military collapse of the Boers.

As Lord Roberts pointed out in an important proclamation on September 13, the war 'has degenerated into operations 'carried on in an irregular and irresponsible manner, and in 'very many cases by insignificant bodies of men.' Guerilla warfare of this description will break down as soon as it is clear that the game is not worth the candle. By holding firmly the important points on the railways, and by employing flying columns to patrol the disaffected districts, to pursue raiding parties, and to break up any concentration of commandos, hostility will be stamped out, and military operations can be replaced by police measures. We must, in any case, expect that a certain number of irreconcilables, believing that they have nothing to gain by peace, will continue to give trouble after the burghers have dispersed to their farms. It would be rash to attempt to forecast the future; but it is certain that the new colonies will require a garrison of at least 50,000 men for some years, even if the surrender of arms is much more complete than at present. Much will depend on the personal qualities of the military governor, who must soon be appointed, and having regard to past experience, there should be no mistake. A governor who combines firmness with sympathy, and who is a soldier and not a politician, will find less difficulty in restoring order than has been anticipated, and it may be that the real burgher population will prove more amenable to British rule than the cosmopolitan refugees now waiting to return to Johannesburg.

The Boer war will not rank among the great achievements of the British army. The immense disproportion between the numerical forces and the material resources of the combatants, the grave initial mistakes, and the too frequent 'regrettable incidents' combine to rob it of the glamour which attaches to military success. History will, however,

recognise the difficulties of an unexampled campaign, the vast distances which neutralised the advantage of numbers, and the great tracts of rugged country admirably adapted to defence by a people reared to the life of hill and veldt. The Boers have never been able to maintain more than about 50,000 men actually in the field, and from losses and gradual defections their numbers have latterly dwindled greatly. Of capacity for the conduct of war and of generalship they have shown little. In a theatre of war less extended and less rich in natural defensive positions, they would have been quickly overpowered. On the other hand, they have exhibited to the full the dogged tenacity of a race which more than any other tested the mettle of the navy of England, and in minor tactics they have frequently proved our superiors. Rarely surprised, they have often surprised and outwitted our leaders. To formalism they opposed individualism. The keen instincts of the hunter and his ingrained knowledge of the life of the field have been confronted by the artificial methods derived from a rigid and unintelligent training, the numbing effects of which could not easily be eradicated. As marksmen the Boers have not greatly shone, or our losses would have been much increased. Their ubiquitous artillery has proved singularly ineffective. On the other hand, their mobility as a wholly mounted force, and their marked proficiency as horse-masters, combined to give them definite advantages as soon as the war passed out of the stage of deadlock into operations ranging over great tracts of country. These advantages were not turned to full account, partly because the Boers as a whole were insufficiently disciplined to push home an attack, and partly because their leaders lacked strategic perception. From the time when the long but inevitable halt at Bloemfontein encouraged a policy of raiding, they were still able to score points in the game. Even when Lord Roberts had established a grip upon the railway and telegraph systems, so that combined movements were almost impossible, individual leaders like De Wet showed powers of initiative, and, risking little, were quick to recognise a weak point. Lastly, the politico-military conditions favoured the resistance and the methods of the Boers. Every farmhouse might be a centre of intelligence, a depôt of supplies, or an armoury. The whole countryside being in sympathy with the enemy, the British commanders had great difficulty in obtaining information, and could be plentifully supplied with false news. The clemency of Lord

Roberts permitted Boers who took the oath of neutrality to obtain more than the ordinary privileges of non-combatants, and to resume their arms at any favourable opportunity. Such men would have been shot without scruple by any European army; but stringent measures were at first avoided as being calculated to prejudice future conciliation, and thus, by example or by threats, a moving commando could reinforce itself locally for any special purpose.

An armed people occupying a difficult country have always proved awkward antagonists to a regular army. La Vendée, a little territory of 1,100 square miles, withstood veteran troops for a full year, and at one period 200,000 men were brought to bear upon it. The task of Lord Roberts was to subjugate a La Vendée of 167,000 square miles, defended by a population numerically far smaller than that which long defied the armies of the French Republic, but infinitely better armed, better prepared for war, and much more united, while the methods which, in the one case, secured tardy success after about 130,000 persons of both sexes and all ages had perished, were, in the other, impossible. The parallel is not complete, but it serves to illustrate difficulties which have not been adequately recognised in this country, and it is well to remember that our reverses in South Africa have been trivial affairs in comparison with the defeats inflicted on the French troops by the gallant fanatics of La Vendée. It was the opinion of experts whose impressions were mainly formed at Johannesburg that moderate losses would suffice to break up the Boer forces. The nature of the country, and the tactics adopted in most cases, precluded heavy losses in individual engagements, and the total number of Boers killed in action has probably not been large; but the surrender of two large bodies, each exceeding 4,000 men, the failures at Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, and the occupation of every town of any importance, failed to bring about immediate demoralisation. A people more highly organised, more imaginative and less patriotic would have admitted defeat after the fall of Pretoria. Inability to realise the overwhelming superiority of force opposed to them, and false statements sedulously propagated by their leaders, may in part account for the protracted resistance offered by the Boers; but in their dogged tenacity of purpose there is something which the British people cannot fail to admire. Irregular forces, not wholly amenable to discipline, not even commanded in the sense understood in all professional armies, and containing in their ranks selections

from the scum of Europe, would inevitably commit acts contrary to the usages of war, and calculated to arouse bitter resentment. On the other hand, such leaders as Joubert, Louis Botha, and De Wet, as well as some of the rank and file, have proved chivalrous foes. When calm judgement has supplanted political rancour, the popular estimate of the character of the Boers will probably undergo favourable modification. Only a people imbued with the spirit of true patriotism would have so strenuously upheld their independence.

To the British Army the war has brought many painful lessons. An imperfect organisation, indifferent training, and want of political and military foresight terribly hampered the operations at the outset. Heavy losses, national humiliation, and extravagant expenditure were the inevitable penalties. Our military system, as has been pointed out, was totally unable to meet the emergency which arose in September 1899. At a crisis when the despatch of an organised field force to South Africa was urgently needed, the system proved hopelessly wanting, as had been foretold. And when the machine had at length ground out an army corps lacking the essential attributes of its German prototype, the result was a force which had to be taken to pieces and reconstructed before it was fit for offensive war. The army which marched from the Modder to Bloemfontein and onwards by rapid strides to Pretoria was organised by Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener in South Africa, not by the War Office in London. Even inferior units were partly destroyed by additions and subtractions till the British infantry battalion, as it should have been, almost ceased to exist. Our system of mounted infantry was based upon the disintegration of battalions by robbing them of some of their best officers and men, whose places had to be filled by Militia reservists and Volunteers imperfectly trained. To meet an urgent need for mounted troops, the Imperial Yeomanry was hastily improvised, consisting principally of men who were not yeomen. The Militia alone could reinforce the regular army by organised units, and the wholesale volunteering of its battalions for active service showed the high spirit of the old constitutional force. The Militia had, however, suffered from years of cold neglect, and its battalions were undermanned and indifferently trained. Ten thousand individual volunteers responded to the call of patriotism; but even companies had to be created afresh for the purposes of the war. The fine contingents from Canada and Australasia

were in many respects better fitted for the special requirements of the campaign than our auxiliary forces at home, and the local knowledge of the South African volunteers was capable, as Lord Roberts was quick to recognise, of being turned to excellent account.

Field training in this country offers certain difficulties which only a drastic Manœuvres Act could wholly overcome; but the training which the army was accustomed to receive was unnecessarily defective. Scouting, which does not come by nature to the class from which our cavalry is drawn and requires the most careful practical instruction, was neglected, and this essential duty had to be learned in South Africa at a heavy cost of life and prestige. The British cavalryman was too heavily equipped for irregular warfare, and the horse's ration, even when it could be provided, was insufficient for the work expected. As in previous wars, the art of the horse-master, in which the Boers excelled, proved to be wanting, with the result of an immense expenditure of horseflesh. Formal movements had consumed too much of the time of the infantryman, and tactics proper suffered accordingly. The individual training which sharpens the wits of the soldier, and teaches him to exercise his judgement in the use of ground and on outpost and patrol duties, was quite inadequate. Mechanical volleys had usurped the place of intelligent skirmishing. Examinations entailing an extensive system of cramming were regarded as trustworthy tests of the proficiency of officers, and applied military science consequently languished. The many costly mistakes committed in South Africa had their counterpart in peace manœuvres in which the rules of the game of war were not enforced with sufficient rigour. The artillery, more carefully instructed and more practically trained than the other arms, has distinctly increased its reputation. Alike for shooting power, for discipline, and for resourcefulness, it has earned high praise. The effect of shrapnel fire on an enemy sheltered by entrenchments, or crouching behind the boulders which strewed the tops of the numberless kopjes, was necessarily slight, and the natural conditions of the country were rarely favourable to artillery action. In such cases, all that can be expected of this arm is to keep down the enemy's fire. So well was this task performed that both cavalry and infantry learned to lean upon the guns to an extent previously unknown. Neither will again incline towards teachers who underrate the value of horse and field artillery. In the handling of

the heavy batteries extemporised for the purposes of the war, equal skill was shown, and, except in the unfortunate battle of Colenso, no blame has been thrown upon the artillery. In this case the facts remain to be elicited. The handling of the guns by the generals in the field was at first conspicuously defective. In the battle at Modder River, mainly an artillery action on the British side, and elsewhere, no proper orders were forthcoming, and artillery officers practically made their own dispositions. On the other hand, in the attack on Pieter's Hill, and later at Bergendal Farm, the guns were employed in accordance with sound principles, and their effect in supporting the infantry attack was marked.

In an army in which exalted rank could be attained by officers who had never given practical proof of their capacity for handling a brigade, it was inevitable that the rude test of war should disclose incompetence. Even in the case of minor posts, social and other influences have played far too great a part in so-called selection. When to these sources of weakness was added an improvised staff, not knowing and unknown by the troops which it was to direct, much is explained. It is a British habit to trust overmuch to improvisation as a substitute for method, and in this respect the army is not singular among our national institutions. The South African war has given occasion for improvisation on a great scale. The forces now in the field bear little resemblance to those which our military system prescribes. Many causes have combined to break up units and to destroy their solidarity. A somewhat loose aggregate of troops has thus arisen, and has happily been opposed only by a still looser military organisation. The natural adaptability of our race went far to mitigate disadvantages which in other circumstances would have entailed danger, and a process of weeding brought to the front many capable young officers who will exercise an important influence upon the future training of the army.

Painful as are some of the aspects of the war, there is a bright side which must never be forgotten. The British soldier has again manifested the sterling qualities which have shone on a thousand fields. The regimental officers, with few exceptions, have led their men with conspicuous gallantry, and the heavy loss of nearly $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.* from

* The corresponding loss of officers in the Franco-German War was about $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ('The Times,' September 1).

wounds tells its tale of personal devotion. If there have been 'regrettable incidents,' there have also been numerous incidents of collective and individual heroism. The colonial troops have shown fine fighting qualities, and have nobly upheld the great military traditions of the British people. At a time of real national difficulty the Colonies, as those who knew them confidently expected, have given the most practical proof of their patriotism and have inaugurated a new Imperial era. War, with its losses and its sorrows, has drawn closer all the members of the Empire, and has taught mutual understanding and mutual confidence. The great work of transporting more than 200,000 men across the sea and of supplying them has been accomplished with marked success, and the scope of our unrivalled national resources has been practically demonstrated. The way has been made straight for a military organisation based upon Imperial requirements, embracing the splendid fighting material at our disposal and effectually guaranteeing peace, progress, and prosperity. If this great work is now accomplished, the heavy sacrifices which the South African war has entailed will not have been made in vain. If the many bitter lessons of the past year are not turned to account intelligently and with special care to avoid hasty generalisations from a campaign which has many abnormal features, we shall before long be brought face to face with national disaster. It is remedies earnestly and thoroughly applied that are needed, not recriminations. There have been many mistakes which must never recur, and the promised inquiry, if carried out in the right spirit, will point the way to the necessary reforms. The words spoken in the House of Commons by Cromwell, greatest of British army reformers, deserve to be recalled:—

'As I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know that they can rarely be avoided in military matters. Therefore, waiving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary. And I hope that we have such true English hearts and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother country as no member of either House will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interests for the public good.'

In this spirit, broadened and deepened by the responsibilities of Empire, should our military problems be now approached. Thus only can our 'New Model' be attained.

ART. II.—*M. Edmond Rostand and the Literary Prospects of the Drama.*

La Samaritaine. Evangile en trois tableaux, en vers. Paris, Charpentier et Fasquelle: 1898.

Cyrano de Bergerac. Comédie Héroïque, en vers. Paris, Charpentier et Fasquelle: 1898.

Les Romanesques. Comédie en trois actes, en vers. Paris, Charpentier et Fasquelle: 1899.

La Princesse Lointaine. Pièce en quatre actes, en vers. Paris, Charpentier et Fasquelle: 1899.

L'Aiglon. En six actes, en vers. (Unpublished: 1900.)

THE Drama, the oldest and the most complicated of the Arts, is, strangely enough, the only art for which there is no margin of opportunity. For a play succeeds or it fails. Architecture, music, painting, every form of literature not written directly for production before the footlights, can count upon incalculable chances of revision; of reconsideration; of suspended judgement, and even of fluctuating esteem. But the fortunes of a stage-play can only be absolute. On the stage alone there is no appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The stage-play, the drama under modern conditions, can only live in so far as it can pay for its footing night by night. For the art of the modern drama is above all things art exploited as commerce. It is the reproduction of human accident and human emotion moving, with more or less of force and dexterity, between the excisions of the Censor and the exigencies of the box-office; bound by every circumstance of its production to conquer the approval of a crowd within the first few hours of its existence, or, in sober fact, to cease to exist.

No other art lives under similar conditions. And in spite of the remarkable revival of public interest in things relating to the theatre which has taken place in England during the last twenty-five years—an interest generous enough to include the private idiosyncrasies and adventures, the incomes, the wardrobes, and the opinions of actors and actresses—it is perhaps uncertain, if we judge from our own dramatists exclusively, whether these conditions have not finally severed that connexion between the stage and literature which the Elizabethans did so much to establish. In the same way that the influences of our climate, the size of our modern houses, and our disuse as meeting-places

of public buildings, have limited the field for sculpture, so it may be that the cost and money-making necessities of our theatres will end by strictly limiting the intellectual proportions of the modern play. Already there are not wanting critics, steady, sober and honest, lovers of the drama, and yet disposed to regard the little brotherhood of modern dramatists, groping their way in worlds of art half realised, as so many children at play in some old curiosity-shop; a place where all the material is worn; is very old; made precious by dead and gone effort; and where the only novelty possible consists in some new anachronism. For fanatics such as these the Days of Creation are strictly limited to six. The Greek dramatists, the Latins, Shakespeare, have spoken the last word of a noble and a living art; and to our generation only remains the no less vital, but simpler, evolution of the music-hall.

Obviously this is a defensible point of view. And so is the point of view which advocates a State theatre, subsidised; respected; controlled on something of the lines of the Théâtre Français, as a protest against our present system of the actor-manager; of opportunist and ephemeral writing; and of protracted runs. Although whether this latter scheme, given the protestant and inartistic attitude of the average Anglo-Saxon mind, can ever be more than a counsel of perfection, seems doubtful, to say the least. Yet the opportunist play, however brilliant, the play designed to run its season like any other fashionable object, though it may be a valuable piece of property, can hardly be a valuable contribution to literature; and, while admitting unreservedly that success on the English stage does not in the smallest degree depend upon a *conscious* preoccupation with the art of the drama (unconscious preoccupation there must be, or there could be no play)—it would be interesting to inquire whether, and how far, such a consciousness would necessarily imperil that success? We are as a nation only too apt to plume ourselves over our least obviously artistic achievements. Yet if the gaiety, the good temper, the abounding animal spirits of, say, 'Charley's Aunt' have kept that joyous production alive for some thousands of triumphant nights, it is only fair to remember that 'Antony and 'Cleopatra' has lasted longer still. It is not the presence of the literary quality, it is the deadness of the literary quality present, the deficiency of it, the affectation of it, the imitation of it, which send so many of the so-called 'serious' plays hurtling down the dusty steeps of theatrical

failure. Because a thing which is vital, commonly handled, has the power to live, need a thing as vital, but delicately and beautifully manipulated, run a distinctly poorer chance? Not treatment, not selection, but life—vitality—an organic being, is the very first essential and condition of the dramatic art. It is the first—*mais après?*

Journalism, the ideal journalism, consists in formulating brilliantly what the man in the street was on the verge of saying. And there are hundreds and hundreds of definitely successful plays—and therefore living plays—which never rise for one moment in point of treatment above the level of smart and workmanlike journalism—of journalism which is to literature what a wall-paper is to a picture. You must be able to command it in large quantities before it begins to count. And it is precisely because the public attention has been so strenuously called upon to take note of these restricted successes, it is because the public imagination has been so fired by the financial interests which they represent, that any discussion of the literary side of the drama appears so irrelevant and academic. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* to every non-artistic conscience; and 'capacity for the nobler 'feeling,' said Stuart Mill long ago, 'is in most natures a 'very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influ-'ences, but by mere want of sustenance.' As a race we British do more than distrust—we dislike all conscious experiments in art, not apologised for and made reputable by age, or death, or tradition. To hurl a brick-bat at the passing 'literary' wherever detected in daily life, serves, in some fashion, to vindicate the choice of pleasures of The Plain Citizen. And indeed the literary quality as he understands it—'art' considered as something extraneous to life, 'art' visualised as a collection of black old masters and the minor poets, 'art' as an attitude, an excrescence, a reminiscence—deserves much of the peculiar form of encouragement he is prepared to offer.

Naturally this does not affect the fact that in all real art (as Spinoza says of morality) *imitation has no place.* Success, even the vulgarest success, can neither be copied nor forged precisely because of the modicum of artistic presentation which every living record of life contains. And if we set aside as too local, too near to us for illustrative criticism, our own still somewhat unclassified playwrights—without attempting to count the various measures of success attained by Mr. Pinero; by Mr. Parker; by Mr. Bernard Shaw; by Captain Marshall's neat and happy fantasy; or

by the industry of Mr. Grundy—it is surely possible to expect many precious things still of an art which has so lately blossomed into work so experimental in purpose, so classic in treatment, so flexible, so vivid, so full-fed, as the brilliant group of plays we owe to M. Edmond Rostand. And it matters little, considered from the point of view of the wealth of the contemporary drama, that we should quote the works of a foreigner, a Frenchman; since it is surely one of the divine attributes of art that what enriches one enriches all. When M. Rostand, not content with the ordinary problems and difficulties of stage-craft, deliberately assumes the additional burden of expressing himself exclusively in rhymed verse, he adopts a literary attitude towards the drama, and exhibits a force of literary passion for the purities of form which is noticeable even in France. His is an extreme case. For him as for Gautier:—

> . . . l'œuvre sort plus belle
> D'une forme au travail
> Rebelle,
> Vers, marbre, onyx, émail; . . .

and his work—which is ours, a part of our intellectual capital, exactly in proportion to our capacity for enjoying it—may well serve to illustrate what is really the pressing question, 'la question du jour,' of the ambitious modern play-writer,—*How far, under actual conditions of theatrical production, does the literary quality make or mar the fortunes of the contemporary play?*

He has given us five plays—'Les Romanesques,' a comedy in three acts, produced at the Comédie Française in 1894, and crowned by the French Academy; a four-act play, 'La 'Princesse Lointaine,' which appeared at the Renaissance Theatre, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the title *rôle*, in 1895; 'La Samaritaine' in April of 1897, also produced by the same actress, and described as 'An Evangel, in three 'tableaux;' 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' a heroic comedy in five acts, which also appeared in 1897, at the Porte Saint-Martin; and 'L'Aiglon,' a drama written in no less than six acts, treating of the life and death of the young Duc de Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I., and again with Madame Bernhardt as chief interpreter. This last play is actually on the stage in Paris, and, at the moment we write, is still unrevised and unpublished. 'Cyrano de 'Bergerac' and the 'Romanesques' (under the title of 'The Fantasticks') were both acted in English, and in London, for a brief period last season. Neither Mr. Wyndham

as Cyrano nor Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Percinet achieved a popular success.

It has been stated—we do not know with how much authority—that the 'Samaritaine' is an earlier work than its gay, delicate, Watteau-like predecessor. It is in any case a striking, occasionally a very beautiful, example of that re-awakened cult for the beautiful, the mystic, and the suggestive which found its chief expression among ourselves in Burne-Jones, in William Morris, and in Rossetti; which inspired Maeterlinck and Verlaine, and has influenced Huysmans and all the younger *littérateurs* in France. All sincere reactions from the irreligious attitude of mind are interesting. But what makes M. Rostand's work of far greater value than any of the attempts to revive the old miracle play—any of the biblical paraphrases and parables of M. Antoine's theatre—is the mastery of effect and technique, the scenic sense, the theatrical intelligence, with which he handles his material. The story is the story of the Woman of Samaria. But what, in other hands, could so easily have degenerated into a series of rhetorical declamations and piously panoramic scenes, is here moulded with an extraordinary tact and delicacy into the vague and yet convincing outlines of a genuine drama. Any representation of Christ upon the stage is inherently objectionable to the average Anglo-Saxon mind, unless, as at Oberammergau, the physical conditions are such as to do away with all the ordinary associations of the playhouse. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, in our own interest, that this absence of the friendly German-peasant environment, and of the German-peasant method of acting, should make such a difference in our sense of the decorous and the becoming. Photine, the Samaritan courtesan, impassioned and detached as a prayer or a flame, wandering down the grey hillside among the olives to find the unknown Master waiting by the well; or in the market-place, drawing the indifferent jeering town about her by the single intensity of her purpose, is an extraordinarily interesting example of the working of the dramatic instinct about an old and worn theme. There is, perhaps, some far-off echo of Russian mysticism, some reminiscence of the humble, ardent, *illuminated* heroines of Tolstoy and of Dostoëvsky, in M. Rostand's conception of Photine; at moments in her impassioned and pathetic faith we seem to hear speaking the mystical sister of the Sonia of 'Crime and Punishment,' but with what a distinguishing sense of beauty has he not

marked as his own, and rescued even the most hazardous passages of his work! That a few—a very few—of his verses should seem to our ears to border perilously upon the irreverently grotesque and the ridiculous was inevitable, considering his theme. Humour is as local as patriotism. When Lamartine, writing the history of his own time in his old age, describes a fierce political meeting which he addressed from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, and sighs, 'Mon Dieu, alors, comme j'étais beau!' he gives an example of detached observation and unselfconsciousness which not one Anglo-Saxon in a million ever reaches. But, apart from these slight incongruities, how admirable is the handling of 'La Samaritaine'! With what precision is the situation put before us! Done with how few words, and yet how definitely, is the characterisation of the individual disciples; the arch-priest; the merchants; how swiftly and unconsciously we find ourselves informed of the political situation, the warring interests, all the complicated policy of the little inconspicuous mountain town!

It is chiefly the difference in the quality—*la facture*—of the verse which inclines us to consider 'Les Romanesques' as later work. 'I do not tell you that the subject of this 'comedy is new at all points,' says M. Jules Lemaitre, 'but 'its execution appears to me remarkable. This is brilliant 'stuff; all sparkling with wit, and, in places, glowing with 'a large and easy sense of gaiety. It is not to be con-'founded with the pretty little play, the elaborate little 'stage jewel of slender value. . . . There is already the 'large grasp of craft-mastery in "Les Romanesques."' And further on the wittiest and most authoritative of dramatic critics comments on the analogy in lovely lightness of treatment between M. Rostand's little piece and the classic 'A quoi rêvent les jeunes filles?' of Alfred de Musset. 'But 'Rostand,' he goes on to say, 'conveys an impression of 'frank lightheartedness and plastic grace—*a thing become 'rare among us where Beauty seems more and more the 'inseparable companion of Sadness.*' And it is, indeed, this very deliverance from all modern morbidity, this return to a clearer atmosphere and an antique joyousness, which gives Rostand's work an indisputable distinction of its own. Emotion without regret;—a gallant acceptance of life with all its possibilities and without many of its more harassing questions—that is the keynote of his work. But the refusal to investigate these questions comes from choice and not from insensibility. It is this spirit of delight in

exquisite and precise form, this happy play with charming words and images, and gay, and fleeting, and delicate sensation, which differentiates 'Les Romanesques' from the thousand and one *poudré* plays of the French repertory. 'The time of the play is immaterial,' says the author in his stage directions, 'provided the costumes be pretty;' and the little lovers, delighted and absorbed in their own fantastic elusive likeness to Romeo and Juliet, live through one endless summer day—under the old trees of an old park, where an old wall symbolises the old obstacles old fathers place before young love—with the spontaneous grace and fleeting troubles of the Golden Age. This is the land of pure romance; the land bordered by the green and rustling Forest of Arden, and stretching to the seaports of Bohemia. The story we are asked to follow dates from the first careless pair of lovers, and was acted by the first careful parent. But if you would have an example of how ingeniously M. Rostand can weave and complicate the simple threads of the simplest situation, consider for one moment his joyous invention of Straforel—that swaggering and full-blown predecessor of the picturesque Cyrano. Resourceful; unscrupulous; largely conversant with men, women, and things; at home in the world which he reverences and exploits; extravagant, magnificent, and at his wit's end for his day's earnings; vain; gross; indulgent; vital;—Straforel, by the cunning of his author's art, is set upon his feet and stalks about fairyland with as assured a tread as Poins or bully Bardolph among the Kentish lanes. Indeed, in breadth and ease of treatment Straforel is, perhaps, the most Shakespearian of M. Rostand's figures; while, as an acting part, the *rôle* is well-nigh actor-proof.

And the student interested in our author's methods should not fail to note how, in this early work, we find all the leading characteristics of his later and more ambitious writings. The construction, the peculiar breaking-up of his verse, are already here. The long scenes during which a single word is repeated and reiterated with ever-increasing effect have already been invented. The varying 'Monsieur . . .' 'Mais, Monsieur . . .' of Sylvette when Straforel makes reckless and alarming love to her* is but a foreshadowing of the tender, tragic, pathetic revelation to Bergerac of Roxane's unattainable love. This deliberate insistence upon the culminative value of a single word—a mere

* Les Romanesques, scene ii. act iii.

exclamation—struck upon again and again, as upon a bell, by the same actor, and under circumstances which change before the spectator's eyes, is a very striking example of M. Rostand's admirable stage-craft. It is worth noticing, too, how Straforel's big *tirade* is led up to precisely as, later on, we shall approach Cyrano's. From the first, it would seem that M. Rostand had found his personal form of expression without having to fumble for it. His verse is of a consistent and really amazing flexibility. We know of nothing like it. In his hands the old, classic, buckrammed alexandrine of Corneille or Racine has become fluent, epigrammatic, and supple as the most fluid prose. It is not too much to say that he delights in difficulty; he plays with technical problems, and invents complications only to solve them with a light heart. For scene after scene he limits his actors' 'lines' to speeches of two, three, half a dozen, words. He breaks his verse into fragments, which he polishes until they scintillate like diamond dust; until it requires an effort of the hearer's memory to realise that this flashing, hurrying sword-play of dialogue is yet submitted to all the stringent rules and conditions of poetic composition. Never since Victor Hugo wrote 'Les Misérables' has the French language given us such an example of astonishing abundance of words, of wit, of dexterity, and of richness of epithet. It is well-nigh a debauch of epithet. As the French say, 'Ça coule de source.' It would be almost impossible to conceive anything more apparently easy and untrammelled, or to find anything which, on examination, showed more evidence of a scrupulous art. Compare, for instance, the living torrents, the waterfalls, the singing brooks, and swirling millraces of Rostand's agile and clear-cut verse to the large, lazy wash of the 'Earthly Paradise'! And yet—as we shall endeavour to point out later on—it is precisely in this exuberant mastery of his material, in this richness of invention, in the extraordinary *vision* that he has of the remotest dramatic possibilities of any incident, that Rostand's danger lies.

This is not the case in 'La Princesse Lointaine'—that latest version of the story of Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli—which is, to us, the most daring, as it is the most perfect, of M. Rostand's experiments. It is the author, indeed, who shows himself 'le partisan des aventures hautes:'—

> 'Oui, je suis partisan des aventures hautes.
> Et près de celle-ci que sont les Argonautes?

Elle est lyriquement épique cette nef,
Qui vole, au bruit des vers, un poète pour chef,
Pleine d'anciens bandits dont nul ne se rebelle,
Vers une douce femme, étrange, pure et belle,
Sans aucun autre espoir que d'arriver à temps
Pour qu'un mourant la voie encor quelques instants !
Ah ! l'inertie est le seul vice, maître Erasme !
Et la seule vertu, c'est. . . .'

Erasme.

Quoi ?

Frère Trophime.

L'enthousiasme ! '

It is worth stopping to reflect upon what burning, disinterested enthusiasm for Letters, what passion for pure Beauty and the haunting magic of the past, was required to inspire a modern Parisian with the desire to place such a legend upon the modern stage.

Geffroy Rudel, the Prince of Blaye in Aquitaine, hearing, from the divers pilgrims who had visited Tripoli, of the exceeding fairness of Melissinde, the princess of that state, loved the lady with an exceeding fervour. And, setting sail for Tripoli some time in 1160 or 1161, he fell ill by the way of an illness which caused his death, so that when his ship came to port he was too weak to reach the shore. Therefore was the lady acquainted with his piteous state, and coming to the ship to greet him, presently he died, but first had seen her face. That is the subject of M. Rostand's play.

Robert Browning had already written of it; and Heine, in those magical verses of the Romancero (which may well have suggested to Matthew Arnold the background for his 'Tristram and Isolde'), tells us how the dim tapestries of the ancient castle of Blaye stir on the windy moonlight nights remembering the story wrought upon them at the hands of Melissinde. Browning sings of the distant lady :—

'O Angel of the East, one one gold look
Across the waters to this twilight nook—
The far, sad waters, Angel, to this nook ! . . .'

it was left to M. Rostand to reveal to us the full dramatic capabilities of the immortal legend.

For, to Melissinde, in her lily-strewn room of state, receiving the French pilgrims in all her weary gentleness, there comes, not Rudel indeed, of whose great love she is aware, and for whose love her life is spent in waiting, but Bertrand, the troubadour, Rudel's messenger and closest friend. And Melissinde loves Bertrand because of his

valour, and because of his beauty, but chiefly because at his coming the silent prison-palace of Tripoli has had its doors forced open by new life. She loves him and she tempts him. Rudel is lying in his ship in port, waiting for her greeting; but Bertrand is present, and Rudel is far off, and dying. In a scene of extreme and concentrated vigour, Melissinde overcomes Bertrand's conscience; his loyalty to his friend; his remorse; and almost his remembrance. But through the high open casement at the back of the stage, beyond the palace terrace, stretches the blue line of the open harbour. And on Rudel's ship, the weary mariners—*les anciens bandits*—waiting to see the promised lady, have sworn to raise a black sail in signal if Rudel dies. As the action advances, as Bertrand falters and yields, the terror, the obsession, the possibility of what they may see, through that open window, grows and grows with an astonishing power. 'You can only speak to me of 'the window,' says Bertrand in his shame. And Melissinde fiercely denies it. And Melissinde closes the window. And again the sea-wind silently throws it wide, until, at the last, they sit side by side, crouching upon the divan by the farther wall—*dans ces lâches coussins*—not daring to look, not able to forget, lashed by conscience and tortured by desire—in a scene of which the passionate modernity of feeling never for one instant disturbs the poet's vision of ancient beauty and the illusion of a great remoteness. The whole character of Bertrand, with its mixture of chivalry and self-consciousness (*d'autres, moins prompts au bien, au mal seraient plus lents* . . .) is an admirable and careful study of a type, as convincing under all its masks of costume, and period and environment, as the most 'realistic' hero in a drama by M. Dumas, fils. After all, it is only an ungenerous and ill-fermented new wine which cannot be safely poured into the most precious of old bottles.

In 'La Princesse Lointaine' M. Rostand seems to us to touch the high-water mark of his literary achievement. In 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' the best known of his plays, and the first to be translated into English, it is possible already to foresee how his manner of composition may, unless he be aware and watchful, decline into mannerism. All the opening scenes of 'Cyrano' are more intelligible to read than to see acted (and this in spite of Monsieur Coquelin's inimitable sense of precise comedy). In much of the act at the Hôtel de Bourgogne the most elaborate stage management cannot protect the spectator from a

suggestion of confusion—of a too glittering and teasing brilliancy of language, and interruption of incident. And, having said this, we need only turn again to the work itself—refer once more to its astonishing pages—to be won anew and bribed to silence, so to speak, by our overriding admiration. In this mood, to say of 'Cyrano' that it is too elaborate is like objecting to some vigorous forest tree that its leafage is confusing. And the comparison holds good on this point—that 'Cyrano de Bergerac' is as structural and organic as a noble tree. In France, it is necessary to go back to Molière and to Beaumarchais to find anything of equal dramatic fulness of conception, of equal reach and lightness of touch. Figaro in his abounding wit and play, his suggestion (like the suggestion of some brilliant contemporary) of untapped resources, is the only figure on the French stage to be compared with it; and Figaro has not Cyrano's poetry, nor his sense of natural beauty, nor his pathos.

It is worth noting that M. Rostand's mind finds all its rich material without once touching the *passionel* themes of the ordinary French drama. He is vivid, emotional, impassioned, without an allusion to, or a glance at, the peculiar side of literature and manners we are complacently agreed to label as 'French.' Indeed, it may be questioned if there were more than two genuinely successful new plays running upon the London stage last season which would not have suffered on this point in comparison with M. Rostand's collected work. 'Art,' says Goethe in his famous definition, 'Art is a liberation.' In this case, the passion for art would seem to have delivered a very modern Parisian from much which still excites a contented laugh among his grosser and less literary neighbours.

It was impossible that at his age—M. Rostand is barely thirty—and after a solid, palpable, financial success which even dwarfs the imposing 'returns' of a 'Sign of the 'Cross' or a 'Trilby'—the creator of Cyrano should escape many pointed reminders of the fallibility of human genius. France is not a country where literature can often compete with trade, or even lead to a very serious banking account. M. Rostand has not lacked for candid critics. They reproach him with being abundant—superabundant, they call it; of at times losing sense and grasp of the body of his dramatic action in the multiplicity, the ingeniousness of its turns and twists and windings. This is undoubtedly the threatening fault of his quality; it is only fair to remember

this; but it is wise to remind ourselves that the quality is there as well as the fault. For, in an age of careful and systematic intellectual husbandry, we are perhaps a little apt to forget how much was condoned to an ancient sinner because she had loved—much. Certainly, to look at the mere enumeration of the persons of the play in a drama like 'Cyrano,' to recount the famous 'fifty-eight speaking 'parts,' and to reperuse the catalogue of the author's stage directions—'citizens, marquises, pastrycooks, poets, cadets, 'Gascons, comedians, fiddlers, pages, children, Spanish 'soldiers, spectators, female spectators, actresses, burghers' 'wives, fine ladies, nuns—and the crowd,' may well give one a tingling sense of intellectual richness and adventure. And observe that these characters, even the smallest of them, are there for a purpose; are created and responsible. At his best, M. Rostand gives us to a singular degree the sensation of that capacity to see and handle a crowd which only belongs to the highest type of creative vision. We feel that, were he interested in their coming, a score or a hundred more figures could troop upon his stage through the open doors and from the great hospitable antechambers of his imagination.

Balzac, George Sand, Dumas the elder, our own Dickens, had each much of this same joyful and imposing play of the liberal imagination. Dickens's genius again more closely resembles that of M. Rostand in his scrupulous and instinctive avoidance of even the technically immoral, and all the outlawed complications of life. It is a coincidence which we would insist upon since it materially adds to our perplexed recognition of M. Rostand's comparative failure upon the English boards. Here, at last, is 'pure' literary art with a vengeance—art as clear-eyed and unsuggestive of hidden ugliness as a schoolboy's vision of existence; and yet deliberate, and serious, and highly polished art. Here is no lack of romantic and daring action. The delight in life, and in the adventure of life, has never been more fully, more beautifully expressed. Here, too, is an unquestioned mastery of pure stage-craft; the scenic gift; the theatrical judgement. Here are brave and intricate plots, joyous encounters, characters magnanimous and witty, chivalric and picturesque, and sympathetic—'sympathetic' even beyond an actor-manager's fond dream. And yet, as we have already said, neither Mrs. Campbell's charm and beauty, nor all Mr. Wyndham's force of personality and fine mastery of his profession, were sufficient to persuade the

British public to the feast. Can it be that during its long protest against foreign ways and foreign nastiness—its long and plaintive demand for the romantic, the moving, and the pure—the British stage, hibernating, so to speak, in the somewhat gloomy cave of its own virtues, has acquired a taste for the less simple forms of food? The image of some well-intentioned polar bear, secure on its own iceberg, borne on strange and insidious currents to awake in tropic seas, is a vision which, if ridiculous, is also suggestive of danger.

In America we hear of 'Cyrano' achieving a stage triumph. We hear, too, that a translation of 'L'Aiglon,' by Mr. Louis Parker, is shortly to be produced in New York. Rumour adds that the original text of the play is to be shortened—at all events in the acting version. In Paris it is given as it was written—in six very long acts. The subject-matter of the 'Aiglon' is more strictly limited in general interest than much of M. Rostand's earlier work. The last pages of the great Napoleonic legend are of a more burning significance in France. Before judging of 'L'Aiglon' as a play—strictly as stage work—those who had the fortune to see Madame Bernhardt in it last summer must not only endeavour to break loose from the illuminating remembrance of a consummate piece of acting; they will do well to forget the waves of enthusiasm which swept her audiences at each telling, ringing, audacious reference to the political fortunes of France. To the foreigner, alien to this factitious interest, M. Rostand's last great effort often seems a somewhat dangerously elaborated piece of eloquence. The character of the young Duc de Reichstadt —Napoleon's son, with the blood of the Austrian making question in his veins—has been compared to the character of Hamlet. But Hamlet, it is well to remember, was ever *capable* of action. It is doubtful whether, to the groundling of the pit in Shakespeare's time, Hamlet was not less the thinker we have made of him than simply the struggling man of action. The death of Polonius: the high, stern renouncement of Ophelia: the players' scene when he defies the king in open court: Laertes' death: the king's death:—when the play was new it is easy to imagine how the tragic incidents would jostle our later conception of the melancholy and philosophic prince.

And, on the stage, every situation, every human emotion but one is possible: the stage will not accept a representa-

tion of ultimate failure. Othello is perhaps the only, the magnificent, exception to this rule. And even Othello *chooses* to kill himself: he does not accept defeat.

But in M. Rostand's last drama the Eaglet never once lifts on the wings of the Eagle. Hesitating, interesting, and impotent in the first act, the pale young prince is hesitating and impotent in the last. It is a poignant moral tragedy; but is it drama? M. Rostand himself seems to have felt something of this uncertainty about his subject. He loads his work with curious and fascinating incident. The tailor, with his marvellous costumes for the dandy and his hidden plans for the duke's escape; the wooden soldiers which Flambeau, the old Cent Garde, has painted in the likeness of the veterans of the Grand Army; Fanny Essler's visit; the cradle of the little Roi de Rome; the objects of popular devotion which the interminable and indestructible Flambeau produces from his vast pockets—the handkerchief, the pipe, the egg-cup, and the platter, and all printed with their adoring Napoleonic legend—each one of these incidents is portrayed with an eloquence and a vivid realisation of stage effect which go far to blind our perception of the slow action of the piece which they embellish. As a contrast, observe the dramatic value, the authority of the invention, in the scene when Metternich holds up the mirror to the pale, *convicted* countenance of the son of Marie Thérèse. The mistakes of a sincere artist are never useless: they serve to educate those in sympathy with his finest aims.

A biblical vision; a fairy tale; a story of distant and poetic passion; a drama compact with magnanimity, with romantic courage and the gay courage of strength; and now this study of an historical bankruptcy and the tragedy of a conflicting temperament—such are the subjects M. Rostand has presented to us within the last six years. Essentially a romantic by temperament, it is his distinction that his treatment of his material is always classic treatment. He feels, and he obeys the rules. How far he has solved the great problem of writing plays alive and imbued with the literary spirit, which yet are primarily acting plays for us; remains to be seen. In France, and to the majority of those who have heard him in French, there is no question of it. But it is always difficult in the matter of a translation justly to award the reasons of failure. Hitherto it would seem in London that our public of the theatres is not prepared for anything but a deeper insistence upon old and limited lines. Experiment it distrusts, and the gallant

adventures of the artistic temperament find it indifferent and leave it irresponsive, if not objecting.

It was Louis Stevenson who pointed out, long ago, how close a test of a man's or a people's artistic capability is the unprompted desire to try new issues and experiment in new material and new methods; and, remembering this, it is difficult to predict much that is hopeful for our contemporary English stage. That we shall continue to command an adequate supply of workmanlike and even commercially successful plays is inevitable. There is too much talent, and too business-like a talent, profitably occupied with stage matters to leave this for a moment in doubt.

But is the English drama destined to pass altogether from an art to a craft? Are we content to aim for dexterity rather than for perfection?

Conventionality kills art as inevitably as a noble convention protects it. It is in remembering this that we should feel most gratitude to writers like M. Edmond Rostand.

Art. III.—1. *A History of Italian Unity: being a Political History of Italy from* 1814 *to* 1871. By Bolton King, M.A. 2 vols. London, James Nisbet & Co.: 1899.

2. *The Union of Italy*, 1815–1895. By W. J. Stillman. Cambridge, University Press: 1898.

3. *Marco Minghetti: La Convenzione di Settembre.* Bologna, Zanichelli: 1899.

4. *Politica segreta Italiana*: 1863–1870. 2ª edizione. Torino: 1891.

5. *Un po' più di Luce sugli Eventi politici e militari dell' Anno* 1866. Pel Generale Alfonso La Marmora. 5ª edizione. Firenze, Barbèra: 1873.

In the April number of this Review we have travelled with Mr. King through the earlier stages of the Italian struggle for independence. We shall not attempt to accompany him during the ten years that followed 1849—years of reaction, but of concentration, marked by the rise and leadership of Cavour, the growth of the moderate party, the utter decadence of the Bourbons, and the final establishment of the hegemony of Piedmont. We shall not follow him through the war of 1859, the union of the centre with Piedmont, Garibaldi's brilliant enterprise, and the collapse of the Neapolitan monarchy, unparalleled in history since the days of Cortes and Pizarro. The first Italian parliament met at Turin on February 18, 1861; on June 6 Cavour died. Ten years more were to pass before the unity so fortunately won could be completed by the inclusion of Venetia and Rome within the limits of the new kingdom.

The story of these years is less familiar to Englishmen than that of the more stirring time which preceded them. It is told with great fidelity and some minuteness by Mr. King, who must have devoted considerable labour to his exhaustive and conscientious consultation of many scattered sources of information. Signor Minghetti's posthumous volume on the September Convention is the only publication of any importance that has appeared since Mr. King's history, and it does not add very much to what was known before. Our author acquiesces too easily in some of the partisan judgements of republican writers, although his general tone is eminently judicial and by no means over-favourable to the so-called party of action during the years after

Cavour's death. They were years of fatal, almost tragic, conflict between the natural and honourable impatience of all patriotic Italians to finish the work so well begun, and the really pressing need for peace after the storm, for order, for economy, for internal organisation of the hurriedly constructed fabric. The rapidity with which events had moved during the two critical years of 1859 and 1860 was a bad preparation for a policy of patience, of quiet inward developement, of retrenchment and reform. The comparative neglect of social and economic questions sowed the seeds of many of the ills from which Italy now acutely suffers. Over-haste to solve the more exciting problems of Rome and Venice involved the country in financial disaster, in occasional grave national peril, and in considerable loss of dignity.

As far as the statesmen who successively took up Cavour's work are concerned, we may say, without undue belittlement, that they never were the masters, but always the slaves of circumstance; always wrestling, but, with one exception, wrestling honourably with problems that were beyond their skill. The King was not always an assistance. Party politics were growing increasingly bitter and factious. All parties were in fault. The moderates were pedantic and unsympathetic. Radicals, who were nothing if not patriotic, were hot-headed and rash to craziness, unjustly suspicious of all men, from the King downwards, who were not of their own number, and fanatically hostile to Napoleon III., with whom the rulers of Italy had to reckon, whether they liked it or not. National aspirations could not be satisfied so long as Venice and Rome remained outside the legal boundary of the kingdom. Historical sentiment and political necessity concurred in giving the foremost place to Rome. 'Im-'portunate memories of the past greatness' of the Eternal City, and belief in her perennial mission, dazzled the Italian imagination. 'Without Rome Italy is nothing,' said Ricasoli; 'for Venice we must wait.' The Papal territory caused an interruption of the continuity of the State, which must be a permanent obstacle to any thorough welding of South with North. The French occupation chafed the nation's pride, and might at any moment be used as a fulcrum for a larger foreign intervention in Italian affairs.

One of the earliest acts of the first parliament was to pass an unanimous resolution that Rome must be the capital of United Italy. But, with the French garrison in the way, 'the Roman question could not be solved by the sword,' as

Cavour told the Chamber. There were only two ways out of the difficulty: to win the consent of the Papacy itself and go to Rome with the approval of Catholic sentiment, or to induce the Emperor to withdraw his troops, and then wait till events should afford an opportunity and an excuse for action. The first way was the better, and was followed by Cavour, until he found it absolutely barred by irreconcilable and, to our notions, short-sighted clerical obstinacy. The great statesman's hope was to convince Catholics that the abolition of the Temporal Power would lead to the complete spiritual independence of the Church. The key-note of his policy was his well-known saying, 'A free Church in a 'free State.'

'His daring conception,' says Mr. King, 'was no less than an absolute reversal of the maxim which had guided the governments of Catholic Europe. It had been their policy from mediæval times to bind the Church with concordats and laws, which limited the Pope's authority, which made the clergy more or less dependent on the government, which gave the Catholic profession the dignity and emoluments of a State Church, but made it pay dearly by the surrender of its liberty. All this Cavour proposed to sweep away, if the Papacy would surrender its Temporal Power. . . . Subject to the general law of the land, the Church would be absolutely free in the enjoyment and control of its property, and the State would guarantee it a certain income. The Pope might exercise canonic discipline without let, provided he did not call in the aid of the civil arm, might hold synods and correspond with bishops. The clergy might preach and teach what they pleased in their own schools and seminaries. The State would surrender its right to nominate bishops, who in future would be elected by the clergy of the diocese. The Pope would retain the nominal title of Sovereign, with ample endowment for himself and his court. The Conclave would be absolutely free from governmental influences.'

There lay across the path not only the highly strung sentiment and cherished ideals of Catholicism, but also the very material interests of clerical selfishness and ambition. One set of obstacles might be removed by the freshness and largeness of the new policy, which appealed to the imagination and had already won the support of the reforming clergy, at that moment a far more numerous and influential body than they ever have been since. But to overcome vulgarer motives required an appeal to self-interest. It was necessary to win over the Curia. Accordingly, to the Cardinals were to be given the privileges of royal princes and seats in the Senate. The more liberal of them were unofficially approached through Father Passaglia, the

reforming Jesuit, and Dr. Diomede Pantaleoni, a well-known Roman Liberal, whilst others were allowed to make overtures more directly to Antonelli himself, the most influential, as well as the shrewdest and most dangerous, if the least bigoted, member of the Curia. At one moment his support appeared to have been won. According to Mr. King 'there 'is strong evidence that he was offered and did not refuse a 'mighty bribe.' That Antonelli's presumed sense of self-interest was taken into consideration as an element of likely success is no doubt the case. But we do not feel satisfied that any of the published evidence amounts to proof that a concrete offer was made and accepted. Of course Antonelli denied anything of the sort. The letters of Cavour relating to this affair in the collection edited by Chiala have unfortunately been mutilated or expurgated. Some hitch or other occurred about the end of February, when Antonelli broke off all negotiations. On March 21 Pantaleoni was expelled from Rome. Father Passaglia, writing to Cavour, attributed this 'recrudescence of violence' on the Papal side to the influence of the King and Queen of Naples, who had arrived in Rome after the fall of Gaeta about the middle of February.

After this rebuff had proved the impossibility of conciliating the Papacy, Cavour turned to the second alternative. The last weeks of his life were occupied in negotiations with Napoleon III. for the departure of the French troops. About the middle of April the Emperor's views were unofficially communicated in a letter from Prince Jérôme Bonaparte. The principle of non-intervention was to form the logical basis of the arrangement. The Pope being treated as an independent Sovereign, no power whatever, neither France, nor Austria, nor the new Italy might interfere in his States. This meant practically that France would evacuate Rome in return for an Italian undertaking not to attack Papal territory, and, indeed, to prevent by force any attempted attack on it from without. But, to quote Prince Jérôme:—

'If in time the relations of the Papal government to the 500,000 or 600,000 subjects who remain for it to govern should become insupportable, the government of the Emperor may not consider itself obliged to guarantee the Pope against his own subjects. . . . If Rome is one day to become the capital of Italy, this must be brought about, not by means of conquest from without, but through the manifest and persevering will of its own inhabitants, and the impotence of the government of the priests.'

Cavour consulted no one but Ricasoli, Minghetti, and the King. All were favourable, and a letter of acceptance was sent back to Paris. But the discussion of the date to be fixed for evacuation caused some little delay, and Cavour's days were numbered. Nothing had been settled when he breathed his last on June 16. When an attempt was made by his successor to continue the negotiations the Emperor drew back, and so the matter dropped for the time. In fact Ricasoli was personally obnoxious to the Emperor as well as to the clericals, and despite his honest efforts no real progress was made with the Roman question during his administration.

In the spring of 1862 intrigue drove this statesman from office, to make way for Urbano Rattazzi, the evil genius of his country and his king. 'He believes neither in God nor 'in devil, and knows not the very meaning of "principle,"' are Mazzini's words of him. These expressions may seem harsh to apply to a man who was uncorrupt in public and blameless in private life, and whose genuine courtesy and gentle winning manners never made an unnecessary enemy. But to his versatility and parliamentary cleverness there corresponded no constructive ability, no vigour in action or decision in difficulty. Accident rather than conviction had thrown Rattazzi into an opposition to Cavour, which naturally led to the leadership of the Left in the Chamber; but he formed no party of adherents, he developed no policy, he inspired no opinions. His desire to please made him acceptable at Court, where his helpfulness in the King's private difficulties was much preferred to La Marmora's scoldings. Unfortunately the same quality led to a yielding acquiescence in the rash schemes of the party of action, whose enthusiasms he did not really share. 'Personal 'ambitions,' says Mr. King, 'sheer love of caballing, a 'courtier's deference to the King, weighed more with this 'man of little ideas and little intrigues, and urged him 'to strange ventures, and a game whose winning meant 'dishonour.'

Under Rattazzi the Roman question entered on a more dangerous phase. He had neither the wisdom nor the strength of will to curb the impatience of the forward party, whilst he lacked the courage to throw himself along with them into a rash but noble policy of open attack upon Venetia or Rome, in defiance of the Emperors and their armies. His relations with the men of action had long been intimate, and he probably fancied that he could profit

by their aggressiveness and yet evade responsibility. But the game of 1860 could not be played again, not even had a Cavour been there to play it. Within six months of taking office Rattazzi had risked the loss of the newly-won independence by his rash connivance with Garibaldi's raid on Rome, and at the same time jeopardised the popularity of the monarchy by wounding and arresting the old hero, when the expedition was stopped by the royal troops on the heights of Aspromonte.

The secret history of this affair, as well as of all the relations between Rattazzi, Garibaldi, and the King, is very obscure. Mr. Stillman, after remarking that it will possibly never be known, expresses his preference for the hypothesis 'that Garibaldi was in secret agreement with the King, if 'not with Rattazzi, and that the expedition had the distinct 'assent of the King; but that after it was fairly embarked 'the Emperor of the French suddenly came forward with 'an imperious demand on the Italian Government to stop 'Garibaldi on his way.'

In a posthumous volume, published last year, Signor Minghetti writes:—

'Here we should relate, what history has not yet revealed, how Garibaldi in accord with the King and with Rattazzi designed an expedition to Greece in order to carry revolution into the Danubian provinces still subject to Turkey; how England skilfully thwarted the plan, through the instrumentality of Sir James Hudson, who was summering on the Lago Maggiore; how Garibaldi was left free by the Italian Government to organise volunteers in Sicily, as it was still supposed that he had the eastern expedition in view; how then all of a sudden he turned his arms on Rome; in what manner Rattazzi, overwhelmed by this change, tried to ward off the blow; and how, at length, he resisted Garibaldi and defeated him at Aspromonte. All this forms a very curious episode of the time, but this is not the place to tell it.'

This allusion indicates a view somewhat more favourable to the straightforwardness of Rattazzi, but not flattering to his acuteness.

Meanwhile the Emperor had again turned his mind to the withdrawal of his troops, for which he was genuinely anxious. This time he felt his way at Rome with proposals including a French guarantee of the territorial *status quo*, to be further confirmed by the signatories of the Treaty of Vienna, the assumption by Italy of nearly the whole of the pontifical debt, and, on the Pope's side, the concession of administrative reforms and liberties. These terms were

obviously very unfavourable to Italy, and could hardly have been accepted by any Government at Turin. Fortunately they were rejected by the Papal Court in language so uncompromising that, in other circumstances, it might have led to almost unconditional evacuation. But Aspromonte had supervened, with its awkward consequences.

The repression of the Garibaldian attempt caused Rattazzi's Government to feel confused and shamefaced before public opinion, which suspected it of having acted under foreign dictation, and not on its own convictions. To neutralise these suspicions, and rehabilitate the Ministry in public esteem, General Durando, who held the portfolio for foreign affairs, penned an injudicious note to France and a violent circular to the Italian Legation.

'All Italy demanded its capital. The problem remained as it had been formulated by Garibaldi, and its solution was urgent. The state of things was insupportable, and would drive the Government to extreme measures, the consequences of which would not fall on Italy alone, but might compromise the interests of the Catholic world and the peace of Europe.'

The impression made in Paris was very bad, and was not much modified by a somewhat milder note to France on October 8. The Catholic party there gained the ascendent. On the 15th Thouvenel was replaced at the foreign office by Drouyn de Lhuys, who was no friend to Italy. The 26th brought a very sharp reply from him:—

'After referring to the repression of Garibaldi's attempt, General Durando appropriates his programme, and, affirming the right of Italy to Rome, claims in the name of his Government that this capital shall be handed over, and the Holy Father dispossessed. In the presence of this solemn affirmation and peremptory demand, any discussion seems to me useless, and any attempt at compromise illusory.'

When the Chamber met again in November, Left and Right joined in attacking the discredited Cabinet. On December 1 Rattazzi resigned, and was succeeded by Farini, whose health soon broke down. His place was taken by Minghetti in the following March, with Pasolini, and subsequently Visconti Venosta, at the foreign office. Pisanelli, Peruzzi, Amari, Manna, Spaventa, Ricci, Della Rovere and Menabrea were his other colleagues. None of them were Piedmontese, except Della Rovere, and, in a sense, Menabrea, who was a Savoyard. It was impossible for any Ministry to invite another rebuff from Drouyn de Lhuys, and the question of the French occupation now remained dormant till the spring

of 1864, when it was revived by alarming reports of Pius IX.'s health. His end was supposed to be imminent. La Marmora wrote, from his command in the Neapolitan provinces, to ask what course he was to take should the Pope die. Minghetti approached Rouher, the French Minister of State, who was known to be more favourably disposed than Drouyn, and received an encouraging reply. This was in the middle of April. A few days later Count Pepoli, the Italian minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, was passing through Paris. Now Pepoli, besides being a Bolognese, and consequently a fellow-countryman of Minghetti's, was a grandson of Murat's and a relation of the Emperor, who took occasion of his presence to ask for a memorandum on the Roman question. Pepoli referred to Minghetti, and the result was Visconti Venosta's despatch of May 29, calling the Emperor's attention to the eventuality of the Pope's death, and the importance of arriving at some agreement before that occurrence. Drouyn de Lhuys replied stiffly, after his usual manner, so Pepoli was authorised to return to Paris and again see the Emperor personally. This he did at Fontainebleau in company with Nigra; who describes the interview in a despatch, some passages of which we shall quote:—

'After Pepoli and Nigra had pointed out the difficulties which might arise on the Pope's death, the Emperor replied, protesting that he had, and had always had, a lively desire to withdraw the French garrison from Rome, but that he could not do so, unless he were certain that the withdrawal of the troops would not have, as its necessary and immediate consequence, the fall of the temporal power. "If Italy pledges herself," he said, "to respect and make others respect the pontifical territory, I have no reason to doubt that the King's Government will keep the pledge; but will this conviction find its way into the minds of the masses of the Catholics? There exists a resolution of the Italian Parliament which proclaims Rome as the capital; if I sign the treaty that you propose, people will cry out that it is a farce. Everyone believes that the Italian Government is only keeping its seat at Turin until it is able to remove it to Rome. To generate in Catholic opinion the conviction that the Italian Government will keep a promise of not attacking, and not allowing an attack upon, the Papal States, it would be necessary that you should offer a practical guarantee, which would demonstrate that the treaty is not a make-believe." To these words Pepoli replied that he knew that the Government of the King, independently of the question now under discussion, and for reasons of internal administration, had the intention of proposing to H.M. the Emperor the removal of the capital from Turin to some other city of Italy, and asked whether this change would not constitute in the eyes of the Emperor such a guarantee as he was looking for.

H.M., after a few seconds' reflection, said that if this change were to take place, it seemed to him of such a nature as to attain the end in view, and to generate that confidence of which he had spoken, and added that that being established, he would have no difficulty in signing the treaty.'

Had or had not Pepoli been authorised to make this suggestion? Or did it really originate with the Emperor? It is not clear. Perhaps some day Signor Visconti Venosta may explain. At any rate the idea was not new. More than a year before General Cialdini had written a memorandum for the then Minister of War recommending the removal of the capital from Turin on military grounds:—

'The cession of Nice and Savoy and the new delimitation of our frontiers on the side of France do not permit the capital of the kingdom to remain any longer at Turin, on which city 200,000 Frenchmen could descend in a few marches by several roads. The capital of Italy, if it were not to be Rome, should certainly be Florence or Naples.'

The rest of Italy, particularly the south, grumbled at the preponderance of Piedmont, and disliked the flood of Piedmontese employés, with their bureaucratic pedantry and uncouth speech. Rattazzi was said to have promised the Neapolitans, when on a visit to their city, that Naples should become the capital. Now that there was a Ministry from which Piedmontese were so conspicuously absent, there seemed to be greater chances of a removal. Had not Peruzzi, fishing for his beloved Florence, declared in the Chamber, in Rattazzi's time, that Italy could not be governed from Turin? Even Mordini the Radical—no moderate he—had quite recently argued for the change in order to 'Italianise' the administration. But we have Minghetti's own evidence that the transfer had not been actually decided upon already. 'Had that been so, all 'appearance of pressure on the part of France would be 'removed.'

La Marmora was at once taken into confidence, and informed of the momentous interview at Fontainebleau, but without being in the first instance told distinctly that the removal of the capital was to be the guarantee. He read between the lines and guessed it for himself. Here is his characteristic reply:—

'Naples: 12th July.

'Dear President,—I thank you for your long and interesting letter. On the Roman question allow me to express to you at once my intimate conviction that it does not suit us in any way to enter into treaty

with the French Government on the base of the Cavour plan, which the Emperor favours. What? Is the Italian Government to pledge itself not to attack, and not to allow others to attack, the Papal territory? On those conditions I prefer a thousand times that the French should remain, for, if we accepted them, we should find ourselves face to face with this tremendous dilemma: either to fail to keep our engagement, and in that case we should have against us, not only the whole of France, but many other powers, and the certainty of having the French at Rome, never to go away again; or else to protect, at our expense, and with our blood, our bitterest enemies within the walls of that very Rome that has been proclaimed by Parliament the capital of the kingdom. I do not believe that any Ministry could be found that would be capable of governing under the weight of such odium. And whatever can be the *acte* which the Emperor is cogitating, to give this lovely project a "character of seriousness"? To my mind it can be none other than the transfer of the capital, either to Florence or to some other city. But to do that, should we find it necessary, I do not see that we need obtain the permission of France. . . . For heaven's sake, do not let yourselves be cajoled by the pleasure of seeing the French leave Rome on such terms as these. The announcement of the evacuation might awaken among Italians a momentary sense of general satisfaction; but as soon as the conditions became known, there would arise, I am certain, a squall so tremendous that it might swallow up both governors and governed.'

The writer was a true prophet. It is remarkable that, although himself a Piedmontese, his disapproval was not grounded on the desertion of Turin, but on what seemed to him the practical impossibility of loyally guarding the Papal frontier. But in spite of his disagreement, he recognised the patriotic intentions of the Ministry so thoroughly, that later he even went to Paris himself, to see whether his personal influence with the Emperor could obtain some improvement of the terms. Of course he would not accept the place that was ready for him in the Cabinet.

After La Marmora's warning the authors of the policy could hardly have remained blind to the dangers ahead. Visconti at any rate realised them. He wrote to Nigra:—

'The proposal, it is true, has the advantage of not imposing upon us any essential concession on the national programme. But it does in fact impose on us a grave crisis for the country. . . . To judge of the extent of the danger, should the Piedmontese element become disaffected to the new order of things, it suffices to consider the importance of that element, the prevalence, whatever may be said about it, of its influence in the mechanism of government, its importance in the army, the solid cement which it supplies for the new building. This is the difficulty, this the problem. Yet, as this is the condition "sine qua non," as it means that we should obtain the French

evacuation of Rome. . . that in Italy there would remain only one stranger instead of two, it is, I think, difficult for any patriotic Italian to refuse the proposals.'

The project was in fact approved, and approved warmly by Nino Bixio, by Cialdini, by Ricasoli himself, who wrote from Brolio on September 13 :—

'The confidential disclosures previously received from you had prepared me for this happy solution, but that has not diminished my inward joy at the announcement that the treaty has been concluded. This is an immense event for Italy. It is, in short, the beginning of her completion, and will have great consequences, at home and abroad. The treaty is the real act of recognition of the new Italy. . . . As to the condition of transferring the capital, I will say nothing, considering that it is imposed, and indeed is a means to the main treaty. After all, it will not be without its utility.'

The really dramatic figure in this affair was Victor Emmanuel. Minghetti has been charged with duplicity in not instantly communicating the proposals to him. But in justice we must remember that the quixotic La Marmora himself advised ministers not to refer the arrangement to the King until its terms were clearly defined. At last the Prime Minister spoke to his Sovereign on the morning of August 13.

'I read the articles, which he fully approved, and when I came to define the "act which might be considered as a guarantee," * I uttered the words, "Transfer of the Capital." The King was startled by them. "And why?" said he. "What is the connexion between these two things?" "Sir," I said, "the Emperor wants to tell the Catholics: 'I have not evacuated Rome without securing the Pope against aggression by the Italians;' but the promise to respect the Papal frontier would be rendered of no effect by their impatience of remaining long at Turin. This impatience would drive them to cross the frontier. If they transfer their capital elsewhere, the mere transfer gives breathing time. You do not change a capital as you do a coat. And if, as the result of new events, Italy is to go to Rome, such an interval will have elapsed as will save France from any appearance of complicity." The King kept silence; then replied proudly: "If the capital is to be changed, I shall do it at my own good pleasure, and of my own free will. I do not choose to have it imposed upon me."

'"Your Majesty," I replied, "what imposes it is not the foreigner, but the sentiment of Italians. Pepoli said at Paris that it was a matter already determined on by the Italian Government. That is not true; nothing could be decided without the exercise of your Majesty's will, but the idea of transferring the capital elsewhere is in the minds of many, of many more than is apparent."

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* This was the Emperor's phrase.

'"But what will Turin say? Is it not unworthy to reward her for so many sacrifices, by a sacrifice yet more cruel?"

'"Your Majesty, if the sacrifice which is asked of her had for its motive internal dissensions or discontent, it would be truly terrible. But it loses much of its burdensomeness when it serves so weighty a result as the withdrawal of the French from Rome. It is a means to the salvation of the country.

'"I cannot reconcile myself to this idea," said the King. And I, "If your Majesty saw into my mind, you would know how painful it is to me too to abandon this city, so well conducted, so devoted to the dynasty, that has deserved so well of Italy."

'Then the King, striking his fist violently on the table, exclaimed: "And what matters Turin to you and yours? It is I whose heart is torn by it: I who have always lived here, who have here all my memories of childhood, all my habits, all my affections."

'The King was walking excitedly up and down the room, and his eyes were full of tears.'

He then calmed down, and sent for Pepoli, to hear from his own lips every word of what had passed at Paris. After seeing Pepoli the King gradually came round to the acceptance of the obnoxious clause, as well as the body of the agreement, though he first sent Menabrea with a personal letter to the Emperor. Victor Emmanuel felt no resentment against Minghetti, whom he liked personally. On September 4 he wrote to him on the occasion of his marriage:—

'Dear Minghetti,—Thanks for your letter and your news. My faith is waning a little; perhaps it is the effect of the heavy snow which is falling to-day at this wild shooting-camp. My dear friend, I renew my cordial and sincere good wishes for your marriage, begging you to kiss your bride's hand for me. With a grip of your hand, I am with all my heart, and ever shall be, your most affectionate,

'Victor Emmanuel.'

The treaty was actually signed on September 15. To its main provisions in five articles was appended a secret protocol declaring that the convention should have no executory value until the King of Italy had decreed the transfer of the capital. This transfer was to take place within six months from the date of the convention. The French were to complete the evacuation within two years.

There can be little doubt that the condition was embodied in a separate and secret protocol at Minghetti's desire; he probably thought that if it were concealed the treaty would be well received everywhere except in Piedmont, whereas if published the sense of foreign pressure would raise a general storm. It was an unwise attempt. It

savoured of that duplicity which hangs about all secret treaties, and too many people had been taken into confidence for any possibility of the secret being kept. Mazzini in some letters of the month of July hints that he knew what was going on, 'but without being sure whether it was the 'work of the King or of the Ministry.' It seems to us extremely unlikely that he knew of the undertaking to leave Turin, or else he would undoubtedly have upset the coach by publication. His manifesto on the subject, which is of course violently hostile to the convention, was not issued till September 24, when the riots at Turin were already over and everyone knew the facts.

When the treaty was signed it was still unsettled where the future capital should be. Naples and Florence both had their claims. Political reasons were in favour of Naples. Disaffection and brigandage would have taken flight before the advent of the central administration, and the prosperity which a capital brings with it. Florence had the advantage of its central position, its pure and unadulterated Italian traditions, and, above all, its favourable strategical situation in case of invasion. On this the military experts laid great stress. In Florence the public offices would find surroundings more favourable to the incorruptible performance of their duties than in Naples, but the atmosphere of either city would in that respect be a deplorable falling off from the austere public spirit of Turin. The really decisive argument for Florence was adduced by the common-sense of the King. 'If once we establish our-'selves at Naples,' he said, 'we shall find it much more 'difficult to get away from it than we should from Florence.'

The alienation of Piedmont, which Visconti had foreseen, was intensely aggravated and embittered by the mismanagement that allowed a natural and healthy demonstration of dissatisfaction to develope into a riot, which was then suppressed with bloodshed. The Turin 'massacre' was not a necessary consequence of the policy of the Ministry, but it was one that no Ministry could survive. The King sent for La Marmora, whose Piedmontese birth and authoritative character pointed him out as the right man. Although the new Premier had not welcomed the convention, he saw that it must now be accepted and executed. But he submitted both convention and protocol to the Chamber, which ratified them by 305 votes to 63. This large majority, and the disgust of the Clericals, on whom the convention fell as a bolt from the blue, prove that the general sense of the

country did not regard it as in any sense an abandonment of the claims upon Rome.

The debate is of historic interest. It was the occasion of a great speech of Crispi's, condemning alike the convention and the factiousness that sought to profit by the opportunity for an attack on the Monarchy. 'I have no other flag than '"One Italy, with Victor Emmanuel." Those who accept 'a different banner do not desire unity. The Monarchy 'unites us, the Republic would divide us.' This declaration marked Crispi's formal separation from the Republicans and from Mazzini, who denounced him as an opportunist and a renegade in a letter couched in language of magnificent eloquence. But it is the eloquence of the seer; and we cry out with Hosea, 'The prophet is a fool, the man that hath 'the spirit is mad.'

Crispi replied with less magniloquence, but with considerable force, in a long epistle that concluded with the words: 'Restore calm to your troubled soul; trust in the 'strength of the country; enlighten the people without 'exciting them.' But Mazzini was possessed with the delusion that the Moderates and the Monarchy were deliberately refusing to complete Italy, for fear of stimulating democratic ideas.

> 'But what if the Monarchy did *not* choose? What if, foreseeing in war with Austria a series of national insurrections like those of 1848, with consequences probably fatal to the interests of the dynasty, it were deliberately to draw back from the Venetian enterprise? What if, cowed by the potent name of Rome, or at any rate with the presentiment that, after the solution of the national question, the men of Italy would pour all the fulness of their young life into the question of liberty, it chose to hold itself aloof from the ever-Republican Capitol, afar from the walls that are stamped with the memories of 1849?'

Distracted by these suspicions, he announced in the following month of March that there existed a further secret protocol to the convention, in which Italy undertook to abstain from any enterprise against Venetia as well as against Rome, and, moreover, that if, through unforeseen circumstances, she were to acquire either of those coveted objects, she would agree to a rectification of her frontier with France, and cede Piedmont up to the line of the Sesia! Diamilla-Müller relates how, as far back as October 2, a certain Colonel Manari declared that he had seen at least the outside of the actual document—a roll tied up with blue silk—lying in the drawer of a high official of the foreign

office with whom he was acquainted, and who had communicated to him the nature of its contents. Whether the story was a mere hoax, or a mischievous attempt to exasperate the Piedmontese into some revolutionary outbreak; whether it originated with the colonel, or with the clerk, or was concocted between them, does not appear to be known. The very possibility that such nonsense could be seriously believed, and that the emphatic denials of La Marmora and Visconti should not have shaken the belief of those who half wished it to be true, only proves how excited and hysterical the opposition had become.

After all the convention was not a political crime, any more than it was a diplomatic triumph. Its authors imagined that they were merely following in the footsteps of Cavour. They prided themselves on being that great man's disciples in a very special and intimate sense. They forgot that the times had changed. Without Cavour's exceptional diplomatic ability, without his ascendency over the mind of Napoleon III., without the glamour and enthusiasm of the two great years of Italian liberation, they had new difficulties to overcome. At home parties and politicians were far more estranged and embittered. The increasing obstinacy of the Ultramontanes, and their increasing influence at the French as well as at the Papal Court, had to be reckoned with. Above all, the fatal day of Aspromonte, and all that led up to it, had not only immensely increased the difficulty of restraining the men of action, but had made that difficulty so patent to all men that Napoleon III., as he said, would have been acting a farce had he not demanded guarantees. In 1861 the change of capital would not have been asked for, nor can we believe that Cavour would have consented to it.

The excitement and suspicious impatience of the forwards made it almost hopeless for the convention to be carried out in the sense in which both the Emperor and the Italian Ministry understood it; that is to say, prevention of all raids, in the full expectation that either the Pope would be unable to govern his own subjects, in which case Europe must recognise the absolute necessity of Italian intervention, or that with a more liberal Pontiff—and we must remember that Pius IX. was supposed to be at death's door—some *modus vivendi* would be arrived at which would make Rome the capital with the consent of the Head of the Church.

On the other hand, there seemed to be no alternative but absolute inactivity or the wild-cat schemes of the Reds,

which must infallibly have led to the defeat and destruction of the new Italy. The arguments for the aggressive policy were all vitiated by the assumption that Italy, were she only bold enough, had the strength to defy Austria and France at once. That bubble was pricked once for all by the campaign of 1866. Its absurdity needs no demonstration at this time of day.

We must not judge of the policy of the convention in the full light of subsequent events. No one could foresee that in less than seven years France would be forced to retire by other causes, and that Austria, with a Liberal Chamber and a Protestant Premier, would have neither the power nor the will to interfere. No one could foresee that within four months from the actual withdrawal of the French, in December 1866, Rattazzi would again be in power, with his fatal facility for mischief. Mentana and Sedan made the convention obsolete. As things turned out it neither hastened nor retarded the completion of Italy. Its only practical results were the temporary sojourn of the capital at Florence, which proved a curse to that city, the accentuation of internal faction, and the unnatural alliance of the Piedmontese deputies with the Republicans, which has left its trace to this day in the irreconcileable socialism of the city of Turin.

Space forbids our dealing with the internal policy of the Minghetti Cabinet, 'moderato puro, non più piemontese ma 'italiano.' But we must point out that Mr. King loses his usual balance of judgement when he speaks of them :—

> 'Financial mismanagement, administrative chaos, national humiliation, make the record of this mediocre man, with his moderately good intentions, his moderately high principles, his moderate capacity, his absolute feebleness in execution. . . . Ricasoli and Rattazzi (!) had had some vision of their country's needs, some sense of what national dignity required. After them the Government passed into the trivial hands of men without courage or capacity, men of the small ideal and tortuous compromise, whose want of principle and energy allowed the country to drift into even deeper waters abroad and at home.'

When he wrote those words our author must have forgotten his sharp but sound sentence on Rattazzi, which we have already quoted. He has, and rightly, a very high opinion of Ricasoli. 'Proud, fearless, and self-reliant . . . with a 'zeal for morality as keen as any devotee's . . . his courage 'and firmness, his broad-mindedness and stainless integrity, 'pointed him out as a man made for crises.' This portraiture is out of drawing somewhere. The light is too bright, or

the shadow is too dark. Mr. King's Ricasoli could never have written to *his* Minghetti the letter of congratulation on the convention that we have already quoted.

We grant Minghetti's want of energy, we grant the mediocrity—few statesmen in Italy, or out of it, rise above the level of mediocrity—but we traverse the 'trivial;' we traverse the 'small ideal;' we emphatically deny the 'want 'of principle' and the innuendo of the 'tortuous.'

The exaggerated depreciation seems to spring partly from repugnance for the September Convention, partly from prejudice against the Moderates. Liberal-Conservatism never appeals to the imagination unless it finds a leader of exceptionally attractive or commanding personality. The Moderates were never popular. The majority of Italians were, and are, extremists, Radicals or Reactionaries, Clericals or Republicans, Reds or Blacks. The special circumstances of Italy which led to the Radicals being the war party further damaged the Moderates in popular estimation. They were by far the best informed of Italians, and consequently took more account than others of forces beyond their own borders. They always seemed to be truckling to the French Emperor, who happened to be the *bête noire* of the Reds, partly because sundry of their leaders had fallen foul of him in their exile, partly for reasons which do not belong to the history of Italy. The Moderates were the only party that inspired confidence abroad; they seemed to be enjoying more than their share of power, and enjoying it in consequence of their acceptability to the foreigner, not in virtue of any love for them at home. But it was courage, not cowardice, that made them take account of unwelcome forces and look facts in the face; strength, not weakness, that led to their repression of the hotter spirits of the forward party. We can discover neither cowardice nor want of principle in the adoption of a policy with regard to Rome and the change of capital which they knew must bring down on their heads the bitterest taunts and the vilest accusations, solely because they believed it—wrongly perhaps—to be the right policy and the best for their fatherland. The negotiations for the convention had thrown into the background the Venetian question, which during the past twelve months had given occasion for some very curious secret communications between Victor Emmanuel and Mazzini, with a view to the organisation of insurrection in Venetia and the Italian Tyrol.

These have been related by Diamilla-Müller in a volume

entitled 'Politica segreta Italiana.' Doubts have been expressed as to the genuineness of his revelations, but these are now confirmed by Minghetti; with this difference, that the King did not keep his political intrigues hidden from the Premier, but in fact submitted to him all the notes and memoranda he received, and settled with him the replies to be sent. The tone of the Republican leader was dictatorial and suspicious at the same time. He was annoyed by a gossiping report that he had once given certain undertakings to Victor Emmanuel during a supposed interview at Naples, and that his not having kept his word was now causing the King to hesitate in making any arrangement with him. He wrote to one of his confidants:

'The King never saw me at Naples or anywhere else. Nor did I ever promise him anything.' And again: 'The person with whom you are in touch,' meaning Victor Emmanuel, 'has not a shadow of moral energy. He hangs upon every word of Louis Napoleon.' And on January 25, 1864: 'You must make him understand clearly the alternative: Venetia or else Republican plotting.'

The King handed to the intermediaries sundry memoranda for communication to Mazzini. One of them was jotted down by him in pencil, on the evening of February 28, whilst watching a new horse being broken in. It ran:—

'Pastore has quite misrepresented what I said. I never said that I had spoken to or made engagements with *that person*, nor that that person had made engagements with me. I only said that I had been friendly to him on various occasions, which perhaps he does not know himself; that I had not tormented him at Naples, but that he, on the contrary, had shown ingratitude in what he has written, both publicly and privately. I said that I could not allow his party to take the initiative in the events which are to happen, and that if such a thing should occur it would be repressed by force.

'I say now that that much being formally established, I am disposed to act in concert in the manner desired, but on the understanding that I myself and my Government assume, whenever there is a shadow of a possibility, the glorious mandate of the final making of our fatherland. I share the momentum, and the desire to be doing, with the person of whom I have spoken. I judge of things for myself, and with the greatest energy, and not by the timid impressions of others. But let the person know that the moment is grave, and must be weighed with a calm mind and a heart aglow; that I and all of us wish and ought to complete the great work in the shortest space of time; but woe to us all if we cannot execute it well, or if, abandoning ourselves to impetuous and untimely frenzy, we should meet with such disaster as would again plunge our country in its ancient misfortunes. The moment is not yet ripe; soon I hope God will aid our fatherland.

V. E.

Müller, the intermediary who received this note for transmission, remarks upon it: 'Of the two parties who were 'treating, the Republican and the King, it is the latter who 'cuts the best figure; in the reserves, the bargainings and 'the doubts of the former there is something shrewd and 'prudent that might almost be called deceitful.'

The transfer of the capital to Florence coincided with a movement of the centre of gravity of Italian ambitions. Venice became the first object, whilst Rome temporarily receded into the background. This was not merely a result of the September Convention. There were sound reasons of state for the change of course. The rescue of Venice was a policy which united all true Italians, whilst aggression on Rome divided them, causing prickings of conscience and hesitation among the many devotees of unity who were at the same time devotees of the Church. Moreover, it was a strategically sound policy. So long as Austria kept her hand on Venetia, and held the Quadrilateral, she was in a position of vantage for interference should Italy make a move on Rome. But if once the frontier were pushed back, the Italian defensive position would be much improved, and Austria less likely to undertake a serious campaign single-handed for an object that could no longer affect her material interests. This expectation was justified when she made no move in 1871.

Rome, in fact, united Austria and France in opposition to Italian desires. Venice meant at least the friendly neutrality of the Emperor Napoleon, and, moreover, owing to the course of German politics, opened the door to an alliance with Prussia.

Mr. King shows grasp of the facts and sound historical judgement in his chapter on the 'Winning of Venetia.' The corresponding pages of Mr. Stillman's book are inaccurate, inadequate to the importance of the events, and very unfair to the policy of Italy. He endorses the charges of treachery to their Northern ally which, after the military weakness of the young country had been revealed in the campaign, were trumped up against La Marmora and his colleagues. 'The outcome,' says he, 'of this combination of intrigue, 'incompetence and treachery was the half-hearted move-'ment which resulted in the battle of Custozza, in which, 'owing to the incompetence of their chiefs, the Italians 'were defeated with grave loss.' We therefore welcome all the more gladly Mr. King's sturdy defence of the loyalty with which La Marmora, no less than Ricasoli, acted in a

very difficult position. He boldly flings back the aspersion in the teeth of the other party. It is of Prussian, not Italian, 'treachery' that he complains; of Bismarck's, not La Marmora's, 'disloyal part.'

Let us say at once that we do not consider there was any treachery on either side. Each party entered into the alliance for its own purposes. Italy cared no more for the reorganisation of Germany under Prussian hegemony than did Prussia for the completion of Italy. Each party stood in a totally different relationship to the Emperor of the French, whose action until the very last seemed likely to dominate the situation. Is it surprising that there were mutual misunderstandings and suspicions? 'At bottom,' says a French writer, 'the distrust was reciprocal. At 'Berlin they suspected the Italians of pursuing more than 'one object at a time, and the Italians feared that Prussia 'only wanted to make use of them to extort the cession of 'the duchies from the Court of Vienna.' The selection of intermediaries did not tend to confidence. Count Usedom, the Prussian Minister at Florence, was fond of going to the Radical opposition for his information, and failed to secure La Marmora's confidence, whilst General Govone, the special emissary to Berlin, was a complete stranger there.

It was at the beginning of August 1865, when the Italian foreign office had barely effected its removal to Florence, that the opening move was made from the Prussian side. Usedom, with telegrams from Bismarck in his hand, asked point blank what the behaviour of Italy would be in the not improbable case of a war breaking out between Prussia and Austria. The idea was not fresh to the mind of the Italian Premier, who at once replied that Italy could not commit herself to a declaration of her intentions for the mere purpose of providing Prussia with a diplomatic lever, but that serious and formal proposals would be taken into consideration. He added that his Government could not engage itself without knowing the intentions of the Emperor of the French.

Bismarck's object in making these advances was not only to obtain the assistance of the Italian army. He was also reckoning on the notoriously friendly disposition of Louis Napoleon towards Italy, whenever the Papal question was not involved, to secure the benevolent neutrality of France on much easier terms than he could otherwise obtain. On the other hand, the situation seemed peculiarly felicitous for Italy. In Nigra's words, 'The breach between the two

'German Powers is for us one of the most glad and happy 'events to which the good fortune of Italy could give birth, 'for it gives us the means of getting Venetia, and getting 'it *without the assistance of France*.' The irony of events was about to treat this expectation with little mercy.

It proved impossible at the moment to obtain a definite declaration from France, far less the written promise of absolute neutrality, which Prussia desired. Drouyn de Lhuys only replied in general terms, recommending the Italian Government not to commit itself, and hinting that a direct arrangement with Austria might possibly be arrived at. This was at a moment when the Convention of Gastein seemed to have made the chances of war remote. During the autumn La Marmora made some unofficial proposals for a purchase of Venetia, but Austria refused to sell. In October followed Bismarck's famous interview with the French Emperor at Biarritz. Passing through Paris on his homeward journey, he gave Nigra to understand that in spite of Gastein war was unavoidable, and expressed his confidence that France would not be hostile to Prussia, adding, 'If Italy did not exist we should have to invent 'her!'

So matters remained until, early in 1866, Bismarck invited La Marmora to send, in the greatest secresy, a general officer to Berlin to try to come to some agreement. General Govone was accordingly sent early in March. His actual instructions have never been made public, but La Marmora asserted in 1873 that he had told Govone that if Prussia would conclude an *offensive and defensive* treaty he was ready to sign it. The words in italics are material.

At Govone's first interview with Bismarck on March 14 the Prussian statesman showed no intention of concluding an agreement on equal and reciprocal terms. Bismarck explained that his plan was to bring forward the question of reform in Germany, 'spiced with a German Parliament.' This would create such a hubbub as must lead to war with Austria. To keep the King, his master, up to the mark he needed to conclude at once a treaty with Italy. He desired that Italy should undertake to follow Prussia in the above plan, on the understanding that Prussia for her part would engage that the war should solve the Venetian question at the same time. When Govone explained that it would not suit Italy to enter into a convention on such terms as these, Bismarck suggested a simple treaty in general terms of friendship and perpetual alliance. Such a treaty, although

'devoid of any real political importance, or of any deter-'minate object,' would nevertheless be of use to him 'to 'keep King William in the path of his own combinations.' Govone's own impression after this interview was that Bismarck did not mean business, but only wished to bind Italy in general terms in order to frighten Austria into a more accommodating spirit on German questions on the one hand, and on the other to prevent her securing Italian neutrality by an offer of the peaceful cession of Venetia. There followed nearly a fortnight of fencing, during which Bismarck pressed Italy to assume the offensive against Austria, but would not give a categorical answer to the question, 'Would you, in that case, engage yourselves by a 'formal treaty to do the same, not only as soon as possible 'afterwards, but the very next day?'

Count Barral, the Italian Minister at Berlin, was now assisting Govone in the negotiations. On March 27 he telegraphed to La Marmora: 'I am going to telegraph, as 'soon as possible, the complete text in six articles of the 'project of *offensive and defensive alliance*, which I have 'discussed this morning with Bismarck. . . .' About an hour later he sent another message containing the six articles, which ran as follows:—

1. 'There shall be friendship and alliance between their Majesties the King of Prussia and the King of Italy.

2. 'If the negotiations which His Prussian Majesty has recently opened with the other German Governments, in view of a reform of the Federal Constitution in conformity with the needs of the German nation, were to fall through, and His Prussian Majesty were to be put in the position of having to take up arms in order to make his proposition prevail, then His Italian Majesty, after Prussia has initiated hostilities, and as soon as he is informed thereof, shall, in virtue of the present treaty, declare war upon Austria and upon the German Governments which may have allied themselves with Austria against Prussia.

3. 'From that moment the war shall be carried on by their Majesties with all the forces which Providence has placed at their disposition, and neither Prussia nor Italy shall conclude peace or armistice without reciprocal consent.

4. 'Such consent shall not be refused when Austria shall have consented to cede to Italy the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and to Prussia territories equivalent to that kingdom in population.

5. 'This treaty shall expire three months after its signature, if within the three months the contingency foreseen in the second article has not been realised; that is to say, if Prussia has not declared war on Austria.

6. 'If the Austrian fleet, which is in course of being armed, leaves

the Adriatic before the declaration of war, His Italian Majesty shall send sufficient vessels to the Baltic, which shall remain there, so as to be ready to unite with the Prussian fleet when hostilities break out.'

La Marmora replied the same day that he had formed a generally favourable impression of the proposed treaty, without remarking on the discrepancy between the *offensive and defensive alliance* of Barral's first telegram and the *friendship and alliance* of the second. He added, however, that he considered it necessary that the Trentino, or upper valley of the Adige, should be comprised in the territory to be ceded by Austria, as being within the natural limits of Italy. To this, however, Bismarck rejoined that, as the Trentino formed part of the Germanic Confederation, it was impossible to stipulate beforehand for its cession to Italy, but what could not be done before the war might perfectly well be effected during or after it, especially if at the same time an appeal were addressed to the populations. Thus the Trentino dropped out of the negotiation, and after some days' further delay the treaty was signed on April 8. Its terms remained secret in virtue of a separate protocol to that effect, and to this day have never been published in full. They seem, however, to have been identical with the six articles printed above. The third article only appeared officially in the *Staats-Anzeiger* of July 19, 1866, but for the rest we have to rely on La Marmora's later revelations; whence it transpires that the preamble ran as follows:—

'Their Majesties the King of Italy and the King of Prussia, animated by the same desire to consolidate the guarantees of general peace, and taking account of the needs and legitimate aspirations of their nations, have, in order to settle the articles of a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance, named as their plenipotentiaries,' &c. &c.

There had been a serious difficulty about the words 'offensive ' and defensive.' Govone writes on April 10:—

'Count Barral will doubtless tell your Excellency of the small incidents to which certain proposals of modifications gave rise, proposals made by Count Bismarck by the King's order. In the first place, in the first lines of the treaty they wanted to suppress the words *offensive, and defensive treaty of alliance*, and to say *treaty of alliance and friendship*. Count Barral insisted on the retention of the original version, which had been transmitted to Florence, and after making some difficulty the President of the Council gave way. Owing to this modification in the text the signing had to be delayed till half-past eight, in order to make out a clean copy.'

It has been supposed by well-informed parties that King William was not informed by his Minister of this concession

to the Italian negotiation. If this were true it might account for his subsequent strange view of his undertakings.

What we do not know is whether in the first article the words *friendship and alliance* were allowed to remain, or were altered to *offensive and defensive alliance* to agree with the preamble.

But war was not yet inevitable. There was a peace party. King William was reluctant. Negotiations for disarmament were proceeding, when a false report that the Italians were moving bodies of troops towards the Po led Austria to put the army in Venetia on a war footing. La Marmora, who was growing anxious lest the two German Powers should patch up their quarrel, and Italy's opportunity be lost, seized the excuse to mobilise, and announced his intention in a circular letter to the Italian representatives abroad bearing date April 27.

This step annoyed the neutral Powers. Napoleon, who had been advising Italy to keep quiet, took it very ill, saying to Nigra: 'It was indeed worth while asking my advice 'when you were going to do exactly the contrary of what I 'advised.' The tone the Emperor adopted was peculiarly awkward, when the Italians had been reckoning on French support if by any chance Austria should attack them, as it was an established part of French policy that the results of the campaign of 1859 must not be reversed. Now it looked as if Austria might attack. Would Prussia come to the rescue in virtue of the 'offensive and defensive' treaty? Govone put the question to Bismarck on May 2, and received for reply, 'The King does not attach that import to the 'treaty, and does not think the obligation to be reciprocal, 'according to the literal text.' To a suggestion that the stipulation of the treaty might be supplemented and complete reciprocity introduced in a military convention, Bismarck objected that 'the King would never sign a con-'vention which might be a weapon in the hands of Italy, 'and a possible encouragement to bring things to such a 'pass as would oblige Prussia, in spite of herself, to take 'part in the war.' He added, however, that he should tender his own resignation if, in the case of an Austrian attack, Prussia did not come to the assistance of Italy.

This is the sum-total of the alleged Prussian treachery during these negotiations. How much it amounts to is a purely academical question, as hostilities eventually broke out first between the German Powers, and we might never have heard of it but for the counter-accusation brought by

Bismarck, with considerable brutality of language, at a later date, and the disingenuous reference to these negotiations in the official Prussian history of the campaign of 1866. Here is the passage:—

'War between the two German Powers offered to King Victor Emmanuel the opportunity which he could not well let slip if he wished ever to make good his claims to Venetia. Prussia, indeed, naturally wished that Italy should be prepared to act in case of war against such a formidable enemy as Austria, but could not expect that she would arm only in the case of an eventuality. The Cabinet of Florence must naturally, in its own interest, be assured that the armies of both States were at the same time prepared for war. To this Prussia could fix no given period, because she did not contemplate an attack on Austria. *Under these circumstances it is manifest that hitherto only general stipulations could be discussed with General Govone, the Italian envoy to Berlin. The despatches of April* 26 *gave a new energy to these negotiations*, in which full care was taken of the interests of Germany.'

Who would dream that a treaty in which, indeed, full care had been taken of the interests of—Germany, shall we say? or Prussia?—had already been signed on April 8?

The loyalty of the Italian Government to its engagements, one-sided though they were, was soon to be put to the proof. The conclusion of the secret treaty had had its effect on the Government of Vienna. On the eve of opening the French Chamber Napoleon III. informed Nigra that Austria would cede Venetia in consideration of being left free to compensate herself in Silesia. The cession was to be made to himself, and he would hand on the territory to Italy without conditions. Nigra's telegram announcing this offer reached La Marmora on May 5, the same day as Govone's despatch giving an account of the unsatisfactory interviews with Bismarck on the 2nd. Happy would it have been for Italy could this offer have been honourably accepted, especially in the improved form in which it was renewed next day—that is to say, Venetia in exchange for a simple promise of neutrality, without the awkward condition about Silesia. But La Marmora had no hesitation. Without a moment's delay he replied to Nigra, 'My first impression is that it is a 'question of honour and loyalty not to break an engagement 'to Prussia.' And from this first impression he never swerved, although sorely piqued by the Prussian refusal to recognise reciprocity in the treaty. What would Bismarck have done in his place? Who shall say? At any rate, La Marmora's view of his engagements contrasts not unfavourably with that of the King of Prussia.

Meanwhile negotiations for a congress, proposed by Napoleon on May 1, were in progress. Had it assembled the three months' engagement of the treaty would have expired before the sittings were concluded, and Italy would have regained her liberty of action. But the pride of the military party in Austria was making itself felt. On June 1 Count Mensdorff wrote a note in which Austria declined to enter the congress unless an assurance were given that no territorial aggrandisement or increase of power for any of the parties should be discussed, and expressing astonishment that the Pope should not have been invited to take part in 'deliberations which concerned 'the Italian question.' This was, of course, a deathblow to the congress, and war once more became imminent.

The French Emperor, who had hitherto been disposed to throw his influence on the side of Prussia, but was unable to obtain from Bismarck a definite promise of those rectifications of frontier on the Moselle which he desired, now despatched the Duc de Grammont on a mission to Vienna (June 4). The result was an agreement between France and Austria, concluded on June 9, and formally executed on the 12th, by which Napoleon consented to remain neutral, and Austria to hand over Venetia; engaging herself, moreover, not to unite Germany under her own hegemony or add to her territories without the consent of France. The Emperor, on handing over Venetia to Italy, was to bind the latter country to five conditions:—(1) Maintenance of the temporal power; (2) recognition and inviolability of the new frontier with Austria; (3) an indemnity for the cession of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral; (4) assumption of a proportionate amount of the Austrian debt; (5) some restrictions on the developement of the port of Venice.

This arrangement was very obviously based on the assumption that Austria was sure to be victorious in a single-handed struggle with Prussia. Such, indeed, was the general supposition all over Europe. The Austrian Minister at Berlin, meeting Count Barral at the time, remarked: 'We shall not always be enemies, and if, as I 'hope, we beat Prussia, I may confide to you that we shall 'arrange with you for the cession of Venetia.'

Napoleon III., in communicating this fresh offer, does not appear to have mentioned all the hampering conditions attached to a transfer. Knowing La Marmora's opinions as to the binding character of the engagement to Prussia, he did not ask point-blank for the neutrality of Italy, but

hinted that during the campaign it might turn out to be advantageous for Italy not to conduct the campaign with too much vigour! To have followed such advice would, indeed, have been treachery far worse than openly throwing the treaty overboard. But it was not followed.

Probably some rumour of this base suggestion leaked out and found its way to Berlin at the time. All through the negotiations La Marmora had been vainly expecting a visit from some Prussian general to discuss the plan of the military campaign, but no general came. Now suddenly Usedom began to press upon him the advisability of stirring up revolution in Hungary, and urged that as soon as war was declared he should strike boldly 'for the Danube, meet 'Prussia at the very centre of the imperial monarchy—in a 'word, march upon Vienna,' instead of reducing the fortresses of the Quadrilateral in the first instance. Such a course, bold to rashness, would, of course, have committed Italy beyond any possibility of making terms with Austria during the continuance of the campaign. This, and not its strategical feasibility, was the real recommendation of Usedom's proposal in the eyes of Prussia. La Marmora's refusal was misinterpreted, and his decision to assail the Quadrilateral, which was really due to caution, was attributed to a desire 'not to conduct the war with too 'much vigour.' The inaction after Custozza, due to purely military causes, of a kind which Italians do not like to confess, even to themselves, seemed to confirm these sinister suspicions.

The Prussians entered Hanover and Saxony on June 16. On the 20th Italy declared war. La Marmora would have issued the declaration sooner but for some hesitation on the part of the King. The country was sanguine of victory. The Italian armies on the Mincio and the Po numbered about 200,000 men, besides the volunteers, whilst the Austrian total lay somewhere between 100,000 and 150,000. But the defective organisation of the Italians counterbalanced their numerical preponderance. Horses, arms, munitions of war were wanting, partly owing to mismanagement, partly in consequence of attempted economies during the preceding years.

Worst of all was the distribution of the command. Italy had two possible generals—Cialdini and La Marmora. The only chance of success lay in giving the supreme command to the former. The preoccupations of the latter as Premier and Foreign Minister should have precluded all idea of his

taking the command personally. It is true that Ricasoli was ready to replace him as Prime Minister, and actually took over the seals on June 20, whilst the foreign office had already been entrusted to Jacini when La Marmora left for the front on the 17th. But this was much too late. Whoever was responsible for the conduct of the campaign should have been inspecting, organising, instructing for weeks beforehand. What actually happened was that Victor Emmanuel himself assumed the command-in-chief, with La Marmora, whom he disliked, as chief of the staff, whilst Cialdini, who differed entirely from La Marmora on the strategy to be adopted, had a sort of co-ordinate command on the Po.

Here was every element of failure. The blame has often, but, we think, wrongly, been thrown upon La Marmora's defective plan of campaign. 'His intention to secure the 'fortresses and then advance by the Tyrol was sound, if not 'brilliant, strategy,' says Mr. King. The material of the Italian army was not at that date sufficiently welded or steeled to succeed in the more brilliant scheme, failure in which would have involved much more serious disaster.

Most of the troops behaved admirably on the day of Custozza, which was no crushing defeat or dishonour to the Italian arms. The losses were not so heavy as those of the Austrians. But tactical incoherence, and errors on the part of the generals, threw away the chance of victory, and made retreat behind the Mincio imperative. Then the *moral* of the army completely broke down. They had met with a reverse where easy victory had been counted on, and the weaker points of Italian character became painfully conspicuous. Widespread disorder made an immediate renewal of attack impossible. The ten days' delay that followed were the necessary consequence of such disorganisation. At the time, in the bitterness of disappointment, this delay was attributed to deliberate acceptance of Napoleon's advice not to conduct the campaign with too much energy. After the war was over the Prussian official report seemed to countenance these suspicions in an ungenerous passage, penned with the contemptuous arrogance of immeasurable military superiority:—'At that time (July 4) it was difficult to 'reckon that the Italian conduct of the war would have 'been such as to permit Austria to dispose freely, on the 'north of the Danube, of the greater part of the army of 'the Mincio.' Mr. Stillman has allowed this slander to trickle through his pages into the minds of Englishmen.

Mr. King's treatment of the episode supplies a wholesome antidote, for which all Italians owe him a debt of gratitude.

Those ten days were very critical. They did allow Archduke Albert to withdraw the larger part of his force and hasten to the support of Benedek, who had been utterly defeated at Sadowa on July 3. That Venetia was then left exposed to the Italians, now recovering from their panic, was immaterial, for immediately after the great battle Austria had renewed her offer to cede Venetia to the Emperor of the French for retrocession to Italy, and this time unconditionally. The Emperor proposed an armistice on this basis. He communicated the proposal by telegram on the night of the 4th. Victor Emmanuel replied, objecting that Italy could not consent without consulting her ally. La Marmora, who was with the King, telegraphed to Nigra: 'To receive Venetia as a gift from France is humiliating for 'us, and all the world will think that we have betrayed 'Prussia.' The pride of the nation was bitterly outraged. The haste with which the Emperor had published the Austrian offer in the *Moniteur* of the 5th made it all the more galling. The Government wished to carry on the war, with or without allies, in order to remove the impression of military dishonour, and in the hope that at least the Trentino, where Garibaldi's volunteers had obtained a fair amount of success, might be won by the national arms. Admiral Persano, who had been expected to attack Trieste, was peremptorily ordered by the King 'to cease from his 'inaction,' on pain of supersession. Next day Depretis, the Minister of Marine, joined the fleet to encourage the Admiral. Whether Persano's courage gave way, or whether he yielded to secret instructions from Depretis contradicting those of the King, which had been sent through La Marmora, is not established. He sailed, but steered for the island of Lissa instead of Trieste. There he encountered the Austrian fleet, and was defeated with loss and some personal disgrace on July 20.

Meanwhile Prussia had been negotiating for peace without much regard for the feelings of Italy, and on the 26th signed preliminaries at Nikolsburg. 'Bismarck,' says Mr. King, 'had again played a disloyal part, and was nego-'tiating for peace in defiance of his ally.' Again we cannot see that there is sufficient evidence or justification for charging Prussia with disloyalty. The vicissitudes of the negotiations were very curious, especially between Prussia and France, but too long and complicated to dis-

cuss here. The turning-point was Goltz's success in extracting from Louis Napoleon himself an assent to Prussian aggrandisement on a scale far in excess of what had been asked of and refused by Drouyn de Lhuys a few hours before. King William could hardly have obtained more had he entered Vienna at the head of his army. It was unreasonable to claim that Prussia should continue fighting, at the risk of being attacked by France on the Rhine, in order to give the Italians a safe opportunity of salving their wounded pride. Bismarck had expressly refused to include the Trentino in the terms of alliance, and the fourth article of the treaty had specially provided that consent to peace or armistice should not be refused when Austria should have consented to cede the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom.

Hostilities between Italy and Austria were actually suspended on July 25th, but it was not till the 12th of August that an armistice was signed. Ricasoli obstinately insisted on retaining at least so much of the Trentino as was actually in Italian occupation—'The honour of Italy,' he exclaimed, 'is more precious than Venetia'—and would have continued the war, courting almost certain defeat, for Austria was already pouring back her troops over the frontier. But at this point La Marmora took the bit between his teeth. 'They will blame me,' he said to the King, 'they will call me traitor, they will indict me. I care 'not. I take upon myself all the responsibility,' and, without further authority from the Cabinet, gave orders for withdrawal from the Trentino and for the immediate signature of the armistice, which depended on that step.

A man of limited intellectual capacity, but without fear and without reproach, La Marmora threw Italy into a war for which she was unprepared; his over-anxiety to bind Prussia by a treaty led him into diplomatic entanglements that a shrewder negotiator might have avoided; his chivalrous adherence to the terms of the alliance rejected an opportunity of grasping without cost or bloodshed all that was eventually won; his desire for a soldier's glory and over-confidence in his own generalship had the largest share in the military discomfiture of his country; but now his fearless moral courage held her back on the very brink of destruction.

The details of the final consignment of Venetia gave rise to much further discussion, and delayed the actual conclusion of peace till October; but the tenacity with which

Ricasoli haggled over them gained no real advantage for Italy, and, indeed, only further detracted from her dignity. After the conclusion of peace Ricasoli's time was principally occupied with the dissolution of the monasteries, and with a futile attempt to win the goodwill of Rome by a Bill relating to the liberty of the Church and the regulation of ecclesiastical property. The scheme was scornfully rejected by the prelates; although much on the lines of Cavour's earlier proposal, it was disliked by the Chamber, and even by Ricasoli's own colleagues. A general election did not strengthen him. He was again forced by the King to give way to Rattazzi in April 1867. Unable to persuade either Menabrea from the extreme Right, or Crispi from the Left, to join him, the new Premier filled his Cabinet with nonentities, for who would work with 'the 'man of Aspromonte,' disposed as he was to 'conspire 'with the party of action, so long as he could count on 'being able to abandon it in the difficulties which he had 'created'?

The French had left Rome before Christmas, and the obvious course for a Government that meant to do something was to wait until the various agencies which controlled the action of Italian sympathisers in the Roman States had organised a movement in Rome itself, and then to strike promptly, so that France should find herself face to face with a *fait accompli* before she had time to intervene. The principal of these agencies were the Moderate 'National Committee' and the Mazzinian 'Committee of 'Action.' But they were jealous of each other, and both had neglected the first duty of the revolutionist—they had provided no arms! In truth the Romans were not for the moment sufficiently eager to risk a rising. They preferred to be 'liberated' by a force from without, and to keep their own skins whole.

Meanwhile Garibaldi was growing impatient. His friends, Crispi among them, tried in vain to keep him quiet till a more opportune moment. 'If you attempt a *coup de main* 'on the Papal States,' wrote Crispi, 'the French will be in 'Italy within three months.' It was this perception of obstinate facts that had severed Crispi from the Republicans and alienated him from Mazzini. It marks his passage from the agitator to the statesman. The loss of this faculty of perception some thirty years later led to his downfall.

In spite of good advice Garibaldi had made up his mind that the 'liberation' of Rome could not wait upon the con-

venience of the committees or of the Government. It was doubtful what course Rattazzi would take. He was undoubtedly cognisant of Garibaldi's plans, and encouraged the enlistment of volunteers. Of a sudden, presumably in consequence of some threat from Paris, he arrested Garibaldi on his way towards the Roman frontier. Yet he did not check the volunteers, giving the prefects ostensible instructions to stop the movement, but sending cypher telegrams at the same moment to tell them not to interfere. Numerous demonstrations made it troublesome to keep such a prisoner as Garibaldi; he was sent back to Caprera, but without being put on parole or made to give any undertaking. The island was guarded by cruisers, yet the adventurous old hero made good a most exciting escape on the night of October 16, and reached Leghorn in an open boat on the 20th, to find that Rattazzi had instantly resigned on the news of the evasion, and a new administration had not yet been formed. But Rattazzi retained practical control of the offices during this interregnum, and used it to actively facilitate Garibaldi's journey to join his volunteers, who for three weeks past had been crossing the Papal frontier in small bodies.

On the 27th Menabrea took office, and at once issued a proclamation dissociating the King's Government from any connexion with the enterprise. But it was too late. The French expedition, forced upon the Emperor by the Clerical party, arrived at Civita Vecchia on the 29th, in time to take part in the decisive action of Mentana on November 3, when the Garibaldians were defeated with great loss. The French commander reported home that the chassepôts—this was their first trial—had done marvels. Thus the convention was no more. Whatever good there was in it was now undone. The bad had already effected its mischief. For all this the country had to thank Rattazzi. Disliked by the Right as a man of the Left, he was now loathed by the Radicals. 'Unmask him,' cried Libertini, 'unmask him as the fatal man of Novara, more fatal yet 'at Aspromonte, most fatal of all at Mentana.'

Menabrea's administration, the most conservative Italy has experienced, would allow no more playing with fire. Garibaldi was arrested and sent back to Caprera; democratic societies were broken up. In return the French troops withdrew from Rome to Civita Vecchia. But 'Mentana was a great moral blow to Italy. It raised 'the prestige of the Papacy; it half discouraged the

'Italians in their aspirations for Rome. . . . It had no 'glory, for the volunteers showed little of the spirit that 'won Calatafimi and the Volturno.' Indeed, they dwindled so rapidly under trial that Garibaldi falsely suspected Mazzini of suborning them to desert.

The prevailing feeling at the moment was one of passionate wrath with France. This feeling was not shared by the King or the Premier, nor by La Marmora and others whose political experience enabled them better to appreciate the enormous pressure that had been brought to bear on Napoleon by his Catholic party, and the slight to the French nation at large that was involved in attacking Rome without the lapse of a decent interval after the evacuation.

Before long the vicissitudes of European politics again disclosed a possibility of going to Rome with the consent of France. Jealous of the aggrandisement of Prussia, and fearing her further ambitious plans, Napoleon III. had begun to cast about for allies, and naturally looked to Italy and to Austria. The latter country, still smarting from her defeat of two years before, was now under the guidance of a Liberal and Protestant Premier, Count Beust. A private interchange of letters between the French Emperor and Victor Emmanuel, to which Beust soon became a party, was preparing the ground for a triple alliance. When the King opened his views to Menabrea, the Minister was favourable in principle, but made it a *sine qua non* that Civita Vecchia should be evacuated. In June 1869 the scheme took shape in formal propositions, which contemplated that the French should never return to Rome on any pretext, while Italy reserved the right to occupy it in certain possible contingencies. But France would not consent to abandon the Pope in any event. On this rock the negotiations struck, and it was only on the very eve of the war of 1870 that their course was again resumed. Lanza had meanwhile replaced Menabrea. Visconti Venosta, who sympathised with France, and Sella, with German leanings, were his most prominent colleagues. The French Government did not consult Italy on the question of the Spanish succession, and brushed aside Beust's attempts to mediate. At last, a few days before hostilities broke out, the Duc de Grammont invited Austria and Italy to enter into the triple alliance which had been rejected in the previous summer. But he offered no inducement, he made no fresh concession about Rome. He only counted on Italian gratitude for French aid in the past, forgetful of Nice, of Savoy, of

Mentana. Victor Emmanuel, who always felt a sense of personal obligation to Louis Napoleon, and was confident of French success, would have accepted the proposal, even on those terms. The generals, especially Cialdini, were impatient to fight on the French side. On the other hand, popular feeling was hostile. There were demonstrations in most of the larger towns on July 17; cheering for Prussia, for neutrality, for Rome; cries of 'Down with Mentana!' 'Down with France!'

Ministers hesitated, and were of different minds. They were pledged to economies; they could not face public opinion if they accepted an alliance that did not open the road to Rome. Beust, indeed, did his best for them. He telegraphed to Paris:—

'The Convention of September no longer fits the situation. The day the French leave the Papal States the Italians ought to be able to enter as of right, and with the consent of France and Austria. We shall never have the Italians heart and soul with us unless we extract the thorn of their Roman difficulty. And, frankly, is it not better to see the Holy Father under the protection of the Italian army, rather than the butt of Garibaldian enterprises?'

But the rulers of France were blind. Under the delusion that they were marching to certain victory they scorned Beust's suggestion. They declared that the Convention of September was the only possible basis of an understanding, and that honour forbade them to withdraw from Civita Vecchia without the formal promise of Italy to respect and carry out the conditions of that treaty.

Whether Italy was ultimately to give military aid to France or not, the right course for an Italian Government surely was to point out firmly that the convention had been broken by both parties. Since the events of 1867 it had neither reality nor meaning. It was obsolete. Altered circumstances redoubled the force of the old objections to it. If Italy, after evacuation, chose to continue to respect Papal territory, she should do so of her own accord, and without prejudice to her freedom of action in contingencies that might arise.

But the weakest possible policy was followed. The Ministry expected France to be victorious, and feared her vengeance in the future if she were not now supported. On August 4 Visconti Venosta formally promised to observe the convention. The King had already given a like pledge to the Emperor. Now, like flashes of lightning, came the news of successive French defeats. Victor Emmanuel

received the intelligence of the battle of Wörth at the theatre. He rushed out of his box, and, hastening back to the Palazzo Pitti, threw himself into a chair with the exclamation: 'Poor Emperor! But what a —— shave I have had!'

Next day the Duc de Grammont implored Italy to take part in the war, even without Austria, and send an army corps over the Mont Cenis 'by the same route that we took 'in 1859 to go and fight for Italy.' Even now there was no offer of an equivalent. Visconti courteously exposed the absurdity of the proposal, and came to an understanding with Great Britain for the joint observance of neutrality.

It was not till after Gravelotte that the Emperor sent Prince Jérôme to Florence, where he arrived on the 24th with the message, 'You may do what you like with Rome 'provided you send an army.' It was too late. The leave of France counted for little now. The last French soldiers had actually left Civita Vecchia on the 19th. The Left were preparing for an immediate occupation of Rome. The Government delayed, partly hoping that the Papacy might yield now that French protection was removed, or that an internal movement in Rome might cut the knot, partly ashamed to break from their lately renewed adhesion to the convention, and put a slight upon France in her hour of weakness. 'How can we laugh while France is weeping?' cried Ferrari in the Chamber. Sedan spurred the Government on; the change to a Republic in France drove them over the fence. 'If Italy abandons us she is dishonoured,' were Jules Favre's first words on taking office. On September 6 he declared: 'The convention is indeed dead. 'But I shall not denounce it. If France were victorious 'I would yield to your wishes. But she is defeated, and I 'will not afflict an old man already so sorely stricken; 'I will not distress those of my fellow-countrymen who 'would view the misfortunes of the Papacy with consterna-'tion.' Yet two days later he gave way to Nigra's persuasiveness. 'We shall see the King's Government go to 'Rome with pleasure. It is a necessary step. The order 'and peace of Italy depend on it.' This consent was coupled with an expression of conviction that Italy, touched by such a sacrifice, would not hesitate to take her place on the field of battle. It was an impossible demand to make on the unselfishness of any nation. An individual may, if he will, sacrifice his interests, ay his very life, to an impulse of generosity. But how shall a statesman be justified who offers up his own people on the altar of chivalrous gratitude to another race?

At length the Italian Government made up their minds. On the 10th they decided to cross the frontier. The advance was intentionally slow in order to give the Pope every opportunity to yield at the very last moment. But Pius determined that a show of resistance should be made as a protest. On the 20th General Cadorna attacked the city: his guns quickly effected a breach near Porta Pia, and Rome was entered. A plébiscite taken on October 2 showed 133,000 votes for annexation and 1,500 against, though, of course, many friends of the Papacy were afraid, or thought it useless to vote, and many others were carried away by the excitement of the moment.

'It was forty years,' to quote Mr. King, 'since Mazzini had pointed to Rome, ten years since Cavour had asked Parliament to proclaim it the capital of Italy. Rome had been won, but not as they would have wished; it was not through the great rising of a people, or because Europe and the Papacy had bowed of free will to the principle of nationality. The accidents of European politics had brought the Italians there. . . . Italy had got her natural metropolis, but no great religious peace had been signed from the Capitol.'

All hope of such a peace had not entirely vanished. Yet further attempts were made to win the Pope's acceptance of the inevitable, and with this in view the actual transfer of the seat of government was delayed till the following summer. The winter was occupied by the discussion of the Law of Guarantees, which settled the future relations of Church and State. The English reader will find a full translation of its text in Mr. Probyn's 'Italy from 1815 'to 1871.' The law was passed on March 21, 1871. Two months later the Pope refused to recognise or accept it. On July 2 the King took up his residence in Rome, and on November 27 opened Parliament in the true capital of the nation. 'Italy is free,' ran the last royal speech before 'leaving Florence, Italy is one. Now it only lies with you 'to make her great and happy.'

Is Italy great? Is she happy? If the answer is not what we desire, where lies the blame? Where is the canker? Certainly not in her unity, not in the possession of Rome, not even in the irreconcileable attitude of the Papacy. Let the Italians of to-day probe for it in her fiscal and electoral machinery, in her system of criminal procedure, of police and prison administration. Let them unflinchingly apply the cautery to the sores they will find. Let them cease to mourn over the defects of the body politic and set to work to cure them, for with them only it lies to 'make Italy great and happy.'

ART. IV.—*The Works of Lord Byron: a New, Revised, and Enlarged Edition.*—'Letters and Journals.' Edited by ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A. 'Poetry.' Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A. London: John Murray, 1898.

'WHEN the year 1900 is turned, and our nation comes to 'recount her poetic glories in the century which has 'then just ended, the first names will be Wordsworth and 'Byron.' Thus wrote Matthew Arnold in 1881, and now that the century's last autumn is passing away, a new edition of Byron's works appears in the fulness of time to quicken our memories and rekindle our curiosity, by placing before us a complete record of the life, letters, and poetry of one whom Macaulay declared in 1830 to be the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century, and who seventy years later may still be counted among its most striking and illustrious figures.

As the new edition is issued by instalments, and several volumes are still to come, to compare its contents, arrangement, and the editorial accessories with those of preceding editions might be thought premature. We may say, however, that a large number of Byron's letters, not before printed, have now been added; and that the text of this new material has been prepared from originals, whereas it is now impossible so to collate the text of the greater number of the letters heretofore published. Moore is supposed to have destroyed many of those entrusted to him; and moreover he handled the originals very freely, making large omissions, and transposing passages from one letter to another, though we presume that he did not re-write and amplify passages after the fashion in which certain French editors have dealt with recent memoirs. The letters now for the first time published by Mr. Murray were for the most part inaccessible to Moore. But for all these details we may refer our readers to the concise and valuable prefaces appended to the three volumes of Letters and Journals.

We have now, therefore, a substantial acquisition of fresh and quite authentic material, though it would be rash to assume that all important documents are included, for the family archives are still held in reserve. It is admitted by the editor that the literary value of the letters now printed for the first time is not high, but he explains that in publishing, with a few exceptions, the whole available

correspondence, he has acted on the principle that they form an aggregate collection of great biographical interest, and may thus serve as the best substitute for the lost memoirs. We may agree that any scrap of a great man's writing, or even any words spoken, may throw some light upon his character, whether the subject be trivial or tremendous, a business letter to his solicitor or a defiance of society; for even though careless readers chance to miss some pearl strung at random on a string of commonplaces, to the higher criticism nothing is quite valueless. In this instance, at any rate, no pains have been spared to place the real Lord Byron, as described more or less unconsciously by himself, before his fellow-countrymen; and the result is to confirm his reputation as a first-class letter-writer. The private and confidential correspondence of eminent literary men would be usually more decorous than interesting; but Byron, though he is not always respectable, is never dull. The correspondence and journals, taken all together, constitute the most interesting and characteristic collection of its kind in English literature.

In regard to the effect upon his personal reputation, we have long known what manner of man was Byron; nor is it likely that, after passing in review the complete array of evidence collected in these volumes, the general verdict of posterity will be sensibly modified. Those who judge him should bear in mind that perhaps no famous life has ever been so thoroughly laid bare, or scrutinised with greater severity. The tendency of biographers is to soften down errors and praise where they can; and in an autobiography the writer can tell his own story. But the assiduous searching out and publication of every letter and diary that can be gathered or gleaned is a different ordeal, which might try the reputation of most of us; while in the case of an impulsive, wayward, high-spirited man, exposed to strong temptations, with all a poet's traditional irritability, whose rank and genius concentrated public attention on his writings from his early youth, this test must be extremely severe. Many of the letters are of a sort that do not ordinarily appear in a biography. Byron's letters to his wife at the time of their separation, which are moderate and even dignified, are supplemented by his wife's letters to him and to her friends, full of mysterious imputations; and there are letters to and from the lady with whom his *liaison* was notorious. His own reckless letters from Venice to Moore, and those from Shelley and others describing his

dissipated habits, were clearly never intended for general reading after his death. Of course most of these are not now produced for the first time, nor do we argue that they ought never to have appeared, for the biographical interest is undeniable. Our point is that the publication of such private and damaging correspondence is so very unusual in biographies that it places Byron at a special disadvantage, and that when we pass our judgement upon him we are bound to take into account the unsparing use that has been made of papers connected with the most intimate transactions of a lifetime which was no more than a short and stormy passage from youth to manhood; for he was cut off before the age at which men abandon the wild ways of their springtide, and are usually disposed to obliterate the record of them. At least one recent biography might be mentioned which would have read differently if it had been compiled with similar candour.

The annotations subjoined to almost every page of the text are so ample and particular as to furnish in themselves extensive reading. The notices of every person named would go far to serve as a brief biographical dictionary of Byron's contemporaries, whether known or unknown to fame. We get a concise account of Madame de Staël—her birth, books, and political opinions—very useful to those who had no previous acquaintance with her. Lady Morgan and Joanna Southcote obtain quite as much space as would be allotted to them in any handbook of celebrities. Beau Brummell and Lord Castlereagh are treated with similar liberality. There is a full account, taken from the 'Examiner,' of the procession with which Louis XVIII. made his entry into London in 1814. The notes—of about four pages each—upon Hobhouse and Lord Carlisle may be justified by their close connexion with Byron's affairs; though some of us might have been content with less. Allusions to such notorious evildoers as Tarquin are explained, and stock quotations from Shakespeare have been carefully verified. The result is that a reader might go through this edition of Byron with the very slightest previous knowledge of general literature or of contemporary history, and might give himself a very fair middle-class education in the process, although the consequence might be to imbue him with what Coleridge has called 'a passion for the disconnected.' Nevertheless we readily acknowledge the thorough execution of this part of the editorial work, and the very meritorious labour that has been spent upon bringing together every kind of

document and reference that can inform or enlighten us upon the main subjects of Byron's life and writings. In the poems the practice of giving in notes the rough drafts and rejected versions of passages and lines, so as to show the poet at work, seems to us not altogether fair to him, and is occasionally distracting to those readers who enjoy a fine picture without asking how the colours were mixed, or are not anxious about the secrets of a good dinner. Yet to students of method, to the fellow-craftsman, and to the literary virtuoso, these variant readings, of which there are sometimes four to a single line, may often be of substantial interest, as throwing light on the tendencies and predilections of taste which are the formative influences upon style in prose or poetry.

Probably the most favourable circumstance for a poet is that he should only be known, like the Divinity of Nature, from his works; or at least that, like Wordsworth, he should keep the noiseless tenour of his way down some secluded vale of life, whereby his poems stand out in clear relief like fine paintings on a plain wall. Is there any modern English poet of the first class, except Byron, whose entire prose writings and biography are bound up in standard editions with his poetry? The question is at any rate worth asking, because certainly there is no case in which the record of a poet's private life and personal fortunes has so greatly affected, for good or for ill, his poetic reputation. Those who detested his character and condemned his way of living found it difficult to praise his verses; they detected the serpent under every stone. For those who were fascinated by the picture of a reckless prodigal, always in love and in debt, with fierce passions and a haughty contempt for the world, who defied public opinion and was suspected of unutterable things—such a personality added enormous zest to his poetry. But now that Byron's whole career has been once more laid out before his countrymen, with light poured on to it from every cranny and peephole, those who take up this final edition of his life and works must feel that their main object and duty should be to form an unbiassed estimate of the true value, apart from the author's rank and private history, of poems which must always hold a permanent place in the high imaginative literature of England.

It may be said that every writer of force and originality traverses two phases of opinion before his substantive rank in the great order of merit is definitely fixed: he is either

depressed or exalted unduly. He may be neglected or cheapened by his own generation, and praised to the skies by posterity; or his fame may undergo the inverse treatment, until he settles down to his proper level. Byron's reputation has passed through sharper vicissitudes than have befallen most of his compeers; for though no poet has ever shot up in a brief lifetime to a higher pinnacle of fame, or made a wider impression upon the world around him, after his death he seems to have declined slowly, in England, to a point far below his real merits. And at this moment there is no celebrated poet, perhaps no writer, in regard to whom the final judgement of critics and men of letters is so imperfectly determined. Here is a man whom Goethe accounted a character of unique eminence, with supreme creative power, whose poetry, he admitted, had influenced his own later verse—one of those who gave strenuous impulse to the romantic movement throughout England, France, and Germany in the first quarter of this century, who set the fashion of his day in England, stirred and shaped the popular imagination, and struck a far resonant note in our poetry. Yet after his death he suffered a kind of eclipse; his work was much more unduly depreciated than it had been extolled; while in our own time such critics as Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne have been in profound disagreement on the question of his worth and value as a poet. Nor is it possible for impartial persons to accept the judgement of either of these two eminent artists in poetry, since Arnold placed Wordsworth and Byron by anticipation on the same level at this century's end, whereas Wordsworth stands now far higher. And the bitter disdain which Mr. Swinburne has poured upon Byron's verse and character, though tempered by acknowledgement of his strength and cleverness, and by approbation of his political views, excites some indignation and a sympathetic reaction in his favour. One can imagine the ghost of Byron rebuking his critic with the words of the Miltonic Satan, 'Ye knew me once no mate For you, there sitting 'where ye durst not soar;' for in his masculine defiant attitude and daring flights the elder poet overtops and looks down upon the fine musical artist of our own day.

Some of the causes which have combined to lower Byron's popularity are not far to seek. The change of times, circumstance, and taste has been adverse to him. The political school which he so ardently represented has done its work; the Tory statesmen of the Metternich and Castle-

reagh type, who laid heavy hands upon nations striving for light and liberty, have gone down to their own place; the period of stifling repression has long ended in Europe. Italy and Greece are free, the lofty appeals to classic heroism are out of date, and such fiery high-swelling trumpet notes as

> 'Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
> Streams like a thunderstorm *against* the wind,'

fall upon cold and fastidious ears. 'The day will come,' said Mazzini in after-years, 'when the democracy will ac-
'knowledge its debt to Byron;' but the demos is notoriously ungrateful, and the subject races have now won their independence. The shadow of discouragement and weariness which passed over sensitive minds at the beginning of this century, a period of political disillusion, has long been swept away by the prosperity and sanguine activities of the Victorian era; and the literary style has changed with the times. Melancholy moods, attitudes of scornful despair, tales of fierce love and bloody revenge are strange and improbable to readers who delight in situations and emotions with which they are familiar, who demand exactitude in detail and correct versification; while sweet harmonies, perfection of metre, middle-class pastorals, and a blameless moral tone came in with Tennyson. In short, many of the qualities which enchanted Byron's own generation have disenchanted our own, both in his works and his life; for when Macaulay wrote in 1830 that the time would come when his 'rank and private history will not be regarded in 'estimating his poetry,' he took no account of future editions enlarged and annotated, or of biographies of 'The 'Real Lord Byron;' whereby it has come to pass, as we suspect, that the present world knows more of Byron's private history than of his poems. His faults and follies stand out more prominently than ever; his story is more attractive reading than most romances; and the stricter morality of the day condemns him more severely than did the society to which he belonged. Psychological speculation is now so much more practised in literature than formerly, there is so much more interest in 'the man 'behind the book,' that serious moral deliquencies, authentically recorded and eagerly read, operate more adversely than ever in affecting the public judgement upon Byron's poetry, because they provide a damaging commentary upon it. His contemporaries—Coleridge, Keats, Shelley—lived so much apart from the great world of their day that

important changes in manners and social opinion have made much less difference in the standard by which their lives are compared with their work. Their poetry, moreover, was mainly impersonal. Whereas Byron, by stamping his own character on so much of his verse, created a dangerous interest in the man himself; and his *empeiria* (as Goethe calls it), his too exclusively worldly experience, identified him with his particular class in society, rendering him largely the responsible representative of a libertinism in habits and sentiments that was more pardonable in his time than in our own. His poetry belongs also in another sense to the world he lived in: it is incessantly occupied with current events and circumstance, with Spain, Italy, and Greece as he actually saw them, with comparisons of their visible condition and past glories, with Peninsular battle-fields, and with Waterloo. Of worldliness in this objective meaning his contemporaries had some share, yet they instinctively avoided the waste of their power upon it; and so their finest poetry is beautiful by its detachment, by a certain magical faculty of treating myth, romance, and the mystery of man's sympathetic relations with universal Nature.

A recent French critic of Chateaubriand, who defines the 'romantisme' of that epoch as no more than a great waking up of the poetic spirit, says that the movement was moral and psychological generally before it spread into literature. In criticising Byron's poetry we have to bear in mind that he came in on the first wave of this flood, which overflowed the exhausted and arid field of poetry at the end of the last century, fertilising it with colour and emotion. The comparison between Byron in England and Chateaubriand in France must have been often drawn. The similarity in their style, their moody, melancholy outlook upon common humanity, their aristocratic temper, their self-consciousness, their influence upon the literature of the two countries, the enthusiasm that they excited among the ardent spirits of the generation that reached manhood immediately after them, and the vain attempts of the elder critics to resist their popularity and deny their genius — form a remarkable parallel in literary history. As Jeffrey failed at first to discern the promise of Byron, so Morellet could only perceive the obviously weak points of Chateaubriand, laying stress on his affectations, his inflated language, his sentimental exaggeration, upon all the faults which were common to these two men of genius, the defects of their qualities, the

energetic rebound from the classic level of orderly taste and measured style. It was the ancient *régime* contending against a revolutionary uprising, and in poetry, as in politics, the leaders of revolution are sure to be excessive, to force their notes, to frighten their elders, and to scandalise the conservative mind. Yet just as Chateaubriand, after passing through his period of depression, is now rising again to his proper place in French literature, so we may hope that an impartial survey of Byron's verse will help to determine the rank that he is likely to hold permanently, although the high tide of Romance in poetry has at this moment fallen to a low ebb, and the spell which it laid upon our forefathers may have lost its power in an altered world.

It must be counted to the credit of these Romantic writers that at any rate they widened and varied the sphere and the resources of their art, by introducing the Oriental element, so to speak, into the imaginative literature of modern Europe. They brought the lands of ancient civilisation again within the sphere of poetry, reviving into fresh animation the classic glories of Hellas, reopening the gates of the mysterious East, and showing us the Greek races still striving, as they were twenty-two centuries earlier, for freedom against the barbarous strength of an Asiatic empire. Byron was the first of the poets who headed this literary crusade for the succour of Christianity against Islam in the unending contest between East and West on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in this cause he eventually died. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo were also travellers in Asia, and had drawn inspiration from that source; they all instinctively obeyed, like Bonaparte, the impulse which sends adventurous and imaginative spirits toward that region of strong passions and primitive manners, where human life is of little matter, and where the tragic situations of drama and fiction may at any time be witnessed in their simple reality. The effect was to introduce fresh blood into the views of old romance; and Byron led the van of an illustrious line of poets who turned their *impressions de voyage* into glowing verse, for the others only trod in his footsteps and wrote on his model, while Lamartine openly imitated him in his 'Dernier Chant de Childe Harold.' For the first time the Eastern tale was now told by a poet who had actually seen Eastern lands and races, their scenery and their cities, who drew his figures and landscape with his eye on the objects, and had not mixed his local colours by the process of skimming books of travel for myths, legends,

costume, or customs, with such result as may be seen in Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' and in Southey's 'Thalaba,' or even in Scott's 'Talisman.' The preface to this novel shows that Scott fully appreciated the risk of competing with Byron, albeit in prose, in the field of Asiatic romance, yet all his skill avails little to diminish the sense of conventional figure-drawing and of uncertainty in important details when they are not gathered in the field, but only transplanted from the library.

Byron has noticed in one of his letters the errors of this kind into which a great poet must fall whose accurate observation has been confined mainly to his own country. 'There is much natural talent,' he writes, 'spilt over the "Excursion," yet Wordsworth says of Greece that it is a 'land of

> 'Rivers, fertile plains, and sounding shores
> Under a cope of variegated sky.

'The rivers are dry half the year, the plains are barren, 'the shores still and tideless, the sky is anything but 'variegated, being for months and months beautifully blue.'

This may be thought trivial criticism, yet it is evidence of the attention given by Byron to precise description. His accuracy in Oriental costume was also a novelty at that time, when so little was known of Oriental lore that even Mr. Murray 'doubted the propriety of putting the name of 'Cain into the mouth of a Mahomedan.' With regard to his characters, we may readily admit that in the 'Giaour' or the 'Bride of Abydos' the heroes and heroines behave and speak after the fashion of high-flying Western romance, and that their lofty sentiments in love or death have nothing specifically Oriental about them. But this was merely the romantic style used by all Byron's contemporaries, and generally accepted by the taste of that day as essential to the metrical rendering of a passionate love-story. It may be argued, with Scott, that when a writer of fiction takes in hand a distant age or country, he is obliged to translate ideas and their expression into forms with which his readers are, to some extent, familiar. Byron seasoned his Oriental tales with phrases and imagery borrowed from the East; but whatever scenic or characteristic effects might have thus been produced are seriously marred by the explanatory notices and erudite references to authorities that are appended to the text. This fashion of garnishing with far-fetched outlandish words, in order to give the requisite flavour of time or place, was peculiar

to the new romantic school of his era; it was the poetical dialect of the time, and Byron employed it too copiously. Yet, with all his faults, he remains a splendid colourist, who broke through a limited mannerism in poetry, and led forth his readers into an unexplored region of cloudless sky and purple sea, where the serene aspect of nature could be powerfully contrasted with the shadow of death and desolation cast over it by the violence of man.

Undoubtedly this contrast, between fair scenery and foul barbarism, had been presented more than once in poetry; yet no one before Byron had brought it out with the sure hand of an eye-witness, or with such ardent sympathy for a nation which had been for centuries trodden under the feet of aliens in race and religion, yet still clinging to its ancient traditions of freedom. Throughout his descriptive poems, from 'Childe Harold' to 'Don Juan,' it is the true and forcible impression, taken from sight of the thing itself, that gives vigour and animation to his pictures, and that has stamped on the memory the splendid opening of the 'Giaour,' the meditations in Venice and Rome, the glorious scenery of the Greek islands, and even such single lines as

> 'By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.'

In the art of painting what may be called historical landscape, where retrospective associations give intellectual colour to the picture, Byron has very few rivals. His descriptions of the Lake of Geneva, of Clarens, of the Trojan plain—

> 'High barrows, without marble or a name,
> A vast, untilled, and mountain-skirted plain,
> And Ida in the distance'—

have the quality of faithful drawing illumined by imaginative power. They have certainly touched the emotions and enhanced the pleasure of all travellers in the last three generations whose minds are accessible to poetic suggestion; and if at the present day their style be thought too elaborate and the allusions commonplace, it cannot be denied that the fine art of English composition would be poorer without them. The stanzas in 'Childe Harold' on Waterloo are full of the energy which takes hold of and poetically elevates the incidents of war—the distant cannon, the startled dancers, the transition from the ball-room to the battle-field, from the gaiety of life to the stillness of death. Nothing very original or profound in all this, it may be said; yet the great difficulty of dealing adequately with

heroic action in contemporary verse, of writing a poem on a campaign that has just been reported in the newspapers, is exemplified by the fact that Walter Scott's two compositions on Waterloo are failures; nor has any poet since Byron yet succeeded in giving us a good modern battle-piece.

Nevertheless there is much in Byron's longer poems (excepting always 'Don Juan') that seems tedious to the modern reader; there are descriptions and declamations too long drawn-out to sustain the interest; and there are many lines that are superfluous, untidy, and sometimes ungrammatical. One can only plead, in extenuation of these defects, that the fashion of his day was for long metrical romance, in which it is difficult to maintain the high standard of careful composition exacted by the latest criticism. It is almost impossible to tell a long story in verse that shall be throughout poetical. And one main reason why this fashion has nearly passed away may be surmised to be that the versified narrative cannot adapt itself in this respect to the present taste, which is impatient of fluent lengthy heroics, refusing to accept them for the sake of some finely executed passages. Southey's epics are now quite unreadable, and many of the blemishes in Byron's poetry are inseparable from the romantic style; they are to be found in Scott's metrical tales, which have much redundancy and some weak versification; while his chiefs and warriors often talk a stilted chivalrous language which would now be discarded as theatrical. Byron's personages have the high tragic accent and costume; yet one must admit that they have also a fierce vitality; and as for the crimes and passions of his Turkish pashas and Greek patriots, he had actually seen the men and heard of their deeds. The fact that he also portrayed more unreal characters in dismal drapery—Lara, Conrad, and Manfred, as the mouthpieces of splenetic misanthropy—has led to some unjust depreciation of his capacity for veritable delineation. Macaulay, for example, in his essay on Byron, observes that 'Johnson, 'the man whom Don Juan met in the slave market, is a 'striking failure. How differently would Sir Walter Scott 'have drawn a bluff, fearless Englishman in such a 'situation!' and Mr. Swinburne echoes this criticism. But it is unfair to compare a minor character, slightly sketched into a poem for the purposes of the plot, with the full-length portrait that might have been made of him by a first-class artist in prose. The proper comparison

would be between the figures in the metrical romances of the two poets, whereby it might be shown that Scott could take as little trouble as Byron did about an unimportant subsidiary actor. In regard to the leading heroes and heroines, Scott's poetic creations are hardly more interesting or dramatic than Byron's; and whenever he makes, even in prose, an excursion into Asia, his figure-drawing becomes conventional. But he was usually at the disadvantage, from which Byron was certainly free, of being hampered by an inartistic propensity to make virtuous heroes triumph in the long run.

Yet it must be admitted that no poet of the same calibre has turned out so much loose uneven work as Byron. His lapses into lines that are lame or dull are the more vexatious to the correct modern ear when, as sometimes happens, they spoil a fine passage, and in the midst of a superb flight his muse comes down with a broken wing. In the subjoined stanza, for example, from the Waterloo episode in 'Childe Harold,' the first five lines are clear, strenuous, and concise, while the next three are confused and clumsy; so that though he recovers himself in the final line, the general effect is much damaged:

> 'Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
> The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
> Battle's magnificently stern array.
> The thunder-clouds close o'er it, *which when rent,*
> *The earth is covered thick with other clay,*
> *Which her own clay shall cover*, heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent.'

These blots, and there are many, become less pardonable when we observe, from the new edition, that Byron by no means neglected revision of his work. But his impetuous temper, and the circumstance of his writing far from the printing-press, encouraged hasty execution; and though the most true remark that 'easy writing is devilish hard 'reading' is his own, though he praised excessively the chiselled verse of Pope, he was always inclined to pose as one who threw off jets of boiling inspiration, and in one letter he compares himself to the tiger who makes or misses his point in one spring. He ranked Pope first among English poets, yet he learnt nothing in that school; he pretended to undervalue Shakespeare, yet he must have had the plays by heart, for his letters bristle with quotations

from them. His avowed taste in poetry is hard to reconcile with his own performances: his verse was rushing, irregular, audacious, yet he overpraises the smooth composition of Rogers; he dealt in heroic themes and passionate love stories, yet Crabbe's humble pastorals had their full charm for him. Except Crabbe and Rogers, he declared, 'we are 'all—Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, and I—upon a 'wrong revolutionary poetical system, not worth a damn in 'itself;' but among these are some leaders of the great nineteenth-century renaissance in English verse; and Byron was foremost in the revolt against unnatural insipidity which has brought us through romance to realism, by his clear apprehension of natural form and colour, and even by the havoc which he made among conventional respectabilities. He dwelt too incessantly upon his own sorrows and sufferings; and in the gloomy soliloquies of his dramatic characters we have an actor constantly reappearing in his favourite part. Yet this also was a novelty to the generation brought up on the impersonal poetry of the classic school; and here, again, he is a forerunner of the self-reflecting analytical style that is common in our own day; for there is a Byronic echo in the 'divine despair' of Tennyson. The melancholy brooding spirit, dissatisfied with society and detesting complacency, had for some time been in the air; it had affected the literature of France and Germany; Werther, Obermann, and René are all moulded on the same type with Childe Harold; yet Sainte-Beuve rightly says that this identity of type does not mean imitation—it means that the writers were all in the same atmosphere. There is everywhere the same reaction against philosophic optimism and the same antipathy to the ways of mankind 'so vain 'and melancholy.' They sought refuge from inborn ennui or irritability among the mountains, on the sea, or in distant voyages, and they instinctively embodied these moods and feelings in various personages of fiction, in the solitary wanderer, in the fierce outlaw, in the man 'with chilling 'mystery of mien,' who rails against heaven and humanity. Their literature, in short, however overcoloured it may have been, did represent a generally prevailing characteristic among men of excessive sensibility at a time of stir and tumult in the world around them; it was not a mere unnatural invention, though we must leave to the psychologist the task of tracing a connexion between this mental attitude and the circumstances that generated it. But the self-occupied mind has no dramatic power, and so their reper-

tory contained one single character, a reproduction of their own in different attitudes and situations. Chateaubriand may be said never to have dropped his mask; whereas Byron, whose English sense of humour must have fought against taking himself so very seriously, relieved his conscience by lapses into epigram, irony, and persiflage. Thus in the same year (1818), and from the same place (Venice), he produced the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' full of deep longing for unbroken solitude:—

> 'There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society, where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and Music in its roar;'

and also 'Beppo,' a satirical sketch of the loose and easy Venetian society in which he was actually living. Here, again, his somewhat ribald letters from Venice do his romantic poetry some wrong; but in fact he had a diabolic pleasure in betraying himself, and his 'Mémoires d'Outre 'Tombe,' if they had been preserved, would have been very different from Chateaubriand's elaborate autobiography.

It was the spectacle of Christians groaning under Turkish oppression, and of their heroic resistance, that inspired three of Byron's finest poems, the 'Giaour,' the 'Bride of 'Abydos,' the 'Siege of Corinth.' On this subject he was so heartily in earnest that he could even lose sight of his own woes; and notwithstanding the exuberance of colour and sentiment, these tales still hold their place in the first rank of metrical romance. Their construction is imperfect, even fragmentary; yet while Scott could put together and tell his story much better, not even Scott could drive it onward and sustain the verse at a high level with greater energy, or decorate his narrative with finer description of scenery, or give more intensity to the moments of fierce action. The splendid apostrophe to Greece in the 'Giaour'—

> 'Clime of the unforgotten brave!
> Whose land from plain to mountain cave
> Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave,'

has forty lines of unsurpassed beauty and fire, written in the manuscript, as a note tells us, in a hurried and almost illegible hand—an authentic example of true improvisation which the elaborate poets of our own day may match if they can. The tumid phrase and melodramatic figuring—

> 'Dark and unearthly is the scowl
> That glares beneath his dusky cowl'

are now worn-out theatrical properties; yet those who have seen the untamed Asiatic might find it hard to overdraw the murderous hate and sullen ferocity that his face, or his victim's, will occasionally disclose. The heroes, at any rate, love and die in a masculine way; it is the old tragic theme of bitter unmerited misfortune, of daring adventure that ends fatally, without any of the wailing sensuality that infects the more harmonious poetry of a later day. There are, perhaps, for modern taste, too many outlandish words and references to Eastern customs or beliefs, requiring glossaries and marginal explanations; nor does the profuse annotation of the present edition lighten a reader's burden in this respect. Byron had no business to write 'By pale Phingari's trembling 'light,' leaving us at the mercy of assiduous editors to expound that 'Phingari' is the Greek φεγγάριον, and stands here for the moon. And if he could have spared us such Orientalisms as 'Al Sirât's arch,' or 'avenging Monkir's 'scythe,' we should have mixed up less desultory reading with the enjoyment of fine passages. He gives us too much of his local colouring, he checks the rush of his verse by superfluous metaphors, he has weak and halting lines. The style is heated and fuming, yet the dainty art-critic who lays hands on such metal thrown red hot from the forge may chance to burn his fingers over it. Nor must we forget that in these poems Byron brought the classic lands of Greece and the Levant within the sphere of modern romance, and has unquestionably added some 'deathless pages' to English literature.

Byron has told us why he adopted for the 'Corsair,' and afterwards for 'Lara,' 'the good old and now neglected heroic couplet:'—

> 'The stanza of Spenser is, perhaps, too slow and dignified for narrative, though I confess it is the measure after my own heart; Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto triumphed completely over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius; in blank verse Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rocks on which they are kindled.' *

We doubt much, from a comparison of the poems, whether the experiment of changing his metre was successful. The short eight-syllabled line displayed Byron's capacity for vigorous concision and swift movement; it is eminently suited for

* Preface to the 'Corsair.'

strength and speed; whereas in the slow processional couplet he becomes diffuse, often tedious; he has room for more rhetoric and verbosity; he falls more into the error of describing at length the character and sentiments of his gloomy heroes, instead of letting them act and speak for themselves. At moments when inspiration is running low, and a gap has to be filled up, the shorter line needs less padding, and can be more rapidly run over when it is weak. Whereas a feeble heroic couplet becomes ponderous and sinks more quickly into bathos—as in the following sample from the 'Corsair:'—

> 'Oh! burst the Haram, wrong not on your lives
> One female form—remember—*we* have wives.'

And the consequence has been that 'Lara' and the 'Corsair' are now, we believe, the least readable of Byron's metrical romances.

Of Byron's dramas we are obliged to say that, to borrow his own metaphor, he would have fared better as a poet if he had taken warning from the beacons, and had given blank verse a wide berth, instead of setting himself boldly on a course which, as he evidently knew, is full of peril for fast-sailing free-going versifiers. He saw that he could not approach the great masters of this measure, he was resolved not to imitate them; and so he appears to have chosen the singular alternative of writing nothing that should in the least resemble them. His general object as a playwriter is stated, in a letter about 'Sardanapalus,' to have been 'to 'dramatise striking passages of history and mythology.'

'You will find,' he adds most truly, 'all this very unlike Shakespeare; and so much the better in one sense, for I look upon him to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers. It has been my object to be as simple and severe as Alfieri, and I have broken down the poetry as nearly as I could to common language.'

And undoubtedly he did break it down so effectually that much of his blank verse hobbles like a lame horse, being often mere prose printed in short lines. Here are two specimens, not cut into lengths, which have no metrical construction at all:—

'Unless you keep company with him, and you seem scarce used to such high society, you can't tell how he approaches.'*

'Where thou shalt pass thy days in peace, but on condition that the three young princes are given up as hostages.'†

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* The Deformed Transformed (part I. scene 1).

† Sardanapalus (act v. scene 1).

Many others of the same quality might be given, in which the *disjecti membra poetæ* would be exceedingly hard to find. It is surprising that a writer of Byron's experience should have fallen into the error of supposing that simplicity could be attained by the mere use of common language. For even Wordsworth, who is a master of simple strength, could never allow his peasants to talk their ordinary vernacular without a fatal drop into the commonplace; and all verse that is to be plain and unaffected in style and thought requires the most studious composition. Byron seems scarcely to have understood that blank verse has any rules of scansion, and his signal failure in this metre has become less tolerable and more conspicuous, since Keats in his day, and Tennyson after him, have carefully studied the construction of blank verse, and have left us admirable examples of its capacity for romantic expression. It is indeed strange that Byron should have fancied that he could use so delicate an instrument with a rough unpractised hand.

There are some vigorous passages scattered through the plays, and we have it on record that Dr. Parr could not sleep a wink after reading 'Sardanapalus.' Nevertheless, we fear that the present generation will find little cause for demurring to Jeffrey's judgement upon the tragedies, that they are for the most part 'solemn, prolix, and ostentatious.' They were not composed, as Byron himself explained, 'with 'the most remote view to the stage,' so that he had not before his eyes the wholesome fear of a critical audience. In truth it must be admitted that he lacked the true dramatic instinct; he could only set up his leading figures to deliver imposing speeches appropriate to a tragic situation; and one may guess that the consciousness of awkward handling weighed upon the spirit and style of his blank verse, for his ear seems to have completely misled him when it had lost the guidance of recurrent rhyme. Of 'Cain: a Mystery,' one must speak reverently, since Walter Scott, to whom it was dedicated, wrote that the author had 'matched Milton 'on his own ground;' yet in Lucifer, who leads the dialogue, we have little more than a spectral embodiment of Byron's own rebellious temper; and in this poem, as in 'Manfred,' the discussion of metaphysical problems carries him beyond his depth. There are, nevertheless, some fine declamatory passages; and we may quote as a curiosity one soft line, fresh from the Swiss mountains:

'Pipes in the liberal air
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd,'

which is to be found in 'Manfred' and might have been taken from the 'Excursion.'

When we turn from the plays to the lyrics, we see at once the importance, to a poet, of choosing rightly the metrical form that is the best expression of his peculiar genius. In some of these shorter poems Byron rises to his highest level, and by these will his popularity be permanently maintained. They are certainly of very unequal merit; yet when Byron is condemned for artificiality and glaring colour, we may point to the poem beginning 'And thou art dead, so young 'and fair,' where form and feeling are in harmony throughout eight long stanzas, without a single line that is feeble or overcharged:

'The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away,
I might have watched through long decay.'

There is no novelty in the ideas, nor does he open the deeper vein of thoughts that touch the mind with a sense of mortality. Yet the verse has a masculine brevity that renders effectively the attitude in which men may well be content firmly to confront an irreparable misfortune.

In his poems of strenuous action, although Byron has not the rare quality of heroic simplicity, he could at times strike a high vibrating war note, and could interpret romantically the patriotic spirit. The two stanzas which we quote from the Hebrew Melodies show that he could now and then shake off the redundant metaphors and epithets that overload too much of his impetuous verse, and use his strength freely:—

'Though thou art fallen, while we are free
Thou shalt not taste of death!
The generous blood that flowed from thee
Disdains to sink beneath;
Within our veins its currents be,
Thy spirit on our breath.

'Thy name, our charging hosts along,
Shall be their battle word;
Thy fall, the theme of choral song
By virgin voices poured—
To weep would do thy glory wrong;
Thou shalt not be deplored.'

And we have another magnificent example of Byron's lyrical power in the 'Isles of Greece,' where the two lines,

> 'Ah, no! the voices of the dead
> Sound like a distant torrent's fall,'

drop suddenly into the elegiac strain, into a mournful echo that dwells upon the ear, followed by the rising note of a call to arms. Mr. Swinburne has described this poem as 'composed of strong oratorical effects arranged in vigorous 'and telling succession;' * upon which it is enough to observe that contemporary efforts at writing war songs have for the most part signally failed, while the 'Isles of Greece' will long continue to stir the masculine imagination of Englishmen.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that Byron's Occasional Pieces abound with cheap pathos, dubious fervour, and a kind of commonplace sentimentality that comes out in the form as well as in the feeling of his inferior work. The rhymes are apt to be hackneyed, the similes are sometimes tagged on awkwardly instead of being weaved into the texture, the expression has often lost its strength, and the emotion lacks sincerity. Byron, like his brother poets, wrote copiously what was published indiscriminately; but if the first-class work had not been very good it would never have buoyed up above sheer oblivion so much that was third-rate and bad. His pieces are much *too* occasional, for he was prone to indulgence in hasty verse whenever the fit was upon him, or as a method of enlisting public sympathy with his own misconduct, so that he was constantly appearing before the world as a perfidious sentimentalist, with a false air of lamentation over the misfortunes which he had brought upon himself, as in the Poems of the Separation. Yet when he shook off his personal grief and took to politics, no other poet could more vividly express his intense living interest in the great events of his time, or strike the proper note of some great catastrophe. It may be affirmed that the 'Ode to Napoleon' is better than anything else that has been written in English upon the most astonishing career in modern history:—

> 'The triumph and the vanity,
> The rapture of the strife,
> The earthquake voice of Victory,
> To thee the breath of life.

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* Miscellanies, Wordsworth and Byron.

The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled; Dark Spirit, what must be
The madness of thy memory!

'The Desolator desolate,
The Victor overthrown;
The Arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince or live a slave,
Thy choice is most ignobly brave.'

In the first of these two stanzas the seventh line is weak and breaks the rapid rush of the verse; but the high pressure and impetus of the poem are sustained throughout twenty stanzas, producing the effect of an improvisatore who stops rather from want of breath than from any other lack of inspiration. In this respect the ode is a rare poetical exploit; for all poems composed under the spur of the moment, upon some memorable incident that has just startled the world, must be more or less improvised, and must hit the right pitch of extraordinary popular emotion. It is the difficulty of turning out good work under such arduous conditions that has too often shipwrecked or stranded some unlucky laureate.

There is one province of verse, if not exactly of poetry, in which Byron reigns undisputedly, though it is far distant from the land of lyrics. In his latest and longest production, 'Don Juan,' he tells us that his 'sere fancy has fallen 'into the yellow leaf:'—

'And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.'

It was in 'Beppo: a Venetian Story' that he dropped, for the first time, the weapon of trenchant sarcasm and invective, with no very fine edge upon it, which he flourished in his youth, and took up the tone of light humorous satire upon society. He soon acquired mastery over the metre (which was suggested, as is well known, by Hookham Frere's 'Whistle-'craft') ; and in 'Don Juan' he produced a long, rambling poem of a kind never before attempted, and still far beyond any subsequent imitations, in the English language. Of a certainty there is much that it is by no means desirable to imitate, for the English literature does not assimilate the

element of cynical libertinism, which indeed becomes coarse on an English tongue. Yet it is remarkable that the Whistlecraft metre, although Byron could manage it with point and spirit, has never produced more than insipid *pastiche* in later hands. But while 'Beppo' may be classed as pure burlesque, 'Don Juan' strikes various keys, ironical and voluptuous, grave and gay, rising sometimes to the level of strenuous realistic narrative in the episodes of the shipwreck and the siege, falling often into something like grotesque buffoonery, with much picturesque description, many animated lines, and occasional touches of effective pathos. As a story it has the picaresque flavour of 'Gil 'Blas,' presenting a variety of scenes and adventures strung together without any definite plot; as a poem its reputation rests upon some passages of indisputable beauty; while Byron's own experiences, grievances, and animosities, personal or political, run through the whole performance like an accompaniment, and break out occasionally into humorous sarcasm or violent denunciations. That the overheated fervour of a stormy youth should cool down into disdainful irony, under the chill of disappointment and exhaustion, was natural enough; and this unfinished poem may be regarded as typical of Byron's erratic life, full of loose intrigue and adventure, with its sudden and premature ending.

It is in 'Don Juan' that Byron stands forth as the founder and precursor of modern realism in poetry. He has now finally exorcised the hyperbolic fiend that vexed his youth, he has cast off the illusions of romance, he knows the ground he treads upon, and his pictures are drawn from life; he is the foremost of those who have ventured boldly upon the sombre actualities of war and bloodshed:—

> 'But let me put an end unto my theme,
> There was an end of Ismail, hapless town,
> Far flashed her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,
> And redly ran his blushing waters down.
> The horrid warwhoop and the shriller scream
> Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown;
> Of forty thousand that had manned the wall
> Some hundreds breathed, the rest were silent all.'

'A versified paraphrase,' it may be said, 'of sober history,' yet withal very different from the most animated prose, which must be kept at a lower temperature of intense expression. If we turn to quieter scenes—which are called picturesque because the artist, like a painter, has selected the right subject and point of view, and has grouped his

details with exquisite skill—we may take the stanzas describing the return of the pirate Lambro to his Greek island—

> 'He saw his white walls shining in the sun,
> His garden trees all shadowy and green'—

as a fine example of pure objective writing, which lays out the whole scene truthfully, with the direct vision of one who has seen it. One does not find here the suggestive intimations, the wide imaginative horizon of higher poetry; there are no musical blendings of sound and sense, as in such lines as Tennyson's

> 'By the long wash of Australasian seas.'

Yet in these passages Byron has after his own fashion served Nature faithfully, and he has preserved to us some masterly sketches of life and manners that have long since disappeared. The Greek islands have since fallen under the dominion of European uniformity; the costume of the people, the form of their government, are shabby imitations of Western models. But the cloudless sky, the sun slowly sinking behind Morea's hills, the sea on whose azure brow Time writes no wrinkle, and the marbled steep of Sunium, are still unchanged; and the peaceful tourist in these waters will see at once that Byron was a true workman in line and colour, and will feel the intellectual pleasure that comes from accurate yet artistic interpretation of natural beauties.

The poem of 'Don Juan' is, therefore, a miscellany, connected on the picturesque side with 'Childe Harold,' and by its mocking spirit with 'Beppo' and the 'Vision of 'Judgement,' the two pieces that may be classed as pure burlesque. The irreverent persiflage of the 'Vision' belongs to the now obsolete school of Voltaire, and in biting wit and daring ridicule the performance is not unworthy of that supreme master in *diablerie*. Nor can it be asserted that this lashing sarcasm was undeserved, or that all the profanity was in Byron's parody, for Southey's conception of the Almighty as a High Tory judge, with an obsequious jury of angels, holding a trial of George III., browbeating the witnesses against him and acquitting him with acclamation, so that he leaves the court without a stain on his character, was false and abject enough to stir the bile of a less irritable Liberal than Byron. There exists, moreover, in the mind of every good English Whig a lurking sympathy with the Miltonic Satan, insomuch that all

subsequent attempts by minor poets to humiliate and misrepresent him have invariably failed. Southey's Vision, and Robert Montgomery's libel upon Satan, have each undergone the same fate of being utterly extinguished, knocked clean out of English literature by one single crushing onslaught, of Byron and Macaulay respectively.

Our conclusion must be brief, for in fact it is not easy to propound to the readers of this Review any general observations, which shall be new as well as true, upon a man's life and works that have been subjected to incessant scrutiny and criticism throughout the nineteenth century. At the beginning of this period Byron found himself matched, in the poetic arena, against contemporary rivals of first-class genius and striking originality. And from his death almost up to the century's close there has been no time when some considerable poet has not occupied the forefront of English letters, and stamped his impression on the public mind. Variety in style and ideas has produced many vicissitudes of taste in poetry; it has been discovered that narrative can be better done in prose, and so the novel has largely superseded story-telling in verse. There have also been great political and social changes, and all these things have severely tested the staying powers of a writer who is too closely associated with his own period to be reckoned among those wide-ranging spirits whom Shelley has called 'the kings of thought.' Nevertheless the new edition of Byron is appearing at a moment which is, we think, not inopportune. There is just now, as by a coincidence there was in the year 1800, a dearth of poetic production; we have fallen among lean years; we have come to a break in the succession of notable poets; the Victorian celebrities have one by one passed away; and we can only hope that the first quarter of the twentieth century may bring again some such bountiful harvest as was vouchsafed to our grandfathers at the beginning of the nineteenth. In the meantime the reading of Byron may operate as a wholesome tonic upon the literary nerves of the rising generation; for, as Mr. Swinburne has generously acknowledged, with the emphatic concurrence of Matthew Arnold, his poems have 'the excellence of sincerity and strength.' Now one tendency of latter-day verse has been toward that over-delicacy of fibre which has been termed decadence, toward the preference of correct metrical harmonies over distinct and incisive expression, toward vague indications of meaning. In this form the melody prevails over the matter; the

style inclines to become precious and garnished with verbal artifice. Some recent French poets, indeed, in their anxiety to correct the troublesome lucidity of their mother-tongue, have set up the school of symbolism, which deals in half-veiled metaphor and sufficiently obscure allusion, relying upon subtly suggestive phrases for evoking associations. For ephemeral infirmities of this kind the straightforward virility of Byron's best work may serve as an antidote. On the other hand, we have the well-knit strenuous verse of extreme realism, wrought out by a poet in his shirt-sleeves, with rhymes clear-sounding like the tap of hammer on anvil, who sings of rough folk by sea and land, and can touch national emotion in regard to the incidents or politics of the moment. He paints without varnish, in hard outline, avoiding metaphor and ornamental diction generally; taking his language so freely out of the mouths of men in actual life that he makes occasional slips into vulgarity. He is at the opposite pole from the symbolist; but true poetry demands much more distinction of style and nobility of thought. And here again Byron's high lyrical notes may help to maintain elevation of tone and to preserve the romantic tradition. His poetry, like his character, is full of glaring imperfections; yet he wrote as one of the great world in which he made for a time such a noise; and after all that has been said about his moral delinquencies, it is certain that we could have better spared a better man.

In one of Tennyson's earlier letters is the following passage, with reference to something written at the time in 'Philip van Artevelde:'—

> 'He does not sufficiently take into consideration the peculiar strength evolved by such writers as Byron and Shelley, who, however mistaken they may be, did yet give the world another heart, and a new pulse, and so we are kept going. Blessed be those who grease the wheels of the old world.'

This is the large-hearted, far-seeing judgement of one who could survey the whole line and evolutionary succession of English verse, being himself destined to close the long list of nineteenth-century poets, which was opened by Byron and his contemporaries. The time has surely now come when we may leave discussing Byron as a social outlaw, and cease groping after more evidence of his misdeeds. The office of true criticism is to show that he made so powerful an impression on our literature as to win for himself permanent rank in its annals, and that his work, with all its shortcomings, does yet mark and illustrate an important stage in the connected developement of our English poetry.

ART. V.—1. *Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz.* By JOHN GRAY M'KENDRICK, M.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1899.

2. *Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen als physiologische Grundlage für die Theorie der Musik.* Von HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ. Fünfte Ausgabe. Braunschweig: Vieweg und Sohn, 1896.

3. *On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music.* By HERMANN L. F. VON HELMHOLTZ. Second English Edition. By ALEX. J. ELLIS. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1885.

4. *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik.* Von HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ. Zweite Auflage. Hamburg: Leopold Voss, 1896.

5. *Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen.* Von HERMANN HELMHOLTZ. Drei Bände. Leipzig: Johann Barth, 1882–1895.

6. *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D. Two Series. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1898.

SEVEN cities competed for the honour of having given birth to Homer; seven sciences claimed Helmholtz as an expert. So it was somewhat grandiloquently, yet not untruly, said by his panegyrist Engelmann. A rare width of compass belonged, indeed, to that master-mind. Versatile, in the ordinary sense, it was not. The researches of Helmholtz were not varied because of the shifting of the point of interest, but because of the elevation of the point of view. Their succession was by a logical sequence. Departments of knowledge, ordinarily separated, coalesced before his comprehensive glance. All, he could see, were involved in each; and seeing this, he had scarcely the choice of neglecting any. His powers were adequate to the demands made upon them by the largeness of his intelligence. He could explore in detail, as well as survey from a commanding height. His training, too, helped to amplify his range. A career imposed upon him by necessity not only led on to the career which he would have chosen by preference, but served as a peculiarly fortunate preparation for it, lending volume and strength to the flow of his mental progress.

Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand Helmholtz was born August 31, 1821, at Potsdam, where his father, Ferdinand

Helmholtz, taught languages and philology. On the mother's side, he was remotely but remarkably English. Caroline Penne, the wife of the 'Gymnasiallehrer,' was the daughter of a Hanoverian artillery officer, who traced his descent directly from William Penn of Pennsylvania. Hermann was a sickly child. For seven years his life hung by a thread, and his amusements were his only education. A box of bricks helped to implant geometrical principles; he read much and to the purpose, and special parental care quickened the play of his early thoughts. As he grew older, his father's judicious guidance safeguarded his rising activities against waste or blight. He had a fine memory for what pleased him, but disliked learning prose by rote. Poetry was wisely substituted. Homer and Horace were his favourites among the classics; he could repeat whole books of the 'Odyssey,' and a number of chiselled Latin odes; he cultivated, as well, German ballad-literature, and his facility for languages is shown by his perusal in Arabic of Lokmân's Fables at the age of twelve. Metaphysical ideas were not wanting. They emerged from certain cloudy symposia where Ferdinand Helmholtz discussed with his colleagues the systems of Kant and Fichte.

At school he astonished his teachers by mathematical intuitions unaccountable by heredity. No scientific leanings were traceable in his family. Spontaneously, too, he turned towards inquiries of the 'natural' order, seeking the 'magical 'key' (as he called it) that unlocks the gates of power by the knowledge of law. He devoured superannuated manuals unearthed from dusty bookshelves. He caused much housewifely dismay to his mother by experiments damaging to furniture and linen; he constructed optical apparatus with a few spectacle-glasses and a small botanical lens; and, while Cicero or Virgil was being read by his class at the gymnasium, devoted himself to drawing diagrams under the table, and solving problems relative to the paths of rays in telescopes. To find out the realities of things—this was his passion; and he looked forward, with the secret rapture of early youth, to a life which should be one untiring quest of new truth.

The bread-winning difficulty intervened. He was one of four children. His father, too poor to provide for them, could do no more than put them in the way of providing for themselves. The Friedrich-Wilhelms Institute of Berlin offered free medical education to students promising to take service as surgeons in the Prussian army; a bursarship was

available for Hermann; he accepted it in 1838, traversed the usual curriculum, and in due course obtained his diploma. Thus his status in the world was fixed for him, not selected by him. He was set upon a level track; his inner promptings were towards untried ways, leading to arduous heights. To these he ultimately attained, never having lost, as Dante once did, *la speranza dell' altezza*. He aimed throughout at embodying ideal aims in the hard material facts of life; and his history affords a singular example of gradual, almost inevitable reversion to inborn aspirations, not through the neglect, but through the strict fulfilment of duty.

His genius was in truth irrepressible. It possessed a hidden spring of vitality; like water lying lower than its source, it was always ready to mount to the light. Nor were the surrounding influences wholly adverse. A new breath was just then quickening German university life. The time had come, it began to be felt, to get science out of the rut of *a priori* conceptions, and on to the rails of definite fact. Hegel and Schelling had borne sway long enough; the fabric of abstract thought which, propped up by their authority, survived the demolition of its foundations, must at length collapse; Berlin could not for ever remain an isolated stronghold of speculation. It was difficult, Helmholtz said in his commemorative address on Gustav Magnus,* to realise in 1871 the state of German science in the first two decades of the century. Recalling his boyish experiences:

'When I began to study physics out of the school-books in my father's possession, I still see before me the dark image of a series of ideas which now seems like the alchemy of the middle ages. Of Lavoisier's and Humphry Davy's revolutionary discoveries not much had got into the school-books. Although oxygen was already known, yet phlogiston, the fire-element, played also its part. Chlorine was still oxygenated hydrochloric acid; potash and lime were still elements. Invertebrate animals were divided into insects and worms; and in botany we still counted stamens.'

The permeation of foreign influences brought amendment to this state of things. Researches of the most approved modern type were, one after the other, executed by individual workers on the right bank of the Rhine. Chladni performed his classic experiments on vibrating plates; Seebeck discovered thermo-electricity in 1821; Ohm's law

* Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, second series, p. 10, ed. 1898

was enounced in 1827; Ritter, Lenz, and Neumann studied fruitfully the characteristics of electric charges and electric currents. But the sense of progress was slow to make itself felt; 'shadows of the world,' flitting across the fairy mirror of introspection, were more regarded than actual phenomena. A definitive movement of minds set in only with the return from Paris of Mitscherlich, Liebig, and Humboldt. It triumphed conspicuously in Berlin, where Gustav Magnus occupied the Chair of Physics, and Johannes Müller the Chair of Physiology. Among the pupils of the former were Kirchhoff, Clausius, Siemens, and Wiedemann, while those of the latter included Du Bois Reymond, Brücke, and Helmholtz. All united in 1845 to found the Physical Society of Berlin. This was an event of no ordinary significance. It marked the uncompromising adoption, by German men of science, of experimental methods. Some even went too far in their exclusive reliance upon them. In the reaction against the syllogism, they were carried to the length of distrusting the calculus. For this, mathematicians themselves were partly to blame. They had attached more importance to the processes of computation than to the soundness of the underlying data, oblivious of the maxim that nothing is taken out of the mathematical mill except what is put into it; the grinding of truth out of error making no part of its function. Hence it came to pass that observation was pitted against reasoning, and sheer empiricism threatened to reign supreme. These exaggerated views were never shared by Helmholtz. His splendid mathematical abilities obtained full play later; they were never wholly in abeyance. His superiority in this respect placed him from the first in a rank apart from his classmates; and it became more striking as time went on. There was in him a rare faculty of developement; it was impossible to fix the length of his tether. Fulfilment, accordingly, outdid even his brilliant promise.

Less precocious than Clerk Maxwell, he was just twenty-two when he made his first original contribution to research. It resulted from an attack of typhoid fever in the autumn of 1841. As a medical student he was entitled to gratuitous nursing at the Charité Hospital, and on his recovery from the illness he consequently found himself in possession of some savings out of his small resources. He invested them in a microscope, with which he studied the conditions and effects of the presence of 'vibrions' in saccharine solutions. The upshot was a paper, proving up to the hilt Schwann's

conclusion, published in 1838, that fermentation, no less than putrefaction, results from the activity of minute living organisms. The experiments described in it demolished Liebig's oxygenation theory; they all but established Pasteur's final position.

Helmholtz was at this time stationed at Potsdam as assistant-surgeon to the Red Hussars. But his regimental service extended only over a few months. Alexander von Humboldt discerned his quality, and used his influence to procure him scientific occupation. He became in 1843 Professor of Physiology in the Albert University at Berlin, Lecturer on Anatomy to the Academy of Arts, and assistant in the Anatomical Museum. Organic nature seemed destined to engross him; and he was immediately attracted by a problem connected with the very springs of organic life.

Stahl's 'soul of life,' rationalised as the 'vital force,' survived essentially in the physiology of that day. Helmholtz 'had a misgiving,' he tells us,* 'that there was something against nature in this explanation; but it took me a good deal of trouble to state my misgiving in the form of a definite question. I found ultimately, in the latter years of my career as a student, that Stahl's theory ascribed to every living body the nature of a *perpetuum mobile*. I was tolerably well acquainted with the controversies on this latter subject. In my school days I had heard it discussed by my father and our mathematical teachers, and while still a pupil at the Friedrich-Wilhelms Institute I had helped in the library, and in my spare moments had looked through the works of Daniel Bernoulli, D'Alembert, and other mathematicians of the last century. I thus came upon the question, "What relations must exist between the various kinds of natural forces for a perpetual motion to be possible?" and the further one, "Do those relations actually exist?"'

He was convinced they did not; but demonstration, not assertion, was needed, and he set himself to supply it. The phenomena of animal heat accordingly invited investigations, in the course of which he invented the 'myograph'—an instrument for obtaining the characteristic curves of contracting muscles self-inscribed on the blackened surface of a revolving cylinder. But this was, comparatively speaking, of minimal importance; the main outcome was an essay 'On the Conservation of Force,' designed merely as an arrangement and criticism of the facts for the benefit of physiologists, but in reality an irreversible pronouncement

* Autobiographical Sketch appended to second series of 'Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects,' p. 275.

affecting all branches of science. To Helmholtz himself it appeared that he had erred, if at all, by labouring self-evident arguments and planting batteries against breached walls; he found, with surprise, that he had incurred the opposite reproach of unmeasured wildness in speculation. Dissent from his views was almost unanimously expressed, Jacobi, the mathematician, alone adopting them; and Poggendorff refused them the countenance of publication in his celebrated 'Annalen.' The paper was, however, read, July 23, 1847, before the Berlin Physical Society, the *radical* tendencies of which secured it a welcome. It created an European sensation. Yet the dynamical theory of heat was not, strictly speaking, a novelty. It had been propounded by Mayer of Heilbronn, by Colding of Copenhagen, and by Joule of Manchester. The great principle of the indestructibility of energy was virtually acquired to science before Helmholtz started independent inquiries on the subject. Its rapid and brilliant triumph was, however, due to him. His 'weighty statements,' Clerk Maxwell wrote,* acted on other minds 'like an irresistible driving power.' He showed a light which it was impossible not to follow.

What did it mean, this new principle? Mass, or quantity of matter, was shown by Lavoisier to be unalterable. Accounts kept with the aid of the balance proved rigidly exact. The same weight of substance persisted throughout the most diversified series of experiments. Gaseous, liquid, or solid, fused or frozen, it remained constant in amount. It could be changed qualitatively, not quantitatively. The law demonstrated by Helmholtz was correlative to the law demonstrated by Lavoisier. Mass without energy is as unreal to experience as energy apart from mass. The energy of a body is its capacity for doing work, and augments with its motion. But motion may be either molar or molecular. It may affect matter in the lump, or interstitially. And the two kinds are reciprocally related. Motion arrested externally proceeds with rigorous equivalence internally. Every savage recognises the fact that heat is educed by friction; what savages do not recognise is that a definite amount of heat results from the employment of a certain quantity of effort in friction. Fundamentally, this was what Mayer, Joule, and Helmholtz demonstrated. They fixed the 'mechanical equivalent of heat.' Many developements ensued. It was ascertained further that 'the total energy

* Nature, vol. xv. p. 389.

'of any body, or system of bodies, is a quantity which can 'neither be increased nor diminished by any mutual action 'of these bodies, though it may be transformed into any of 'the forms of which energy is susceptible.'*

These forms are very various. Impeded motion can reassert itself, not only as heat, but as electricity, magnetism, chemical action, light, or sound. And always by calculable measure. In other words, energy can be transformed, not destroyed. This is not a necessary truth. It has been learned by experience, and therefore belongs to the empirical order. We can only say that every known fact harmonises with it. The severest tests have failed to impair its validity. Its importance, as Clerk Maxwell remarked, consists in its fertility. It may be relied upon as an unerring guide in devising experiments, in colligating facts, in constructing new methods. A very divining-rod for the springs of knowledge, it teaches how to locate investigation with the best chance of success. Its practical infallibility then assures us that it corresponds to the primary verities of things. Exceptions to the rule would be looked for in vain.

An application of this principle, memorable in the history of astronomical physics, was made by Helmholtz in 1854.† The maintenance of the sun's heat was at that time an unsolved problem. The prodigious thermal output, by a minute fraction of which our globe is vivified, has been in progress, geological evidence assures us, during some millions of years. There must be a compensatory source of supply; where is it to be found? Various unsatisfactory answers had been given; Helmholtz, in a lecture before a popular audience at Königsberg, provided one that carried thorough and general conviction. He enunciated what is familiarly known as the 'shrinkage-theory' of solar heat. The sun necessarily contracts as it radiates. The wasting of heat secures a gradual victory for gravitation. Heat tends to diffusion, gravity to concentration; with the loss of heat, then, the central force must more and more effectually prevail. But by the very process of shrinkage heat is restored. A definite quantity is evolved by the fall, from a higher to a lower level, of each constituent particle. In other words, a certain proportion of its 'potential' energy is made available as 'actual' energy. Moreover, the

* Clerk Maxwell, 'Theory of Heat,' tenth edition, p. 92.

† Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, series i. p. 169.

attendant reduction in the sun's dimensions would be for ages imperceptible to observation. It is computed that the drain of energy due to his copious emissions into space would be amply met by an annual shortening of his diameter to the extent of 250 feet—an amount bearing so insignificant a proportion to the whole that the effects, after ten thousand years, would be scarcely, if at all, discernible with our finest instruments. This, accordingly, is the sun's vital secret; it consists in the transformation into heat of motion persistently imparted by gravity. Here is the recuperative principle, apart from which his 'surpassing glory' would indeed be short-lived.

Recuperation, nevertheless, has limits. The sun's resources are enormous; they are not inexhaustible. The materials of the solar globe, in condensing from an indefinite degree of tenuity, have engendered, by Helmholtz's calculation,* heat enough to support radiation at its present intensity during twenty-two million years; and it may last, through a continuation of the same process, without serious diminution, for about seventeen million future years. A total life-span of nearly forty million years was thus assigned, on purely mechanical grounds, to the ruler of our system. In forty millions years from the moment of primitive kindling, he will have passed from a nebulous to a nearly planetary condition—from gaseity to partial solidification—from dim, all-pervading luminosity through the brilliant photospheric stage of concentrated superficial lustre to a dulled glow preluding final extinction.

These conclusions, although substantially unassailable, are naturally subject to qualifications in detail. Celestial chronologies are but loose estimates, based upon information likely to be defective in a thousand particulars. Their authority is on a par with that which might be claimed for dates in English history (for instance) deduced solely from the observed rate of some physical change. Thus the Norman Conquest might be fixed with reference to the submergence of the Goodwin Sands; the usurpation of Bolingbroke by the depth of salt water above the site of Ravenspur; and the reign of Elizabeth by noting the inroads of the sea on the south coast, and computing the number of years that must have elapsed since the old fishing village of Brighthelmstone was buried in the shingle. The limits of error would indeed be wide. And so, for analogous reasons,

* Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, series ii. p. 182.

are those within which the occurrence of cosmical events can be timed.

The views enunciated by Helmholtz were, however, independent of chronological accuracy. Their importance was due to the breadth of the novel prospects they embraced. The study of world-developement was by their introduction raised to a truly scientific status. A positive element was imported into discussions previously of a highly speculative character. The nebular hypothesis took rank as a definite and serviceable theory: not necessarily the nebular hypothesis under the form given to it by Laplace, but some modification of it. We may be said to know that the sun is growing smaller year by year; nor merely since yesterday. The fact is antique; the operation ceaselessly progressive. Travelling backward in thought, we find then his globe continually more distended; so that the time must have been when it filled the orbits of all the planets with inconceivably rare matter. Out of this primitive nebula—as it may fairly be designated—the solar system was somehow fashioned. The precise mode of its fashioning we are not here concerned to expound. The subject indeed bristles with difficulties, and no longer admits of the off-hand treatment which passed muster a century ago. What we seek to emphasise is that a nebular hypothesis of some kind makes part of the shrinkage-theory of solar heat. The two are so intimately related as to be inseparable. The earth and its sister-planets are warmed and illuminated to-day through the prolongation of the same series of developemental changes to which they owed their birth. And this conclusion applies universally. The principle of the conservation of energy governs all sidereal transformations. It affords a clue to stellar and nebular affinities. It guides speculation as to the relative 'ages of the stars.'

There is another aspect under which it may be viewed. It prescribes, as we have just seen, the sun's possible duration. He can no more keep on shining indefinitely than a steamer can run 'for evermore' without replenishing its bunkers. And every star within the circuit of the Milky Way is similarly circumstanced. Each has its allotted term of vitality which cannot be exceeded. What becomes, it may be asked, of their spent power? Energy cannot be annihilated. If one body parts with it, must not some other receive it, and so the beneficent play of cosmic interaction be maintained interminably? This is not assured to us. The energy of the universe, although constant in quantity,

may vary indefinitely in effectiveness. This depends upon the manner of its distribution. Now the developement of the heavenly bodies is conditioned by changes in the distribution of energy. Those more richly stored send their extra supplies abroad into space, until their superiority comes to an end. As we know by familiar experience, hot bodies cool down of themselves to the temperature of their surroundings. Thus, inequalities are perpetually in course of getting effaced; the universe, through the progress of what is known as the 'dissipation of energy,' tends to establish itself on a dead level. The attainment of such a state would, however, involve complete stagnation. Action of every kind would cease; the physical forces would lie paralysed; energy would not have been destroyed, but it would have been rendered useless for purposes of work. The universe would consist of a multitude of inert orbs, ruled inexorably by their mutual gravity. Such, according to Lord Kelvin's cheerless forecast, is the destiny in reserve for the great scheme of things. That it is justified by the facts of science, rigidly interpreted, cannot be denied; yet we suspect that something undreamt of in our philosophy will intervene to prevent the dismal consummation. The Maker of the machine can be trusted, it seems to us, to provide means for winding it up before it hopelessly runs down.

From the date of his essay on the 'Conservation of Energy' the name of Helmholtz became widely celebrated. As we have said, others were in the field before him, although he entered it by a way of his own. All found the gold; he minted it into current coin. Notwithstanding his disclaimers of priority, it went into circulation stamped with the impress of his genius. His appointment to the Chair of Physiology in the University of Königsberg ensued in 1849, and he was transferred thence, in a similar capacity, to Bonn in 1856, and to Heidelberg in 1859. Heidelberg was just then a sort of 'hub of the universe' in science; and the centre of the hub was a tall mansion at the west end of the Hauptstrasse, popularly known as 'Der Riese.' In its top story was the laboratory of Bunsen and Kirchhoff, where spectrum analysis took its effective origin, and the chemistry of the sun originated. Under its roof, Helmholtz analysed vowel-sounds, and his assistant, Wilhelm Wundt, gave demonstrations in the graphical registration of muscular contractions. On the ground-floor was the pupil's workroom, and Dr. Hugo Kronecker, who was one of them, describes the strained attention given by them to

Helmholtz's brief but stimulating instructions. He himself was on one occasion taught by him, with patient care, to fashion a myograph out of a cigar-box, some knitting-needles, cork, sealing-wax, and glass-plates.* It was a long job, but, doubtless, a most remunerative one as regards technical training.

Dr. M'Kendrick remarks, in the useful little work named at the head of this article, that—

> 'Helmholtz did not, like many, lose time in doing second-rate work that others, perhaps, could have done better. His scientific instinct appeared to guide him often into what are termed virgin-fields. Thus he had the great satisfaction of collecting the first-fruits, and he usually gathered so well as to leave little for others who came after him. Hence the researches and discoveries that were announced in rapid succession were always epoch-making, and always in a special sense his own.' (P. 59.)

His first performance at Königsberg was the measurement of the transmission-rate of nervous impulses. It was generally regarded half a century ago as all but instantaneous. Johannes Müller despaired of its experimental determination. The conditions of the problem appeared to be such as to baffle any available method. Helmholtz solved it by the aid of an ingeniously devised 'myographion,' a small induction coil, and a frog's leg. The *batrachian* speed for motor action proved to be 90 feet a second, the *human* speed 115 to 130 feet. Sensory impressions are more difficult to manage. Their investigation demands the co-operation of an intelligent subject; it is hence practicable only in man. Modifying his arrangements accordingly, Helmholtz found that nervous stimulation travels to the brain at rates varying from 160 to 320 feet a second. Its velocity is increased by heat, diminished by cold, and changes with electrical conditions. Possibly it is different in different individuals, but we cannot agree with Dr. M'Kendrick that the phenomenon of 'personal equation' is referable to this cause. In Dr. Maskelyne's time an assistant lost his place at the Royal Observatory because he noted star-transits a second later than the Astronomer Royal. The defect was ineradicable: he could not hurry up his perceptions. Bessel in 1823 first recognised such diversities as a source of error to be eliminated from observations, and, by systematising, rendered them innocuous to

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* The Electrician, August 21, 1891.

accuracy. They probably depend upon brain-quality, not upon nerve-conductivity.

'In 1851,' Dr. M'Kendrick tells us (p. 71), 'Helmholtz conferred an inestimable benefit on humanity, and handed his name on to posterity, by the invention of the ophthalmoscope. Had he done little else in his long life-time, his name would never be forgotten; and yet the invention of this instrument took its origin, not in any profound investigation, but in the desire to exhibit a physiological phenomenon to his students.'

Here we meet one of the felicities of his mental constitution. Teaching is not to most men a stimulating pursuit. Rather it tends to cramp the originative faculty, and to clip the wings of genius. Time devoted to it counts negatively, as a rule, in a career of research. Not so with Helmholtz. The process of imparting knowledge to others showed him how to seek it for himself. Between him and his pupils a sort of reciprocal action arose. Their intellectual needs were the beacons of his advance. Some of his largest inquiries and finest contrivances sprang from the fecund inspirations of the lecture-room. The search for means to expound ascertained truths set him upon the track of many previously unknown. As he himself said long afterwards:—

'A teacher in a university is subject to excellent discipline, in that he is obliged each year, not only to give at least an outline of the whole of his science, but also to convince and satisfy the clear heads among his hearers, some of whom will be the great men of the next generation. This necessity was most beneficial to myself. In preparing my lectures, I was led to devise the method of measuring the velocity of the nervous impulse, and also to the conception of the ophthalmoscope. This instrument became the most popular of my scientific achievements; but good fortune, rather than any personal merit, favoured me in its invention.'

Cats' eyes notoriously 'shine in the dark,' and so, in varying degrees, do the eyes of men and other animals. But no light is emitted by them. The property depends upon the presence of a reflective apparatus behind the lenses. Helmholtz turned it to account for the purpose of *seeing into* the eye. Delicate contrivances were needed; but his precise intuition of their nature, combined with iron perseverance, enabled him to realise them successfully. When Von Graefe, the great ophthalmologist, first surveyed the fundus of the living human eye, its optic disc and blood-vessels all distinctly visible, it is related that 'his 'face flushed with excitement, and he cried, "Helmholtz

'"has unfolded to us a new world. What remains to be '"discovered?"'* His enthusiasm was scarcely excessive. Diseases of the eye had until then been treated quite casually. No diagnosis of them was feasible. Now at last ophthalmic medicine assumed a scientific character, to the untold benefit of humanity. Charles Babbage seems to have very nearly anticipated Helmholtz in the invention of the ophthalmoscope. His instrument, shown privately to Wharton Jones, was, however, never brought to perfection.†

The publication of Helmholtz's great work on 'Physio-'logical Optics' occupied ten years (1856–1866). It embodied a surprising variety of novel and authentic results. The secret of visual accommodation was shown in it to consist in alterations of curvature in the crystalline lens, according to the distance of the objects viewed. Colour-sensation was largely treated of, the mechanism of binocular vision was laid bare, the causes of colour-blindness were discussed from the standpoint of specific nervous sensibility. As an optical physiologist Helmholtz was the direct successor of Thomas Young.

From light he proceeded to sound—from the study of the eye to the study of the ear. His treatise on 'Tone-'Sensations,' published in 1863, revolutionised the subject. Lord Kelvin assigns to it 'a unique position in the literature 'of philosophy.'‡ It includes, as he says, 'mathematical 'and experimental investigations on the inanimate external 'influences concerned in sound, investigations of the ana-'tomical structure of the ear in virtue of which it perceives 'sound, and applications to the philosophical foundation of 'the musical art.' And Clerk Maxwell, in the Rede lecture for 1878, pronounced Helmholtz, 'by a series of daring 'strides,' to have 'effected a passage over that untrodden 'wild between acoustics and music—that Serbonian bog 'where whole armies of scientific musicians and musical 'men of science have sunk.'§

He had rare qualifications for the enterprise. That inner sense for music which the abstrusest speculations cannot give, and which 'roasting in sulphur' cannot remove, was his by nature; he took double-first rank as a physicist and physiologist; his experimental instinct was sure; and he had a reserve of mathematical power that lent impetus to

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* M'Kendrick, loc. cit. p. 83. † *Ibid.* p. 77.

‡ Proc. R. Society, vol. lvii. p. 40.

§ Life of Maxwell, Campbell and Garnett, p. 363.

every movement of his mind. Yet his attempt to bridge the gap between science and art had but a scanty measure of success. No one, however, doubts that the enjoyment of music is based on sensations of the simplest kind, and of these Helmholtz found the true physiological explanation. He showed that discords offend the ear through an actual *roughness* of the vibrations producing them, very much as a harsh surface grates upon the touch. The obnoxious effect is due to sub-audible 'beats,' resulting from the interference of the dissonant notes or their overtones. The nerves are distressed by an uncomfortable feeling of discontinuity; they demand the repose of the smooth flow given by harmonious combinations.

But this rationale of discords and concords does not touch the real problem of æsthetic preferences. Rising out of the material relations of music there is something that transcends them. For the divine enters into everything that is human. This supernal element mingles with our pleasure in listening to the commonest folk-tune; it confronts us in the poignant pathos of Millet's 'Angelus,' in the haunting sadness of Tennyson's 'Down the Valley of 'Cauterets;' it overwhelms us in great architecture, in the Hallelujah Chorus, in the 'Tannhäuser' overture. Yet it evades, and must always evade, analysis; the progress of science can bring us no nearer to a knowledge of its essence. On this point Helmholtz was under no delusion. 'These 'phenomena of agreeableness of tone,' he remarked, 'as 'determined solely by the senses, are of course merely the 'first step towards the beautiful in music.' And he rose to enthusiasm in describing how 'the stream of sound' carries with it 'into the hearer's soul unimagined moods 'which the artist has overheard from his own, and finally 'raises him up to that repose of everlasting beauty of which 'God has allowed but few of His elect favourites to be the 'heralds.'*

The detection of the part assignable to 'beats' in music was, however, only one of his many contributions to physiological acoustics. His investigation of vowel-sounds was a masterpiece. His predecessors, Wheatstone, Willis, and Donders, had shown their connexion with the varied developement of overtones; Helmholtz gave the clinching proof, spoke the ultimate word on the subject. Following up analysis with synthesis, he decomposed the human voice,

* Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, vol. i. p. 93.

by means of his 'resonators,' into its elementary tones, then reproduced the different vowels by combinations of tuning-forks, each representing a constituent vibration. Further, the whole question of 'timbre' (*Klangfarbe*) was first exhaustively treated by him. Pure tones he found to be as difficult of reproduction as pure colours. One set of sound-waves is superposed upon another; the main disturbance starts half a dozen minor ones, and the diversified groups thus formed strike the ear as differences of quality, the actual corresponding objective fact being the variety in shape of the compound wave, resulting from the amalgamation of many simple waves of sundry periods. Hence the dissimilarity in effect between notes of the same pitch on the violin and flute, on the piano, the harp, or the human voice. The apparatus used by Helmholtz in these curious inquiries was supplied by Maximilian, King of Bavaria. Expenses were involved far beyond the modest means of a university professor.

The book he was royally aided to prepare appeared in an English translation by Mr. A. J. Ellis in 1875. Its merits can scarcely be exaggerated. It is many-sided, far-reaching, profound. We have done no more than pick out a few specimens from the stores of knowledge it contains. Nevertheless, its express purpose was not attained. The author adventured in it to interpret art-theories from the side of natural science.* They undeniably remained *in statu quo*. For this purpose the mechanism of the ear was vainly explored. The marvels of aural anatomy help in no way to elucidate questions connected with musical form or musical expression; it signifies nothing, as regards them, whether or no vibrators exist in the cochlea, what may be the function of the 'basilar membrane,' or how Corti's 'lyre of three 'thousand strings'† is concerned in transmitting the impulsions of the air. All that can be said is that, by the sagacity and thoroughness of the research, the 'so far and 'no farther' was prescribed to the ambition of expounding art on the basis of sensation.

The Chair of Physics at Berlin became vacant by the death of Magnus, March 4, 1871. The choice of a successor to him lay between Kirchhoff and Helmholtz, and Kirchhoff was retained at Heidelberg by Grand Ducal authority. Helmholtz was then the inevitable man for the post. Yet

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* Einleitung, October 1862.

† Tyndall, Lectures on Sound, p. 409.

he hesitated to accept it. The exchange of the wooded banks of the Neckar for the muddy shores of the Spree was unwelcome to him, and he was impelled to make it only, it is said, by the prevision that the practice of vivisection would be, in a manner, forced upon him if he continued in the physiological line. This was the turning-point of his career. Until then he had been officially a physiologist, incidentally a physicist. Thenceforward he professed physics, thus realising at the age of fifty his juvenile aspirations. He occupied the chair of Magnus to the end, but added to his professorial duties in 1887 others of a more onerous character. In that year the Physico-Technical Institute, endowed by Werner von Siemens, was founded by the German Government at Charlottenburg. Helmholtz became its first director. He rose to the occasion by displaying a completely new range of faculties. His administrative abilities proved to be of a high order. A large staff obeyed his instructions; an extensive organisation depended upon his guidance. He regulated its working with a commanding insight, a grasp of details, a steady patience, and an invincible firmness which were equally beyond praise and expectation.

Nor did his original labours suffer interruption. Only their scope was modified. They were now directed chiefly to electrical and hydro-dynamical topics, the treatment of which at last brought to the front his vast mathematical resources. Occasional excursions into these territories he had already made. At Königsberg, in 1851, he determined the duration of induced electrical currents, as a parergon to his researches on nervous conductivity. In 1869 he published an account of some experiments on electrical oscillations, and fixed, in 1871, a lower limit for the propagation-rate of electro-magnetic induction. His further contributions to the science were numerous and varied. In the Faraday lecture delivered by him at the Royal Institution, April 5, 1881, he sounded their *Leitmotiv*. 'The great fundamental 'problem,' he said, 'which Faraday called up anew for dis-'cussion, was the existence of forces working directly at a 'distance, without any intervening medium.' Its solution was the primary object Helmholtz had in view. Did a medium veritably exist? Was electrical action carried on intelligibly by means of stresses and strains in a real although intangible substance, or unintelligibly, magically, across void space? Long and laborious investigations finally satisfied him that Faraday's divinatory instinct had guided

him to the truth—that as regards electrical processes the root of the matter is in the medium. The manner of its constitution is another and a still more subtle question, which he did not pretend to answer; but he set on foot suggestive inquiries as to its relations with ponderable matter, thus preparing the way for that complete theory of them which science demands from the future.

The novel idea of 'electrical convection' originated with Helmholtz in 1876. It means that the bodily transport of a charged conductor has the same effect as a current through a stationary conductor. The experimental proof of this equivalence was wrought out in Helmholtz's laboratory by Henry Rowland, of Baltimore, eminent as a solar spectroscopist. 'Convection' promises to be of vital importance in new views about magnetisation. The extension to electrodynamics of the mechanical principle of 'least action' came later. It was achieved in a series of papers, beginning in 1886, and closing with his final communication to the Berlin Academy, June 14, 1894. Another, and not the smallest, of Helmholtz's services to electrical science was indirectly rendered. For it was he that inspired the labours of Heinrich Hertz. Hertz was his favourite pupil. 'I have 'ever regarded him,' he wrote after his early death, 'as the 'one who had penetrated furthest into my own circle of 'scientific thought, and it was to him that I looked with 'the greatest confidence for the further developement and 'extension of my work.'* By a prize question, proposed in 1879, Helmholtz deliberately set Hertz upon the track which led to his great discovery of electrical ether-waves, and he reported on it to the Academy in 1888, in highly impressive terms, and with a countenance glowing with satisfaction. Few deplored his loss more keenly. He saw in him, as it were, typified, 'the victory of the soul over the opposing 'powers of nature.' 'In him we found all the qualities 'required for the solution of the hardest problems in science. 'Heinrich Hertz appeared predestined to disclose new vistas 'into the unpenetrated depths of nature; but all these hopes 'were crushed by the insidious disease which destroyed the 'life we esteemed so valuable.'

He was nearing his own end when he wrote these lines. Hertz died on the first, Helmholtz did not live to see the last day of 1894.

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* Helmholtz, preface to Hertz's 'Principles of Mechanics,' translated by Jones and Walley. 1899.

His promotion of dynamical knowledge consisted first in giving the widest possible application to the principle of least action, next and most conspicuously in his researches on vortex motion in fluids. Here he struck a rich lode overlooked even by Lagrange. So far only a small part of its contents has been brought to light; yet it sufficed to alter profoundly our conceptions of nature. The results obtained by Helmholtz were employed by Lord Kelvin in his 'vortex-ring' theory of matter; from them Professor Fitzgerald evolved a 'vortex-sponge' hypothesis of the ether. Neither probably corresponds closely with actual facts, but each represents an intrepid attempt to scale an eminence. It was at any rate shown that ultimate atoms might be absolutely unlike Dalton's hard, round entities, arbitrarily assumed to be indivisible. Ideas respecting them acquired elasticity and variety, and an untrodden field of possibilities was seen to stretch away to an indefinite horizon.

Helmholtz left his mark in passing, so to speak, upon meteorology. He not only lectured on water-spouts, and traced out mathematically the movements of the air, but originated what may be termed the wave-theory of cloud-formation. It was suggested to him by the spectacle of a great floccular area lying beneath and around the Righi-Kulm. The oceanic analogy was obvious; and as ocean-waves are raised by the friction of wind with water, so it might plausibly be inferred that atmospheric waves must be generated by the gliding, one over the other, of air-strata, differing in density because of their different temperatures. Then, with the lifting of each crest, a condensation of aqueous vapour would, under favourable circumstances, ensue. Considerable support has been lent to this rationale by observations from balloons; and it has lately been transplanted to solar physics with a view to solving the enigma of the photospheric cloud-shell.

Among other topics treated of by the 'Admirable Crichton of modern science'* were the 'anomalous dispersion' of light, tidal friction, glacier-motion, aeronautics, human locomotion. He threw out the idea of cigar-shaped balloons; and, from telescopic observations at his laboratory window, of pedestrians in the streets of Königsberg, detected several mistakes made by Weber in his analysis of the movements of the limbs. His corrections were long afterwards verified by instantaneous photography. As a more serious task, he

* Rücker, Lecture at the Royal Institution, March 8, 1895.

improved the theory of the microscope, and fixed the *minimum visible* at the $\frac{1}{125000}$ of an inch. The limitation is due to diffraction, or the shattering of the light-waves at the edges of the objects under scrutiny. Helmholtz ascribed to geometrical axioms merely an experiential value, and he was one of those who keep an open mind regarding the number of dimensions in space.

As a popular lecturer, Helmholtz has never been surpassed. He had indeed, in Germany, the arena almost to himself, the dignity of science, as it seemed to most of his contemporaries, requiring its seclusion within the halls of universities. Its wide diffusion struck him, on the contrary, as a prime desideratum. His expositions were not of the facile kind. Admirably lucid, they were, none the less, pitched too high for the purpose of simple intellectual diversion. They demanded, and amply deserved, sustained attention. He drew his audience, as has been well said, up to his level, instead of letting himself down to theirs.* Hence his discourses were of lasting value. They could afford to dispense with the charm of the spoken word. They appealed to deliberate readers quite as effectively as to cultivated hearers. They belong, in short, to the best class of general scientific literature. Their circulation in print has, accordingly, been very large. They were issued in two series, extending over thirty-seven years; and the final address, delivered on the occasion of his Jubilee in 1891, has a special interest from its autobiographical character. The title of the latest English edition is included among the headings to this article.

Helmholtz married in 1849 Olga von Velten, of Potsdam. She died in 1859, leaving a son and daughter. Both survive. The former is an engineer at Munich, the latter became the wife of Dr. Branco, the Suabian geologist. Another son and daughter were the offspring of a second marriage contracted in 1861 with Anna von Mohl, a lady of high position in Würtemberg. Great hopes were entertained of a brilliant future for Robert von Helmholtz. His career seemed likely to furnish a worthy sequel to his father's; but he died in 1889, when scarcely seventeen years of age, his renown 'unfulfilled.' The daughter married a son of Werner von Siemens.

Helmholtz led a quiet domestic life, enlivened by the sedate gaiety of thronged musical receptions. The best

* Kronecker, 'The Electrician,' August 28, 1891.

artists in Berlin esteemed it an honour to perform at his house; and he himself sang tastefully, and played Bach's fugues on a magnificent piano, presented to him by the Steinways of New York in recognition of his services to musical art. He was a frequenter, too, of the Bayreuth Festivals, and usually proceeded thence to the Engadine, where he revelled in Alpine scenery and cogitated over Alpine problems. His first trip to this country, in 1854, was in many ways memorable to him.

'England,' he wrote to his friend Carl Ludwig, 'is a great land, and one feels there what a magnificent thing civilisation is, and how the minutest conditions of life bear its impress. In comparison with London, Berlin and Vienna are mere villages. To describe London is impossible; it must be seen with one's own eyes before one can attempt to form an estimate of it. A visit to London marks an epoch in one's life; after such a visit, one learns to judge human actions on a scale hitherto unknown.' *

Three weeks' sight-seeing were not enough—according to his strenuous view of his duty as a tourist—to show him half the big town; but he met Faraday, Stokes, Sabine, Grove, Airy, Andrews, Rowan Hamilton, stayed with Bence Jones at Folkestone, where he picked up his early associate, Du Bois Reymond, and attended the meeting of the British Association at Hull. He then—

'Spent eight days in Scotland, to feast on nature. Edinburgh,' he continues, 'is a jewel among cities. The Scotch Highlands have a peculiar majesty, from their proximity to the Atlantic Ocean; but they are, on the whole, barren and monotonous, and not to be compared with the Alps. I saw Fingal's Cave in beautiful weather, then unceasing rain compelled me to return. I travelled home *viâ* Hull and Hamburg, and arrived with a very empty purse.'

With Lord Kelvin he formed subsequently a close and lasting friendship, and was often hospitably received by him at Glasgow. An eavesdropper with a phonograph might surreptitiously have made a fortune by recording their conversations; but none, to the world's loss, was at hand. We may be sure that they left no stone of the cosmos unturned in their eager search for truth.

Imperial favours were freely bestowed upon this illustrious German. The Emperor William admitted him to private colloquies; the ennobling preposition was added to his *bourgeois* name in 1883; he was on terms of intimacy with the Crown Prince and Princess (the present Empress

* M'Kendrick, loc. cit. p. 90.

Frederick); and William II. wrote him an autograph letter of congratulation on his seventieth birthday. This anniversary gave the signal for a demonstration with few parallels in professorial annals. Learned societies showered distinctions upon him; diplomas arrived by the dozen; addresses were voted, panegyrics recited. A Helmholtz medal was struck, and awarded to him as the leader and exemplar of future recipients. Oratory and a banquet emphasised the celebration, and his bust by Hildebrand was unveiled amid enthusiastic plaudits. It was a national festival. Yet the *Hochs!* of the Fatherland only led a chorus of applause that re-echoed 'from Tomsk to Melbourne.' Foreign potentates sent insignia; appreciations were published in foreign languages; Berlin was crowded with foreign emissaries, the representatives of kings, academies, and universities.

The hero was worthy of the ovation: not only for what he had done, but for the way in which he had done it. His name is connected with no acerbities of controversy; he did his best in serene superiority to questions of priority, or the possibility of national emulations. His acquaintance was an education. Many, in coming to know him, must have sub-consciously experienced the truth of what he said, recalling the effect of his own introduction, in early youth, to Johannes Müller: 'Contact with a man of the first order 'alters for life the entire scale of intellectual conception.' Entirely without pretension, he was impressive through innate nobility and strength. None could take him for less than he was.

'Rather above the middle stature,' Dr. M'Kendrick writes,* 'he had a firm, erect frame. His splendid head was well thrown back, so that his posture was always sure to command attention. The shape of the head was perfect, broad between the eyes, but not out of proportion. The eyes were full of intelligence, not so brilliant as deep and reflective. They often had that far-away look so conspicuous in thinkers, as if the soul were away on its own quest. His manner was dignified, almost to coldness, but it was at the same time courteous. It is said that he had occasionally a peculiar look that caused a shallow man to stop asking questions, and to feel his own unworthiness. With those who were truly in earnest he would take infinite pains to explain, listen to suggestions, and remove difficulties. Reserve was his habitual attitude. To his favourite students, and in the circle of his own friends, there was always the charm of a great personality.'

* H. F. L. von Helmholtz, p. 283.

At Leipzig in 1872, during a performance of Mendelssohn's music to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' Dr. M'Kendrick first caught sight of him. He noticed near the orchestra a head of splendid proportions, with a rapt expression in the eyes as the fairy strains floated through the Gewandhaus. 'That *must* be Helmholtz!' he thought. And it was. A few days later, he was received by him in his laboratory.

Helmholtz attended the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association in 1892, and presided over the International Electrical Congress at Chicago in 1893. This was his last excursion. On the homeward voyage he was seized with giddiness, and fell down the cabin-stairs. Concussion of the brain resulted, from which he never thoroughly recovered. The work that had been his delight became a weariness; apoplexy supervened, and he died September 8, 1894, aged seventy-three. His head, examined by Professor Hausemann, proved to be 59 centimetres in circumference. That is to say, it was smaller than Wagner's, considerably larger than Darwin's, and about the size of Bismarck's. The brain weighed 1,700 grammes, or 100 grammes more than the average.

Helmholtz was indefatigable in self-criticism and self-correction. Some parts of his memoirs were re-written five or six times before he could be content to let them leave his hands. Nor were his discoveries easily attained. He took his turn in the treadmill of patient toil, waiting for illuminations often long delayed. 'But who,' he asked,* 'can count 'or measure such mental flashes? Who can follow the 'hidden tracts by which conceptions are connected?' Nevertheless, he was characteristically attentive to the mode of their arrival.

'Lucky ideas,' he said, 'often steal into the line of thought without their importance being at first understood; then afterwards some accidental circumstance shows how and under what conditions they originated; they are present, otherwise, without our knowing whence they came. In other cases they occur suddenly, without exertion, like an inspiration. As far as my experience goes, they never come at the desk, or to a tired brain, but often on waking in the morning, or when ascending woody hills in sunny weather. The smallest quantity of alcoholic drink,' he added, 'seemed to frighten them away.'

His vigour was not of the intellect alone. In the moral

* 'Autobiographical Sketch,' Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, series ii. p. 283.

order, too, he recognised the supreme necessity for struggle and self-conquest. He pursued, of set purpose, ideal aims. He was noble, not by casual impulse, but because he deliberately chose to sacrifice petty instincts to an 'ever-'lastingly sacred' highest good.

Three representative figures stand out as the chief agents in the revolutionary progress of physical science during the second half of the nineteenth century. They are those of Clerk Maxwell, Helmholtz, and Lord Kelvin. All bore the stamp of universality distinctive of greatness. They had the largest qualifications, but they could not be specialists. In each, experimental sagacity was allied to great mathematical power; and hence their continuation of what Faraday had begun had a sureness and authority to which the results obtained by Faraday's own initiatory efforts could lay no claim. The upshot was to change essentially the prevalent conception of nature and of natural forces. A more *plastic* idea of the universe came to be entertained. Let us explain. Attention is now less concentrated on matter as such than formerly. Its relations to the medium occupy the foreground of thought. That medium—the 'luminiferous ether' looked askance at until the other day—at present fascinates and defies investigators. It links the world together; it is the common vehicle of energy. It is conspicuous to the mind, while elusive to the senses. Its negative properties are no less enigmatical than its positive attributes. The possibility, however, is dawning upon many minds that it may be the very bed-rock of creation. 'Let 'there be Light!' implied an antecedent 'Let there be ether!' visible things bodying themselves forth, at the word, from the invisible. Hence the significance of the 'vortex-atom' hypothesis, the author of which, we are happy to think, is still at hand to help on its future developement. That it symbolises a verity, rather than states a fact, must be our present verdict upon it; yet it is more than a beautiful concept of the scientific imagination. It is symptomatic of the modern tendency to establish unity, to detect continuity, to educe one order of things from another. Thus the principle of the transformation of energy has acted like a leaven on the whole mass of knowledge, levelling barriers, widening prospects, and preparing the way for more radical changes and more extensive generalisations. And each premonition of a higher unity in the world of phenomena cannot but serve as an approximation to that Supreme Unity which is hidden behind phenomena as the abiding Truth.

ART. VI.—1. *Report from the Joint Select Committee of the House of Lords and the House of Commons on Municipal Trading.* London: 1900.

2. *Journal of the Society of Arts.* Vol. xlvii. London: George Bell & Sons, 1899.

3. *Municipal Finance and Municipal Enterprise.* The annual address of the Right Hon. Sir HENRY HARTLEY FOWLER, President of the Royal Statistical Society.

4. *Municipal Government in Continental Europe.* By ALFRED SHAW. New York: The Century Company, 1897.

IT is to be regretted that the Parliamentary Committee on Municipal Trading were unable to conclude their labours before the end of the last Session of Parliament, and were only in a position to report the minutes of evidence taken before them and recommend their reappointment next year. The Committee was a joint Committee of both Houses of the Legislature, a body which has been growing, and rightly growing, in favour in recent years, and has become recognised as a weighty tribunal capable of expressing a mature and well-balanced opinion of the Legislature upon any question submitted to it. The Committee in this instance was a strong one. Lord Crewe presided; and no one who reads the evidence carefully can fail to appreciate the care and the intelligence which he bestowed on the examination of the important witnesses who came before him. The other members of the House of Lords were Lords Hampden, Peel, Windsor, and Rothschild, all of whom have proved business capacity in varying spheres of useful public work. The members appointed by the House of Commons were Sir Leonard Lyall (for whom was later substituted Sir William Dunn), Sir Walter Foster, Mr. Grant Lawson, Mr. Lewis Fry, and Mr. Hobhouse, men of experience and mark, forming with their colleagues a tribunal well able to take a broad and philosophic as well as a practical view of a question involving considerations of principle as well as detail, and of usefully influencing Parliamentary procedure in a matter of much interest both to our great municipalities and to the public at large.

The appointment of the Committee was at one time opposed, and in many quarters has been condemned, as pointing to a disposition on the part of the Legislature to mistrust and check municipal enterprise. We do not think this view well founded. Neither House has shown, nor is

there to be found in the evidence of the departmental officers examined before the Committee, any desire to hinder the legitimate growth of the work of great local corporations. On the contrary, more than one opinion was expressed by witnesses, competent to form a judgement, of the ability with which affairs properly entrusted to municipal councils are conducted. The appointment of the Committee was more probably due to a feeling that Parliament required some guidance from within as regards a somewhat rapid extension of the matters with which corporations and some councils seek to deal within their own area, and as regards the conditions under which these bodies should be allowed and encouraged to operate without their own area.

The truth is that Parliament and the country are proud of our system of local government, and have confidence in those who conduct it. But both also appreciate the immense debt which is owed to individual enterprise and the importance of doing nothing to impair its opportunities. Great as have been the services of State bodies, whether central or local, our civilisation and our national well-being have been largely helped by the energy and resource of private persons, and it would be an evil policy to discourage the investment of British capital in local concerns. The extreme advocates of Socialism may indeed say, and probably really think, that the State can do everything better than the individual, and base their policy chiefly on the argument that the State has no private interests to serve, no shareholders to consider. But, on the other hand, Socialism has all the disadvantages inherent in monopolies, and there is ample room for the work of both elective bodies and of individuals acting alone or in partnership. The problem to be solved is how best each can be made to help the other. And to this solution the joint Committee may be relied on, when it finally reports, to afford a valuable contribution. Meanwhile we propose to consider how far any distinguishing line can be drawn between those matters which can best be entrusted to municipalities and those which may safely be left to private enterprise, and whether there are any conditions which may properly be imposed on either in the general interests of the community.

The *raison d'être* of municipal authority is the need of good management of provincial areas in matters outside the province of the central government. Thus the administration of local justice, including police; the care of the public health of the district; the provision and management of

thoroughfares, of buildings to be used for the public requirements of the inhabitants, of public educational establishments, and of markets and of public baths, were duties early entrusted to municipal councils, as clearly essential to their exercise of powers of wise government. But even here there was no ousting of private schools, or private wash-houses or baths. The value of individual enterprise was recognised, and opportunities for its exercise safeguarded. Even later, when there was devolved upon the municipalities the duty of supplying light and water, the rights of private supply were kept in view, and so late an Act as the Borough Funds Act of 1872 explicitly abstained from authorising the promotion of Bills in Parliament for the establishment of gas or water works to compete with any existing statutory supply.

It may be said with a great degree of accuracy that the duty of municipal bodies was in their inception limited to the supply of essentials. But the difference between what is essential to the well-being of a citizen of so complicate a community as ours, and what is desirable only, is very difficult to define; and the difficulty has been proved by experience to be so great that vast extension of municipal enterprise has grown up in matters closely affecting, but not logically essential to, the welfare of the inhabitants. Thus water and light are clearly essentials, locomotion is not. As regards locomotion, therefore, Parliament for a long time was content to trust more to private enterprise than to the labours of corporations. Our great railways owe little to municipal aid; our systems of omnibuses and of coaches even less. For many years after the inception of tramways the Legislature discouraged municipal ownership of tramways, and sternly opposed municipal working thereof. For long after the passing of the general statute of 1870 dealing with tramways, the only municipality having authority to own and work tramways in its district was Glasgow. But many circumstances led to acquisition of tramway systems by municipalities, and once the principle of ownership was conceded, the right to work could not long be resisted. For unless municipal owners of tramways have power to work, it is obvious that they are more or less at the mercy of possible lessees. The corporation could not afford to let the tramways remain idle, and were, therefore, hampered in obtaining a fair price for the right to work. For some time an attempt was made at a compromise, and

leave was given to municipalities to work their tramways provided that they proved to the satisfaction of a State Department that they were unable to lease at a fair price. But the Parliamentary arrangement embodied in what was known as the Huddersfield clause did not work very well, and for the last few years Parliament has abandoned its opposition to working and acquiesced in the gradual passing of the tramways into the hands of local authorities.

There is much advantage in this system, for the control of tramways remains in the hands of the bodies seised with the management of the roads, and with the power of policing the traffic. Thus there is no conflict, and the comfort and convenience of the public as well as their safety can be looked after by one authority and without friction. Of its disadvantages we shall say something when we come to deal with the operations of municipalities outside their own area. It suffices for the moment to point out that the principle of entrusting full control of tramways in their district to municipal bodies is now fully admitted by Parliament and is not likely to be altered. This is not the case as regards omnibuses and hackney carriages. Local authorities have not hitherto been allowed to establish these, and though logically any such difference between a system of tramways and a system of omnibuses* as would justify the municipal acquisition of the one without justifying the municipal acquisition of the other is not easy to lay down, public opinion supports the distinction, and the private ownership of omnibuses and hackney carriages is not seriously assailed.

We have said that light is an essential. Because it is so, public lighting has been with very few exceptions invariably entrusted to local authorities. But the right of individuals to undertake private lighting has been as fully recognised. In the Metropolis the whole of the gas supply is in the hands of private companies, the public authorities contracting with them for what is necessary. In the provinces there are 222 systems of municipal supply and 439 systems of private supply. When electrical energy became available as a means of lighting, Parliament at once provided a system by which statutory authority could be obtained by either local authorities or private companies to distribute the energy required. The Board of Trade, to which department was

* Municipal omnibuses have been allowed in a few cases to work at the dead ends of tramways.

entrusted the duty of preparing the necessary provisional orders and submitting them for Parliamentary confirmation, have usually acted on the principle of giving preference to a local authority over a company where both apply, but there is nothing either in the statute itself or in the procedure of Parliament which gives municipal corporations a monopoly or discourages private enterprise. The House of Commons indeed on a comparatively recent occasion declined to give a metropolitan vestry power to compete with a company already established, even though it was shown that there was public demand for such competition. And with electricity as with gas Parliament seems to adhere to the position that it will not favour rate-aided competition with invested capital, or allow a municipality to undertake supply when a company has provided an installation, and is distributing from it.

On the other hand, the Legislature refuses to grant an unlimited concession to private companies. Their tenure of the Parliamentary privilege of supply, which was twenty-one years under the Act of 1882, is limited to forty-two years under the Act of 1888. At the end of that time the municipalities have an option of purchase, free practically from any obligation to pay for goodwill. Eventually, therefore, it may be contemplated that the whole supply of electrical energy for lighting purposes will be in the hands of local authorities. Thus it is clear that as regards water, light, and to some extent locomotion, the State has encouraged municipal action, which is gradually occupying the whole of the field to the exclusion of private enterprise.

Before passing from this portion of the subject we may point out that there are two broad lines of policy on which municipalities may act in regard to this portion of their work. They may conduct the management of water, gas, and tramways with a view solely to cheapness, or they may conduct it with a view to profit. The town-clerk of Birmingham, an officer of great ability and experience, told Lord Crewe's Committee that in Birmingham the policy as initiated by Mr. Chamberlain, and continued from the date of his mayoralty, was to make no profit out of water, but to make profit out of gas, on the ground apparently that water was a necessity of life, and that a good supply was essential to the sanitary welfare of the inhabitants. The corporation has continued to make profit out of gas even though the price was reduced by a shilling between 1875 and 1900. The temptation to make profit is, we

suspect, too great to be resisted by local authorities generally, having regard to the very natural desire felt by mayors and town councils for either improvement of their borough, or diminution of the calls upon its inhabitants.

On this point the evidence of the Lord Provost of Glasgow is important. He expressed the opinion that the application of profits to the relief of the general rate would be dangerous. The temptation to starve an enterprise in order to set aside a sum for reduction of rate would act injuriously to the ratepayers. The merger of all the enterprises conducted by a corporation into one fund would not lead to efficiency of management; for there would be grave loss of stimulus if the manager of one enterprise understood that if he made a loss it would be recouped by a surplus from another. Lastly and not least, the reduction of rates is not clearly for the benefit of the whole body of ratepayers. If rates are reduced by municipal profits the landlords would simply increase the rental, and the benefit would go into one class of pocket, and not benefit the public at all.* These considerations lead the Corporation of Glasgow to apply the profits of each undertaking to that undertaking. But the principle so followed is by no means of universal application, and many of the more important municipalities do apply profit to reduction of rates or the relief of other corporate expenditure.

In connexion with the sanitary administration of their districts local authorities are authorised to provide slaughter-houses, cemeteries and burial-grounds, baths and wash-houses, and markets. These may be regarded as more closely connected with government than with trading, and to be more or less beyond cavil even by pronounced foes of State interference. Less free from question is the operation of those local authorities who supply artisans' dwellings or common lodging-houses. Lord Avebury, in his evidence, quoted some observations made by Lord Rosebery at the opening of some workmen's dwellings erected in Shoreditch. In that case the number of persons dispossessed by the scheme was 533 and the number of houses erected 472. Thus more individuals were rendered homeless than were ultimately provided for. Lord Rosebery pointed out that the inhabitants of the new dwellings were not the inhabitants dispossessed; and it is also clear that, if the rent which the incoming tenants are willing to pay is accepted, the result is that the class housed would be in a higher or more highly

* Evidence, question 2853, &c.

remunerated sphere of life than the people dispossessed. The provision of wholesome dwellings for the poor is an object so universally approved that any member of Parliament resisting a measure framed to give powers to local authorities in regard to workmen's dwellings would find himself in a position of much difficulty. But if municipalities undertake to provide tenements, companies will refuse to compete with them, and private philanthropy will be tempted to stand aside. It is therefore a matter for grave doubt whether the action of municipalities in this particular sphere of work is really for the benefit of the poor, and whether by tinkering at an evil they do not make it worse than it would be if they left it alone.

The functions which we have referred to above as being those generally undertaken by municipalities may not unreasonably be defined as functions of service rather than of trade. The distinction, we admit, is a narrow one, but we find no better; and it was drawn by so high an authority as the Lord Provost of Glasgow. Before we pass to undertakings of a different class it is desirable for a moment to consider the attitude of corporations in regard to telephones. Telephonic communication is the monopoly of the Postmaster-General, and the possession of a license from him is a condition precedent to the establishment of a system by any other person. Acting as his licensees, the National Telephone Company have elaborated a supply which has fallen far short of satisfying the requirements of the public. By a consensus of opinion it is agreed that we are far behind not only the United States, but many parts of the Continent, in the facilities afforded for telephonic communication. The enjoyment by the company of what has been practically a monopoly has resulted in a service which is costly and inadequate. Telephones, if not actually a necessity of business life, are essential to its proper conduct. When the State, acting by the Postmaster General, refused to undertake the expense of establishing telephones, it adopted the alternative, which has certainly not proved successful, of handing the duty over to a company having no control of the highways or streets, and dependent on private negotiation for way-leaves. We are not concerned to discuss the question whether the failure of the National Telephone Company is due to the inherent difficulties of their task, or to the imperfect exercise of their powers. That they have failed is generally admitted, but as yet no method more likely to be successful has been adopted. The Government

continues to refuse to do for telephones what it has done with more or less good results for telegraphs; and at the same time has shown no disposition to follow the precedent of electric lighting and grant concessions limited to defined areas. The present state of things cannot continue without risk of provoking public indignation. The solution of the difficulty which has more than once been pressed on the attention of the Post Office and the Treasury is that they should become the owners and workers of trunk lines, and that limited franchise should be given either to municipal bodies or to companies, competing companies if necessary, over local areas. After repeated application Glasgow has obtained a license from the Postmaster-General, and is in a position to work an exchange over an area equal to that worked in Glasgow by the National Company. Only from the spread of this system and the consequent introduction of the principle of competition can we look for such a perfection of telephonic facilities as will enable all classes of the public to communicate with each other as freely and as cheaply as they do by post. Already in Glasgow it is proposed to establish numerous call offices where for a penny any one will be able to communicate with the entire area. The extension of such a system to the United Kingdom is a task immeasurably less difficult than the establishment of the penny post, and if properly worked there is every prospect that it would be a source of actual profit to those who undertake it. But the position requires to be boldly handled; the interests of a body of monopolists cannot be allowed to override the advantage and convenience of the public at large; and the efforts of the central Government should be supplemented by the energy and enterprise of local associations.

The satisfaction which municipal authorities have felt at the performance of the duties which we have referred to above has led, as might naturally be expected, to a desire for further responsibilities. Attempts have therefore been from time to time made to obtain an extension of the scope of municipal undertakings in directions which are far more open to criticism than the provision of either water, locomotion, or light, or the rendering of those services connected with local government which we have already mentioned. By an Act of last year power was given to a Midland corporation to provide Turkish baths. In a bill of the recent session power was sought, among other things, to provide apparatus for games and athletics, to be used

presumably, but not necessarily, on recreation-grounds established by the authority. In another, power was sought to provide refrigerators and cold ice stores for the preservation of marketable articles, and to sell ice. In another it was proposed to provide bathing tents. In another tailoring was contemplated; saddlery in another. In several, power was asked for to construct and manage refreshment-rooms in parks. By many corporations the power of manufacturing as well as supplying electrical fittings was demanded, and in three cases efforts were made to acquire the privilege of providing entertainments and charging for admission. These instances point to a very far-reaching attempt by municipalities to invade the province of individual enterprise, an attempt which needs very careful watching, and some authoritative pronouncement by Parliament of wider influence than the decision of particular committees.

For there can be no doubt that the constitution of Select Committees does not tend to uniformity of Parliamentary procedure, or the adoption of any carefully considered and authoritatively defined policy. Lord Morley indeed explained to the Joint Committee the carefully worked system with which he and the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons deal with the proposals contained in private bills, and the vigilance of these gentlemen and their advisers, backed by the work of the Police and Sanitary Committee, goes far to minimise the risk that inequitable or improper proposals should slip through the Legislature unobserved. Nevertheless the exercise of this vigilance, of which Lord Redesdale was the first author, and in respect to which his example has been followed by successive chairmen of committees in both Houses, is not in itself a wholly sufficient safeguard. Lord Morley pointed out how he invariably refused to propose or support a bill containing a clause authorising the manufacture as well as the supply of electric and water fittings, but in spite of this well-understood attitude which the House of Lords has at his instance adopted, similar proposals are constantly made. It seems clear, therefore, that promoters have a lingering hope that their proposals will escape notice, and will be adopted by the Legislature without that full consideration which their novelty or their importance deserves. Unless Parliament makes up its mind with regard to some limit, it is sure to receive requests for powers of increasing variety and ever-widening scope; and there is serious risk that precedents may inadvertently be created by individual committees which it may be difficult hereafter to resist.

That there ought to be a limit we are satisfied. The policy of piling more and more work on corporations and town councils cannot safely be extended indefinitely. Councillors cannot undertake the supply of an enormous variety of commodities, however desirable it may be that there should be such a supply, without doing two things—overtasking their own powers, and injuriously interfering with the action of private traders. Aldermen and town councillors are, after all, unpaid, and valuable as is the unpaid labour of many functionaries of the United Kingdom, it is most unwise to lay upon unpaid labour too severe a burden. Not even a member of the London County Council—and the capacity for work of that body seems to be enormous, and to be maintained without any regard to the exhaustion of those who do it—can attend more than a certain number of committees, or efficiently take part in the direction of more than a certain number of divisions of work. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the majority of members of municipal councils are either men who have retired from business or who still are in business. The proportion of rich men wholly free from calls on their time, who devote themselves to local affairs, is small, especially in boroughs. It follows, therefore, that town councillors cannot give their whole time to municipal work, except in the case of men of comparatively advanced years, and even they are not likely to tolerate more than a certain inroad on their leisure. The danger, therefore, that if too much work is devolved upon local authorities it will be done with ever-lessening efficiency is considerable. This is not, however, so great a risk as would be undue interference with private enterprise. The huge volume of commerce of this country has been built up by private enterprise. It still exceeds the volume of commerce of any other country, in spite of the energetic competition of German and American rivals. The skill and perseverance to which it is due have overcome great difficulties, survived great dangers. To private enterprise, encouraged it may be by the countenance and support of the State, but owing little to its direct interference, is owing much of the prosperity of the Empire and the comfort of its inhabitants. Were the State to step in now and, by giving largely extended monopolies for the supply of commodities where no monopoly is *ex necessitate rei* compulsory, oust private enterprise from an important sphere of usefulness, it would be taking a retrograde step of widely baneful effect.

Let us for a moment consider in this aspect the question of food supply. If municipalities supply bakeries, why should they not attempt to supply bread? If slaughter-houses, why not animals? Mr. Burns, who ably supported the most advanced socialistic views at a discussion on this subject which took place at the rooms of the Society of Arts, would probably say 'Why not, indeed?' But wiser economists regard with a feeling little short of dread any effort to destroy the advantages arising from private enterprise in the matter of food supply. Were the duty of providing grain and meat entrusted either to a central or a local authority, there would be danger of paralysis in times of national emergency. The inventiveness and resource which search the world for means of providing this country with food would be hampered and checked—we are tempted to say, would in time be starved into inanition. As it is, we do not believe it possible, even were the fleets of Europe combined against us, that the importation of the grain and meat necessary to supplement our own resources would be altogether stopped. If any large proportion of the duty of supply devolved exclusively on a Government department, or local authorities generally, it is by no means clear that the same immunity would endure. Neither the State nor its local representatives can successfully establish the system of world-wide agency on which the operations of merchants, acting individually or in association, so largely depend. They cannot hope to carry out all the operations necessary to the distribution of food, and it is better, therefore, that they should attempt none.

There are two other considerations which were dwelt upon by Lord Alverstone, then Attorney-General, at the Society of Arts discussion. After pointing out that the power of corporations to make profits was quite a modern developement which even as recently as the beginning of the Queen's reign was contrary to law, he urged that it was almost impossible to put the burden of trading on the right shoulders and so to regulate the charge as to place no weight on those who derived no benefit. It is not possible for a corporation to make the cost of an undertaking and the charge for it exactly balance, or so to adjust its affairs that the burden or profit of the undertaking should only fall on, or accrue to, those who use it. This is especially the case where a sinking-fund is provided, and where consequently the ratepayers of the present are charged for the benefit of the ratepayers of the future. On the other hand,

if no sinking-fund is provided there is risk that the ratepayers of the present may derive an advantage for which the ratepayers of the future will have to pay. The second point is, that there is no inducement held out to corporations to renew plant till it is worn out, or to replace obsolete machinery by improved. The stimulus of enhanced profit being lacking, corporations are tempted to go on with existing methods and devices as long as they possibly can. With private enterprise the temptation is the other way. No proprietor of a big business can hope to be lastingly successful who does not take the earliest opportunity of introducing the latest improvements for reducing the cost of production, or increasing its efficiency. Manufacturers who are not perpetually on the search for new inventions and fresh devices soon find that their profits dwindle. Under the useful influence of competition they do not hesitate to incur expense in developement, which corporations too often indefinitely postpone.

We believe, then, that it behoves Parliament to impose some carefully framed limit on the trading efforts of municipalities within the areas administered by them. It may be that Lord Crewe's Committee may find some sounder basis for fixing that limit than was suggested to them by the Lord Provost of Glasgow. But there is much wisdom in the definition he laid down, and he supported it with good sense fortified by long experience. He said that the municipalities might safely be entrusted with, but confined to, the supply of things which were in their nature suitable to a monopoly, which were articles of necessity, and which required control of the streets or portions of the public property of the municipality. Water is a necessity. No one wants two systems of water supply in the same area. And water supply involves user of the streets. So with tramways—where competition in the same district is not desirable. So with gas, and *malgré* the example of London where the double supply of energy for lighting purposes is not free from objection, so with electricity. Similar considerations apply, perhaps not with precisely the same force, but nevertheless with sufficient force, in the case of markets, slaughter-houses, public baths, and cemeteries. They do not apply in the case of bathing tents, refreshment-rooms, or refrigerators.

How necessary is the determination of its own attitude by Parliament may be demonstrated by reference to its action with regard to some of the exceptional powers sought during the recent session. Power to supply and let bathing tents

was, as we have stated, applied for by one corporation. This was refused. But in another case power was given to supply baths attached to pavilions and refreshment-rooms in public recreation-grounds. One corporation was allowed to make and sell ice, and provide refrigerators and cold-air stores. Another was refused power to make and sell ice, but allowed to provide refrigerators if and when it became the market authority. Until some principle is authoritatively laid down we may expect that the decisions of committees will be conflicting, that corporations will be encouraged to apply for much in the hope of getting something, and that the promoters of private undertakings will not be able to discover what doors are open to them, what are ajar, and what indisputably closed.

The task of Parliament is probably made easier by the fact that our municipal administration is far more free than that of many other countries from corruption and jobbery. Something may be said with regard to the attitude of municipalities towards those companies who seek concessions within their area; and on this point we propose presently to refer to some evidence which was given before the Joint Committee. But as regards their own action we have no hesitation in saying that our corporations are pure. Local affairs are administered with sole regard to the interests of the public. Occasionally follies are committed, and the fads of individual administrators are allowed to produce extravagance and loss. But the system of municipal administration which prevails in the United States, and which is caustically criticised by a writer in the 'Contemporary 'Review' of December 1899,* is entirely foreign to the morality and the taste of the British Empire. No mayor or alderman would in this country, as in America, receive many thousands a year from an assurance company in which all the city officials find it convenient to take out their guarantee bonds at double rates, or draw large dividends from partnership in a firm of auctioneers and valuers doing municipal business. Nor could the head of a watering department receive money from contractors for permission to work below their contract. Such operations as have characterised the work of the 'Rings' in New York and Philadelphia would be impossible in Great Britain. Nor could it be said of British administration what is

* 'The Trend in American Cities.' By J. W. Martin. 'Contemporary Review,' No. ccccviii., December 1899.

said of American administration by Mr. John G. Agar in 'Municipal Affairs,' a New York quarterly, for March 1900:—

'Our municipalities are not organisations adapted to carry on any business properly. The powers which they possess are too narrowed by legislative limitations, or if perchance they be endowed with ample powers, the officials who possess them are as a rule disqualified by want of technical training or moral habit from exercising them for the best benefit of the community . . . The system of public ownership and operation in this country and at this time would certainly generate fraud in the procurement of labour and materials; would bring to the front ignorance, negligence and corruption in management; would give undue scope to party politics, more frequent opportunity for change of employees for corrupt purposes, and less opportunity to secure efficient service at reasonable rates; all to the end that the spoils system would be vastly strengthened and the people longer kept apart from their own.'

It is due to this cause that municipal enterprise with us is far ahead of municipal enterprise in the States, and that any tendency to go further has to be dealt with, not with regard to any corruption and rottenness in itself, but with regard to the true exercise of its influence on the interests of the public at large.

The attitude of local authorities towards companies seeking or exercising powers in their district is not so entirely free from the possibility of adverse comment as is their own administration. Where, as in the case of tramways, the consent of a local authority is necessary to the grant of a provisional order or the introduction of a private bill * by a company, and also where, as in the case of electric lighting, the same consent is necessary, but may be dispensed with, local authorities have in a good many instances used their veto for the purpose of extorting conditions of doubtful equity. Not a tittle of evidence has indeed been brought forward to show that money payments to individuals are demanded as a price for assent, or that, as in America, direct or indirect commissions are paid. But conditions are required which press unduly on promoters, yet which nevertheless they often feel themselves forced to concede. Where these conditions are agreed there is risk that clauses giving effect to them may pass select committees *sub silentio*. Indeed, there is no doubt that in the majority of cases they would do so were it not for the action of Lord Morley and Mr.

* The former is by statute, the latter by standing order of Parliament.

Lowther. The evidence of Mr. Gray, counsel to the former, upon this point is noteworthy. He began by saying that in his view the intention of Parliament was that the consent of the local authority should be a 'clear consent:' that is, that it should exercise its discretion as to whether tramways should or should not be introduced into a town or a part of it, and leave the matter there. He went on, however, to add:* 'But there has sprung up unfortunately a practice of 'demanding conditions by local authorities when their con- 'sent is asked for, and these conditions amount now in some 'cases to a demand that the local authority shall share the 'profits of the undertaking during the period which Par- 'liament has given as the term of the company's tenure.' And he gave some remarkable instances of methods by which this was attempted to be done. In certain instances an annual rent was required to be paid by the company to the corporation. In others it was proposed to provide free passes over the tramways to officials of the council or other approved persons. A more common exaction attempted is to impose upon the promoters the duty of paying the whole cost of widening certain streets, including the purchase of land, or to oblige the company to pave the whole and not merely a portion of the street. Sometimes the company are compelled to allow the use of their poles for electric lighting, sewer ventilation, or other purposes.

Such clauses as these are usually struck out by the chairmen in the Houses, but even if in no instance does any objectionable condition escape their vigilance, it does not follow that the bargain which Parliament refuses to sanction is not carried out by an agreement made outside and independently of the bill.

Under the Electric Lighting Act, the assent of the local authority is a condition precedent to the grant of a provisional order. But the Board of Trade, the department granting the provisional order, can dispense with that consent and occasionally do so. They have therefore full opportunity for reviewing the conditions proposed to be attached, and striking out those which are inequitable. Indeed, as every clause has to be passed by them, they have a distinct obligation in the matter. There are strong grounds for assimilating the law of tramways and the law of electric lighting in this respect, and, by removal of the absolute veto of local authorities, destroying the temptation

* Evidence, question 342, &c.

to exact conditions which partake somewhat of the nature of blackmail. Not the least of the grounds is that, as Mr. Gray pointed out, it is not the greater municipalities of whom any complaint can be made. The authorities in such towns as Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, Huddersfield and Glasgow—the list is too long to set out exhaustively—are far too public-spirited and large-minded to put forward unfair terms. 'It is the smaller local authorities who seem to 'imagine they are entitled to get as much as they can out 'of the companies by these concessions.' The power of the smaller local authorities to give play to this imagination is neither fair to the private companies nor to the interests of the public generally, and the sooner it is removed by Parliament the better.

We have hitherto dealt with the work of municipal corporations within their own area. Lord Crewe's Committee will have in addition to deal with the operations of local authorities outside their own area. This aspect of the question is not complicated by extensive consideration of the subjects with which those operations deal. As yet the efforts of municipalities to obtain powers beyond local boundaries have not gone much beyond water, light, and locomotion. But the tendency to widen the spheres within which municipal supply of water, light, and locomotion is undertaken has of recent years grown very rapidly, and complications have shown themselves which call for parliamentary settlement, under peril of their becoming sources of inefficiency and friction.

It is difficult to lay down any rule which would prohibit any large municipality having established a well-considered and comprehensive system of water-supply from sharing the benefits of that supply with their neighbours. In Glasgow there is an excellent provision of water; the corporation supply a large area outside the city. They supply it, indeed, at a price about 33 per cent. higher than that which they charge to their own citizens, and thereby place the ratepayers of Glasgow in the position of traders making profit out of the ratepayers of neighbouring districts. But it is probably true that the neighbouring districts benefit by the arrangement. They could not easily find the capital necessary for a sufficient supply, and if they did they could scarcely confine that supply exactly to their own needs. It is probably cheaper for them to purchase from Glasgow than either to establish a system or organise a company with wide responsibilities and powers. When this, how-

ever, is granted the problem is not entirely solved. If municipalities may go outside their area, how far may they go? If they may make a profit out of their neighbours, is any limitation to be placed on its extent? Glasgow may be content with supplying a limited area, and with charging outsiders 10*d.* in the pound on their rental as compared with 7½*d.* charged to citizens. Other municipalities may desire to extend their area and increase their profits. We are no enemies of the London County Council, and have no desire to condemn the energy of that very zealous and self-confident body; but we shrewdly suspect that, if the water-supply of their own county were in their hands, they would rapidly develope a desire to include Essex, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and Surrey within their sphere of usefulness.

As with water, so also with tramways, Parliament has found it impossible to confine municipalities absolutely to their own area. The work of tramway companies had clearly no such limitation, and when the Legislature authorised the transfer of tramways, as regards working as well as regards ownership, to local authorities, it found itself at once face to face with the difficulty that exceptions to any such limitations were necessary. A populous or popular place might, for instance, be a few hundred yards outside a local boundary. It is obviously essential to good working of the tramway, and to the convenience of those who use it, that such a place should be connected with the town system. And it would be absurd to lay down the rule that a town might own and work all but a few hundred yards of its system, and that those should be administered by some other body. Or, again, a link might be necessary to connect, say, Leeds and Bradford, and it would be difficult to defend the proposition that Bradford and Leeds might each own and work its own system, but that the connexion between the two must be worked by neither.

But, the door once opened, the opening has become wider and wider. Glasgow is already working thirteen miles outside the city boundary, and expects soon to be working thirty-four. Huddersfield obtained powers this year to establish spurs of its own system, extending in many directions into many areas. And unless some proper check can be established, we may expect ere long to see a large number of town councils in the position of a board of directors owning and controlling a network of tramways over a wide district, and comparable in difficulty and importance with many minor systems of railways.

Somewhat similar is the position as regards electric lighting. Hertford, Taunton, Bangor, Bolton, and Birkenhead have powers of electric supply extending beyond their own cities. Manchester is empowered by statute to acquire concessions granted to local authorities adjacent to her boundaries, and has already dealt with five such authorities. Similar permission has been given by Parliament to St. Helens, Blackpool, Bootle, and Stockport. As yet, while the use of electricity is more or less confined to lighting, the areas of supply contemplated and applied for are not of unwieldy extent. But the promoters of the Electric Storage Bills of last session demonstrated clearly the advantages of wholesale dealing in electricity when that energy is used for power as well as light; and the ramifications of municipal enterprise are certain to increase with the growth of the uses to which electricity may be put.

Parliament, therefore, has to deal with a confirmed and rapidly developing tendency of municipalities to extend their operations further and further afield. It is a tendency that appears to be open to many serious dangers. As long as all goes well, the intrusion of one authority into the district of another will probably be regarded as for the interests of both. But in times of difficulty friction is certain to arise, and the jealousy and mistrust which local authorities as well as other administrative councils are apt to feel for each other are sure to come into play. Town councils are not more free from risk of disputes with their workmen than are other employers, and a labour dispute between a large municipality working a huge network of tramways in and outside the borough and the men whom it employs would be greatly complicated by the fact that some of the latter would be ratepayers in another district. So, too, if any question arose as to conditions of traffic or supply. It would be inevitably felt and said that, the primary duty of the supplying authority being to its own citizens, consumers in other districts would be obliged to put up with a second best, which would not be the case were they dealing with a company. The list of circumstances calculated to cause friction might be greatly extended. We have said enough to show that the policy of allowing municipal enterprise to extend the area of its trading operations cannot safely be allowed indefinite expansion. Some check, such as insistence on joint management and a sharing of responsibility by all the authorities affected, will have to be devised, and the higher the authority devising it the better.

The present seems a good opportunity for doing this. For it is easier to check the developement of a policy which has reached a stage little open to censure, and possessing many advantages, than when it has progressed far into a region of controversy. The country is, as we have already said, proud of its municipal government, and has felt confidence in its municipal administrators. It has allowed and encouraged a growth of municipal enterprise which is greatly in advance of other countries. It finds a purity of method which is far from being reached on the other side of the Atlantic. It finds a combination of zeal and resource to which our colonies have not yet attained. The magnitude of the increase of responsibility which has resulted may be appreciated when it is remembered that whereas between 1875 and 1898 the National Debt was reduced by 130 millions, the local debt was during the same period increased by 170 millions. As yet this debt has produced no pressure. It would be rash to say it will never do so. New inventions may at any time destroy the value of undertakings at present remunerative. A European war in which this country was concerned might seriously add to the pressure of a burden now lightly borne. Even if no such dangers become imminent, an unlimited encroachment into the field of private enterprise by rate-found capital cannot be regarded without dismay even by staunch advocates of local government.

We have already referred to the limitations suggested by the Lord Provost of Glasgow. Sir Henry Fowler, a friend of municipal administration if ever there was one, pursuing a similar line of thought, has suggested a slightly different definition of the sphere within which corporate enterprise might be confined. He would limit it to such undertakings as are clearly for the common good and the general use of the whole community, and which it is for the public advantage to place under public control. But he at once recognised a qualification of this definition when he went on to point out that general user cannot of itself decide the question, otherwise would municipal manufacture of tobacco and beer become desirable, with this result, that if the price of these articles as municipally supplied were higher than the actual cost, the consumers thereof would be rated for the relief of those who do not smoke or drink beer; if lower, those who neither smoke nor drink would be taxed to supply those who do.

Again, where a municipality trades in competitive articles

it taxes the whole community, including the private trader, who finds himself compelled to contribute to a fund designed to destroy his profits and ruin his trade. The taxation of the whole body of consumers for the benefit of a limited number of producers is a policy opposed not only to the essential principles of Free trade, but to a view of economy which is taken by a largely preponderating majority of Englishmen who have at all considered the question. Mr. Burns, indeed, and the extreme Socialists who hold that all private property and all instruments of production should be in the hands of the State, may think otherwise. But the sound principle is that which will probably recommend itself not only to the Legislature, but to the general opinion of the country.

There is still one more point of view from which a policy of extended municipal enterprise may be regarded. We have hitherto dealt chiefly with the economical side of the question. Sight must not be lost of the political or social side. Were corporations allowed to become traders on a widely extended scale, huge and ever-increasing numbers of the lower and middle classes would become salaried officials of the local bodies in whose election, as things are at present, they would have a considerable share. This would be desirable neither in their own interests nor in those of the general body of ratepayers. If they were allowed to continue in the enjoyment of the right to vote at municipal elections, they would be unable to resist the temptation of endeavouring to improve their conditions of employment by combined use of the franchise. They would believe themselves in the possession of a powerful lever which they would endeavour to use solely for their own benefit. From this danger the Civil Service of the Crown itself is not entirely free. The danger would be more general, more influential, and more far-reaching in its effects in the case of municipal officers and workmen. Already there has arisen in some quarters a demand for the parliamentary disfranchisement of civil servants. The justice of the demand has not as yet been generally admitted, because civil servants are concerned in the wise government of the country, and ought not to be wholly without influence in the selection of its governors. It would be less easy to insist on the right to the municipal franchise of municipal servants if they could be shown to be habitually using that franchise with sole regard to their attitude towards their employers.

Nor is it for the advantage of the community that there

should be an army of salaried officials of municipalities living in their midst. In this country we might perhaps expect to avoid the corruption, the financial tyranny, and the dishonesty which, on the other side of the Atlantic, have tended to enrich a few privileged and unscrupulous individuals at the expense of the public. We could scarcely hope to escape the evils inseparable from 'dressing' a huge number of persons in 'a little brief authority' over the business relations and even the social life of their neighbours. On the Continent our friends, and still more their guests, have long groaned under the small despotisms exercised by municipalities and their officers. But their powers are wielded in matters of government, not in matters of trade. In the United Kingdom people would not stand being dragooned by regiments of uniformed officials when purchasing necessaries or moving from place to place. From any such risk competition frees them now. It would no longer do so were there to be a very wide extension of municipal monopolies. The petty but very irritating friction even now produced by the temptation to abuse authority, to which officers of railway companies and other large industrial undertakings are prone to yield, would be gravely increased were the authority wielded by officers not of private companies, but public authorities. The difficulty of dealing with labour disputes would be greatly enhanced, and the value of municipal administration seriously impaired, were a large body of municipal electors in a position to use their votes for personal rather than public considerations.

All that we have said points to the extreme desirability of the reappointment of Lord Crewe's Committee next year. This will now have to be the work of a new Parliament, and there may become necessary some changes in the *personnel* of the Committee, which may be a subject of regret, but need not materially impair the value of a report. We cannot too firmly insist on the proposition the truth of which Sir Henry Fowler himself asserted. An inquiry into municipal trading is neither directly nor indirectly an attack upon our municipal institutions. What it may lead to is the establishment of wise and temperate conditions regulating the grant of powers, and affecting the area within which they should be exercised, as well as the subject-matters with which they should deal. To the determination of such conditions the most staunch friend of municipal institutions need not object. No one denies what Sir Henry Fowler described as the rare advantages of the devotion, wise supervision, and

experienced management of the large array of citizens who work our local administration. But the truest admirers of that large army must admit that there are limits to the value and efficiency of their work, and cannot desire to extend it indefinitely. The sphere of usefulness of our great boroughs is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of even the most energetic lord mayor, mayor, or town-clerk. But neither those functionaries nor the country wish to see a system of bureaucratic influence built up which would tend to paralyse individual enterprise and remove inducements to that investment of capital and skill by private persons to which our Empire is so largely indebted for the extent of its commerce and the magnitude of its resources.

ART. VII.—1. *Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul.* By T. RICE HOLMES. London: Macmillan, 1899.

2. *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum.* Vol. XIII. Edidit O. HIRSCHFELD. Berlin: Reimer, 1899.

3. *Caesars Rheinfestung.* Von H. NISSEN und C. KOENEN. Bonn: Verein von Altertumsfreunden, 1899.

4. *The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone.* By W. H. (BULLOCK) HALL. London: Macmillan, 1898.

5. *La Religion des Gaulois, les Druides et le Druidisme.* Par A. BERTRAND. Paris: Leroux, 1897.

THE Italian statesman Machiavelli, in his 'Prince,' makes some curious and suggestive remarks on the best methods of making and maintaining a conquest. The theme has not often been pursued since his day; during the last half-century in particular, men have preferred other and pleasanter aspects of history than that afforded by wars and national catastrophes. But the experiences of conquering peoples are neither dull nor unimportant, and the various forms of conquest may occupy the reader with at least as much propriety as the various forms of individual slavery. Two of these forms of conquest are well enough known to modern men. To us in England the most familiar is the conquest effected by civilised white men over uncivilised Africans or Asiatics who seem to be separated from their conquerors not only by the degree of their civilisation, but even more by a broad distinction of race. Such conquests, we know, are often successful, permanent, and accepted by the conquered, but they do not and perhaps cannot result in the fusion of conquered and conqueror. To the continental European, on the other hand, the word conquest denotes rather the conquest of civilised white men by civilised white men, followed, as experience bitterly proves, by the persistent hatred of Pole for Russian or southern Slav for Magyar.

We desire to consider here a third and different form of conquest, the conquest of uncivilised by civilised Europeans where no racial gulf irremediably sunders the conquered and the conquerors, and the difference in civilisation can therefore become obliterated by the assimilation of the one to the other. No instance of such a conquest has occurred in recent times. The peoples of Europe—the white races as we style them—have all long since attained a greater or less

degree of civilisation, and if they were now to conquer one another, their conquest would resemble the conquest of Poland. But we can find instances in antiquity, and we have several in the history of the Roman Empire. The extension of that Empire over western and central Europe was, in fact, the conquest by civilised Italians of uncivilised Gauls and Spaniards and Germans and Dacians who were not far removed racially from their conquerors. They possessed at least the one thing needful, the capacity to develope in conformity to the civilised Italian type; they became in the end as Roman as the Romans. We propose in the following paragraphs to trace one of these conquests, the conquest of Gaul—that is, France and western Germany. Part of the story is familiar to everyone. *Et nos ergo manum* ——; we have all misconstrued Cæsar in our time, fourteen lines a lesson. But we will now stretch the tale out further, beginning at the first annexation sixty years before Cæsar's campaigns, and continuing on till the settlement of Gaul under the early Empire.

The period in which Rome commenced her definite occupation of Gaulish soil is curious and remarkable, and historians have not always described it well. It is best known as the age of the Gracchi, when, as we are usually told, the internal energy and external power of Rome were alike visibly declining, and the very existence of the State was endangered by convulsive efforts at reform. The men who lived at the time would perhaps have put it otherwise. The sixty years from about B.C. 160 to B.C. 100, in the middle of which the elder Gracchus rose and fell, were years for Rome of immense and real expansion. It was an expansion in one definite direction—commercial and capitalist. The dominant senatorial oligarchy combined with the great traders—merchants, money-lenders, slave-dealers—to carry out a policy of wide external aggrandisement which immediately enriched politician and trader alike. At the opening of this half-century Rome possessed four 'provinces' outside of Italy; five were now added and were filled at once with a crowd of Romans. Senators held the lucrative governorships or speculated in the vast estates which in the course of annexation became confiscated to the Roman People; merchants pushed their wares and money-lenders forced their loans on unhappy tribute-paying natives. Within these provinces Roman commerce had a monopoly; to secure that more effectively, Rome's commercial rivals were ruthlessly crushed. Carthage and Corinth were

annihilated, and Rhodes, the third great trading city of the Mediterranean, was ruined indirectly, since, as an old ally of Rome, she could not decently be destroyed by force. The island of Delos, once the home of Apollo, was selected by the Roman government as the centre for Roman traders in the East, and endowed with the privileges of a free port. It became rapidly the greatest slave-mart in the then world, and its ruins, lately excavated by French archæologists, testify to its prosperity and wealth. Other measures were taken. A new currency was introduced to facilitate direct intercourse between Rome and the Levant; roads were constructed in Italy and in the provinces, and expansion was visible on all sides. No doubt the period had another side. Ominous signs were showing themselves in Italy—decay of agriculture, distress among the rural population, political discontent among the Italians who had not the Roman franchise, lack of recruits, growth of estates worked by slave-labour on the plantation system. Abroad, too, the administration of the rapidly enlarging empire was causing difficulty. Governors and generals, chosen by social rank and not by merit, were found to be incapable or dishonest, and the military history of the period is not without its scandals. But these evils were slightly felt at first; their full seriousness lay in the future. For the moment the period was one of vast commercial expansion, and to it, and indeed to the latter half of it, we owe the first Roman conquest of Gaul, commenced in B.C. 118.

Roman armies had, of course, been seen in Gaul long before this date. They had gone there in the vain attempt to stop Hannibal. They had fought, later on, with the Ligurian hill-tribes, along the Riviera. They had helped Massilia, the old Greek city allied with Rome, to defend herself and her dominions against the natives, and it was this last errand which led immediately to the annexation. A short series of successful campaigns by Roman troops on behalf of Massilia ended in the establishment of a Roman province. Massilia itself remained independent and kept its territory, the coast from the Maritime Alps to the Rhone; the Romans apparently thought it useless trouble to administer this district themselves when they could leave it to be governed in their interest by their Massiliot allies. But the rest of the coast, from the Rhone to the Pyrenees, was constituted a Roman province, called, after its capital Narbo, Gallia Narbonensis. There was some military advantage in the step, for it helped, as Mr. Holmes observes,

to complete and secure the communication by land between Italy and the Roman dominions in Spain. But the main motive was undoubtedly commercial. Gaul in prehistoric days must have been rich in gold and silver, and though the mines were more or less exhausted, there was still booty enough in precious metal to tempt a Pizarro. Moreover, an excellent trade-route opened out from Narbonne. Most travellers in the south of France know the 'Pass of 'Carcassonne,' the valley which divides Cevennes and Pyrenees and gives easy access from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. It is used to-day by railroad and canal; it was used then to bring the products of the Atlantic lands, and not least, the tin from Britain, to the Roman world.

The character of the occupation corresponded to the motives for its conquest. Throughout the sixty years which elapsed between the annexation and the arrival of Cæsar, the province was, like other provinces, a happy hunting-ground for money-making Romans. Its boundaries were extended up the Rhone valley and across it, north of the Massiliot possessions. Rome came to rule, directly or indirectly, all the country between the Cevennes, the Alps, and the sea. It is a pleasant land, as we see it to-day, with its brilliant sunshine and crisp air and cloudless skies; on the far horizons, the mountain-summits beyond which lie Italy and central France; near at hand the rich crops, the vines and olives of Provence, and the dark rows of stately cypresses which break the blast of the northern mistral; and here and there the little crowded towns with tortuous ancient streets, hiding so many memories of two thousand years. The Roman conquerors did not trouble about such things; they came to exploit the land as a commercial prize. They bought confiscated estates at a cheap rate from their government, and resold them or worked them at a noble profit. They drew the whole trade of the province into their hands, and so thoroughly controlled all monetary dealings that not a pennyworth (it was said) was bought or sold without their intervention. They built with forced labour a 'Route Nationale,' as the French would now style it, from northern Italy to the Pyrenees—Mr. Bullock Hall has a good chapter on its course. They requisitioned tribute in corn and tribute in money to supply the Roman armies fighting in Spain, and provoked thereby a serious insurrection. But they did nothing for the advancement or the civilisation of the province. They established, indeed, a *colonia* of Roman citizens at Narbo, but the citizens were

not enfranchised Gauls; they came from Rome, and the whole measure, so far as it was not a sop to a particular political element at home, was intended to provide a permanent fortress to hold the province down. Individual provincials, more particularly native nobles, acquired the Roman franchise sporadically; one or two of them, or their descendants, are mentioned by Cæsar as aiding him as interpreters or otherwise. But the Roman of the Republic was incapable of conceiving a broad scheme for the advancement of his subjects. The provinces, as he put it, were his *prædia*, his estates acquired for his commercial advantage, and, as such, commercially administered. And the provincials, unless they were educated Greeks, counted for little better in his eyes than the negro or the Kanaka counts to-day in the eyes of a brutal trader.

Only one striking incident marks the history of these sixty years. Not long after the establishment of the province, two great hordes of migrating peoples, the Cimbri and the Teutoni, attempted to force their way through Gaul into Italy. Who they were and whence they came is neither certain, nor, indeed, very important; enough that they form one item in the series of northern barbarians who have, throughout all history, sought the sunnier south. Their advance sounded formidable enough. Five Roman armies, one after the other, were defeated and fled before them, and Marius, then Rome's 'only general,' went to meet them himself. The topography of his campaign has been investigated with a generous enthusiasm by Mr. Bullock Hall, in a volume named at the head of this article, but we are not sure that he has solved its problems, or that means exist for solving them. Our information is, indeed, too scanty in respect to many of the topographical problems of antiquity, and we must often in patience wait for more light. For the rest, Marius won by the common trick of sending a division round to attack the barbarians flank and rear, and his victory was decisive. Several Roman edifices in Provence have been thought to commemorate this victory, notably the triumphal arch which fronts the traveller as he enters Orange from the north, and the smaller arch and graceful two-storied monument which stand, set in a circle of ancient trees, on the grassy hillside above St. Remy, looking out over the wide plain of Avignon. But the arch of Orange is, in all probability, more than a century later than Marius, and the arch and monument of St. Remy are little, if at all, earlier in date; the monument, indeed, bears

a sepulchral inscription which should have saved it from being ever considered a memorial of military success. It is more credible that the canal or channel of the Rhone from Arles to Foz on the Mediterranean coast may have been first constructed by Marius, but, with this exception, no remains of his work survive in Gaul. It is likely enough that the invasion of the Cimbri made little permanent difference to the land. The hurricane came, passed by, and was not. Only the Roman victory exalted the Roman prestige and helped to assure their dominion.

At last, in 58 B.C., Cæsar came to Gaul, and in eight years all was changed. The Roman frontiers were advanced from the Cevennes to the Atlantic, and from the Rhone to the Rhine; the Massiliot territory was incorporated; the whole of Gaul was made Roman. How it was done Cæsar has told us himself, and practically all our knowledge rests upon his narrative. It is a wonderful book, the 'Commentaries on the Gallic War,' of all military histories the most famous and at the same time the most cold and passionless. There was no scarcity of stirring scenes in those eight campaigns. Then was seen the extreme of desperate bravery; individual heroism found and accepted numerous chances; victories were won from the threshold of defeat; stratagem and surprise and ambush abounded. Cæsar knew this well enough. In his book he has described the dramatic incidents; he has given full mention to the devotion and courage of the lower officer or common soldier, and he writes generously of enemies. But there is no passion nor even rhetoric in his story; his feelings, whatever they were, do not influence his diction. It is not merely that he was no composer of impassioned rhetorical prose, like Sir William Napier. Nor is it merely that he was a classical writer, exhibiting the severity and self-restraint and terseness which mark those ancients whom in a double sense we call the classics. Cæsar is cold beyond the classical model. We see in him a general who knew that conquests are not made by mere feats of arms; a statesman who had no interest in romance; perhaps also an Italian who shared the persistent Italian indifference to useless personal gallantry. Therefore he set the sensational elements of his long and varied struggle into their strict proportions, neither omitting brave acts nor adorning them with a rhetorical halo; he essayed to write a severe, lucid, direct account of his wars, and he was sober, lucid, and direct, as only a great writer can be. Why he wished to

write has been much disputed. The ulterior objects of great writers are, of course, always disputed; that is one of the unfortunate results of being great and arousing popular interest. Everyone wants to have his own explanation of why the book was written. But it is easiest to believe that Cæsar wrote because he desired to do so. The conquest of Gaul was a great work: he wished to leave a record of it, as he himself conceived it. Modern critics have accused him of bad faith and carelessness and Mr. Holmes actually fills seventy pages of close print with the recital and refutation of such accusations—a waste of time, we fear, for they are, in general, quite unworthy of serious notice. Probably Cæsar sometimes gave himself the benefit of the doubt; we can imagine his opponents differing from him about one or two negotiations, though that does not prove him in the wrong. Probably, too, he made trifling mistakes in describing the minuter details of battles; this certainly was alleged by that master of literary depreciations, Asinius Pollio, and if it is not true in some small degree, Cæsar stands unique among military historians. But the general accuracy and good faith of his work are visibly stamped upon it; his contemporaries, Pollio excepted, entertained no doubts on the matter, and with these two evidences we may rest content.

Before we pass from the Commentaries to the war which they describe we should like to pause and express a regret. It is this—that we possess no standard edition of the great work. Schoolbooks abound by the thousand: extracts and adaptations and selections, fitted with appropriate vocabularies and exercises and maps and illustrations, crowd the shelves of the happy third-form master. But a real edition, a correct text, with full and scholarly notes on all points of interest or difficulty, does not exist, at least in English. Mr. Holmes has written an excellent book: occasionally, indeed, as we have noted in the last paragraph, it is almost too excellent. But some points, such as the two raids into Britain, do not come within his scope; some points have been crowded out, and his book does not profess to be an edition of Cæsar, but a history of the Gallic War. The Oxford University Press has recently published what seems meant to be an elaborate edition such as we desire. But that book is totally unworthy either of Oxford or of Cæsar, and the less said about it the better. The moment is auspicious. The recent researches of foreign scholars into the text of Cæsar have reached their conclusion; the

topographical material is as complete as it is likely to be, and our knowledge of the Roman army has been recently much widened by German inquirers, one or two of whom have escaped even the vigilant eye of Mr. Holmes. All this material ought to be summed up, sifted, and condensed into one great edition of the 'Commentaries.' Such an edition is demanded alike by the literary excellence of the work and the interest of the war and the significance of the results to the whole of Western Europe.

Like most great wars, the Gallic War probably came somewhat as a surprise to the man who carried it through. When Cæsar took over the governorship of Gaul he certainly intended it to be something more than an ordinary provincial appointment. He secured a much larger area of government than was usual—not Narbonensis only, but Northern Italy as well, that is, all the land from the Pyrenees to the Adriatic. He secured it for five years—an unusually long period—and his staff and army were larger than usual, and supplied in part, as it seems, by depleting the garrison of the adjacent Spanish administrations. He knew also, when he claimed the post, that the western part of his province, Narbonensis, was disturbed by the fear of a German invasion. Possibly he thought that as his predecessor and kinsman Marius had defeated the Teutoni in Southern Gaul and the Cimbri in Northern Italy, so he might defeat the German invaders opposed to him, and win no less glory. If, however he went out with the hope of routing the Germans, he stayed with the determination to conquer the Gauls. Probably he acquired the technical authorisation of the home government to the new project—our records are a little obscure on the point. Certainly he decided on it before the German campaign was ended. He selected winter quarters suitable for an attack on the most dangerous Gaulish tribes, and he spent the months of winter inactivity in levying new troops in Northern Italy.

The war which thus commenced has sometimes been described as if it was merely an exciting series of desperate combats with brave but uncivilised enemies. It was far more than that. It had its full share of stirring scenes, as we have already observed, but they were not the whole, nor even the larger portion, of the matter. In it tactical science counted above courage, and strategy above tactics, and in both its strategy and its tactics the spade counted above the sword: it was the war of an engineer, not of a cavalry leader. Nor was it only a war. The labours of Cæsar the

general were equalled, or almost equalled, by the more delicate but no less harassing labours of Cæsar the diplomatist. Friendly Gauls had to be humoured and kept faithful; waverers had to be constantly and secretly watched; negotiation and intrigue were needed in all directions. The whole thing was quite unlike our English wars of conquest, not merely because these have been waged against races totally different from ourselves, but because the conduct of the war and the causes of success were equally different. The nearest parallel may perhaps be found in the work of Warren Hastings; the sharpest contrast is afforded by the Indian Mutiny. In the Mutiny we owed our success to individual prowess—the nerve which cowed incipient disaffection, the tenacity which kept the flag flying over an isolated post, the devoted courage which stormed against any odds. Cæsar had round him stout-hearted and tenacious and daring men, and they had their share in giving him his victory. But in the end that victory was due to other and perhaps more noteworthy causes.

First, indeed, there is Cæsar himself, a hard character to describe. Wrapt as he is in the cloud of modern panegyric, the features of the man can with difficulty be discovered. A profound intellect, liberal alike in its conceptions and its sympathies; a cool, rapid judgement, wholly free from sentiment, and singularly capable of seeing facts as they were; an immense power of work; a determination which recoiled from no act logically demanded by the scheme in hand; a heart wide open to friends and magnanimous even to foes when once they had submitted; a keen sensibility to the charms of art and literature when no graver interests were at stake—such were among the characteristics of this great Italian. Add that he was a general whom good judges have placed only a little way behind Hannibal and Alexander, and we shall not perhaps, if we are wise, call him 'a perfect man,' nor 'the greatest man of action that 'ever lived,' but we shall understand his fitness to do all that Cæsar did.

As a general he was, in the first place, a strategist of a very high order. He had the eye of a military genius for the vulnerable point in his enemy's plans, and he knew how to strike at it straight and rapidly. His mobility in particular was extraordinary. His first journey from Rome to Gaul was made at the rate of ninety miles a day; his second campaign opened with his wholly unexpected arrival among the Belgæ, before their preparations were complete.

Over and over again his speed enabled him to succour a hard-pressed outpost or detached force, or brought him first to the field of battle, or gave a terrible effectiveness to his pursuit of a routed enemy. Statistics of marches do not prove much, for the conditions of weather and soil and gradient vary widely; but Cæsar speaks of forty-six miles in twenty-four hours as no extraordinary achievement for heavy infantry. His movements were facilitated, no doubt, by the fertility of Gaul and the friendship of a portion of its inhabitants. Provisions could be stored easily in suitable spots, or even procured on the march. Yet, even allowing for all this, we cannot but admire the ease and rapidity with which he was able to march wherever he desired.

But other commanders have known where to strike and strike swiftly. Cæsar's generalship had one feature peculiar to himself—his use of the spade. The Roman legionary and his entrenching tools were at all periods inseparable companions; but we know of no commander, before or after Cæsar, who employed those tools so fully and freely as he did. Not only did he fortify himself on almost every battle-field: he was even able by his earthworks to affect the strategy of entire campaigns. By a series of entrenchments covering a distance of nearly twenty miles, he changed the whole direction of the Helvetian invasion. By even larger circumvallations he caught Vercingetorix at Alesia, and a mound and a ditch destroyed the last and fiercest resistance of the Gauls against the Romans. It was not mere accident that he did this. Even the severe reserve of his narrative betrays his engineering interest. He is careful to describe his earthworks fully, giving dimensions and other details. He goes out of his way to explain the precise method by which the Gauls, or some of them, constructed their fortress ramparts, and the remains of eleven Gallic fortresses in Central France testify to his accuracy. The same spirit is apparent in that curious specification of his bridge across the Rhine, which most of us have probably groaned over at some period of our Latin studies. This was obviously written with a sincere belief in the usefulness of such works: it is not merely a boast over a *tour de force.*

His army at the commencement of the Gallic War comprised four legions—that is, some twenty thousand heavy infantry, and a few archers, slingers, and other light troops. This scanty and inadequate force was speedily and steadily increased. By the close of the war Cæsar commanded ten

or eleven legions. The new legions were not raised in Gaul, but elsewhere in Cæsar's province, in North Italy, which was then, and for a century later, the finest recruiting-ground in the Roman dominions, and was all the more suitable to Cæsar's purpose because of certain legal requirements concerning the birth and status of legionaries. One body of infantry—the *Alaudæ*—was, indeed, raised in Gaul and organised as a legion, but it did not obtain legionary rank or title till long after the end of the war. The new legions came, as we have said, from Northern Italy. But the addition of six legions did not mean necessarily the addition of as much as thirty thousand men to Cæsar's forces. Cæsar seems to have followed a somewhat peculiar plan in dealing with recruits. When a legion had fallen below its proper strength through illness and fighting, he did not always fill it up with raw recruits. He raised new legions for his recruits; he kept the old legions apart, so that they consisted wholly or almost wholly of veterans. That is to say, he held a weak veteran legion better than a full legion of recruits and veterans mixed. And for his own age he was right. For at that time the veteran counted for everything in warfare, and the recruit for nothing, in a way to which military history provides no proper parallel. The superiority of the veteran can be seen in almost every engagement throughout the Gallic and the succeeding Civil Wars. It explains, for instance, why at the outset of the Civil War in B.C. 49 Cæsar dared to rush into Italy with only a slender force. His troops were trained soldiers; the Pompeian troops opposed to him, though far more numerous, were untrained levies, and his reckless-looking enterprise was far less dangerous than it looks.

Heavy infantry was the bulk of Cæsar's army, as of all ancient armies. But it was not only the heavy infantry which was strengthened during the war. To the light troops were added large levies of friendly Gallic cavalry. It would be interesting if we could learn more about these horsemen. From allusions in the 'Commentaries' it is plain that they numbered some thousands, and Cicero, in calculating Cæsar's strength at the end of the Gallic War, observes that he had 'as much cavalry as he chose.' This occurrence of a strong body of cavalry is noteworthy. Horsemen were little used in ancient Greek and Roman warfare until after 300 A.D. Hannibal employed them with effect; Alexander may be counted among the finest cavalry officers of all time; but the ordinary general

confined himself to heavy infantry. Now there are faint signs that Cæsar tried to make more of the cavalry arm: it was indeed singularly useful to him, with his frequent rapid moves across wide stretches of country. The attempt unfortunately failed, and perhaps the battle of Pharsalia is to blame. In that battle, the battle which decided the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, the turning-point was the rout of the Pompeian cavalry by a body of Cæsar's infantry. More significance was perhaps attached to the incident than it deserved; but for three centuries no Roman general ventured to confront infantry with cavalry.

Cæsar was not only a great general at the head of a great army: he not only won victories, but he used them with a pitiless logical thoroughness which he has been at no pains to disguise. No one ever inquired in the Gallic War whether loyalty to Cæsar 'paid.' Those who submitted to him and took his side he treated with kindness, even with generosity; he rewarded them and protected them. But when he had to stamp out opposition his kindness and generosity disappeared. The Aduatuci broke out in the middle of an incomplete surrender: the whole of them, fifty-three thousand, were sold into slavery. The Veneti laid hands on some Roman commissioners, and, when Cæsar came to punish them, made a singularly gallant defence: they, too, were sold wholesale into slavery. The Usipetes and Tencteri came across the Rhine into Gaul contrary to his wishes: their chiefs were seized at a peaceful interview, and their host was practically annihilated. The Eburones defeated one of his generals: he drove them into their forests and marshes, and invited the neighbouring tribes to come and destroy them, root and branch: every man, woman, and child who escaped the sword was to perish by hunger. Avaricum was stormed after a long siege and desperate defence: forty thousand Gauls, every living being within it, were at once massacred. The hill-fort of Uxellodunum held out stubbornly through the final campaign of the war. When the garrison at last surrendered, their hands were cut off and they were dismissed to exist as best they might—a living monument of the wrath of Cæsar. In many of these cases, Cæsar had some technical justification of broken truce or rebellion after surrender, but it is plain enough that these technical justifications were not his real motives. He meant to break down opposition and he did it. He would have accepted Virgil's summary of a Roman's duty, 'Parcere subjectis et debellare 'superbos,' and he would have given to *debellare* its sternest

and most terrible sense. We need not call him brutal or bloodthirsty. He did not kill for the sake of killing. When he desired he could be humane enough, as he proved to his beaten countrymen after the end of the Civil War. But he plainly reckoned a Roman life more valuable than that of a Gaul, and when the Gaul opposed him he crushed the resistance with a cold thoroughness which is far more dreadful than the mere ferocity of a wanton, murder-loving barbarian.

The Gauls themselves were in no fit condition to face such a man. We may, indeed, put aside as an idle fancy the assertion that by Cæsar's time they had degenerated from their pristine vigour. We do not know so much about this alleged 'pristine vigour' that we can argue in detail concerning it, but it is certain that Cæsar did not regard his foes as *décadents*. Their armies, doubtless, lacked the cohesion, the discipline, and the weapons of the legionary, but they were numerous, brave, and often skilfully led. Their fatal defect was not want of vigour but of political unity. Canton was jealous of canton, chieftain of chieftain; they rarely combined, and still more rarely held together. 'Singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur:' 'they fight singly, 'and the whole of them are conquered,' says Tacitus of the British Celts at a later date. The observation is true of most savage races: it is singularly true of the Celts in Gaul whom Cæsar conquered. The Gauls were not even agreed in resisting Cæsar. The Ædui and other dwellers in central France were friendly to him, and actually assisted him with men and supplies. The one common bond which historians have found for them is that supplied by the Druids. Many things have been imagined about this mysterious order of priests, but one fact seems clear. At no period in the Gallic War do they exercise any political influence. They do not, as a national priesthood might, exhort their countrymen to combine against the common foe, nor do they come forward as the preachers of submission. They do not appear at all. Accident has preserved us the names of one or two, for instance Divitiacus, or, as he ought perhaps to be called, Diviciacus, and from these few instances we see that a Druid might be a man of high rank and political standing. But he did not politically act as a Druid. Whatever kind of priesthood the Druids represent, they counted for nothing, as Druids, in the death-struggle of their country.

The war itself falls into the two usual parts—first, four or five years of continuous conquest, then three of

desperate resistance from the conquered and from many of their countrymen who previously had sided with Cæsar. Such is the course of all conquests. The conquered, crushed by military disasters, submit for the moment; then, recovering from panic and realising what the loss of independence really means, they attempt, under some Vercingetorix, a new, a more desperate, and perhaps a more general resistance. In Gaul the two scenes of the war were enacted in different districts, the first in the north and west, the second in the centre. This apparent reversal of the natural order of conquest seems to be due partly to geography, partly to the attitude of the various Gaulish tribes to Rome. The most prominent feature in Gaulish geography is the great mountain complex of the Auvergne and the Cevennes, a large elevated area, inhabited by a brave and warlike people, and most difficult for military operations. South of that mass lies the open valley of the Rhone, the Provincia Narbonensis which Cæsar found when he came to Gaul, a southern land whose sun and air and scents and flowers distinguish it wholly from northern France. North and west of the mass stretch the great spreading plains watered by the Loire and the Seine, devoid of physical features and in all ages easily traversed by armies. The inhabitants of the central hills, the Arverni, like their northern neighbours the Ædui, were at first friendly to Cæsar. Naturally enough, he left them alone in their hills and set out to conquer the plains. Five campaigns were occupied in that object and it had been approximately attained; then the war shifted to the central hills. The Arverni repented them of their friendliness to Rome, and headed a desperate movement of nearly all Gaul to destroy the Roman power. The leader was the Arvernian Vercingetorix; the decisive battles were fought in the Arvernian territory, round the gloomy and precipitous fortresses of that difficult land.

We do not propose to enter into the details of this great war. We have sketched in their most important outlines the course and character of the fighting and the causes which gave Cæsar the victory. What remains is largely topographical technicalities. It is useless in a brief sketch to try to follow in the footsteps of Cæsar. His marches from month to month were dictated by the needs of the occasion, and the maps of his journeys which schoolmasters sometimes draw for us are much more irritating than even their maps of St. Paul's journeys and considerably less profitable. It is still more useless to embark on questions of

detailed sites. Mr. Holmes has dealt with most of these questions elaborately, and in this respect, as in many others, his book will be indispensable to the serious student of Cæsar. But the problems cannot be understood without large-scale maps and local knowledge; most of them can only be settled by excavation, and many are altogether insoluble. We propose, however, to pause over the subject so far as to notice two of these topographical questions which are of special interest: the question whence Cæsar started for Britain, and the question where he bridged the Rhine. The first question has an absorbing interest for many Englishmen and Frenchmen; the second has been illustrated by a recent discovery. Both questions are, of course, wholly unimportant. It really does not matter one whit whether Cæsar sailed from the east or west side of Cape Grisnez; the one important thing is that he sailed and that momentous consequences ensued for Britain. But the minor circumstances of great events, like the dressing-gowns and slippers of great men, excite an interest which is not necessarily so foolish as it sounds.

The harbour from which Cæsar crossed to Britain, the *Portus Itius*, is considered by Mr. Holmes in a long note of ten closely printed pages, which is not, perhaps, quite so good as most of his topographical work. He concludes that it is Wissant, the bay of 'white sand' between Boulogne and Calais, or, more precisely, between the two headlands of Grisnez and Blancnez, which he believes to have extended further out in Cæsar's time than they do now. His reasons for this view are summed up by himself as follows:—

'I believe that Wissant is the *Portus Itius* because there appears to be direct evidence (the evidence of Strabo) that it was called by that name; because, alone among all the harbours of the Morini, it was called by that name in the Middle Ages; because in the Middle Ages it was a frequented port; because, assuming that Cæsar's ships could have assembled and remained there for a few weeks in safety, it was the most convenient port from which he could have started; because this assumption is justified by his narrative, as well as by the strong probability that in his time, the port of Wissant was a spacious harbour in the true sense of the word, and by the certainty that it was sheltered by two great flanking promontories, that the beach was convenient, and that there was abundant fresh water near; because Wissant was the nearest port to Britain, and because the promontory under the shelter of which it lay was called Cape Itius.'

We must confess that all of these reasons seem to us more or less unsound. The evidence of Strabo proves nothing that we can see. The fact that Wissant was called Portus

Itius by two mediæval chronicles equally proves nothing; such identifications are common enough in many mediæval writers and are merely antiquarian guesses. The fact that it was in mediæval times a 'frequented port' is, strictly speaking, not a fact at all. The place was unquestionably used during a certain part of the Middle Ages, but the contemporary references to it which have been collected by French scholars show that it was neither a town nor a harbour, but an open beach which travellers in a hurry could use with a favourable wind. So far as we can judge, it was never in mediæval times 'a spacious harbour in the 'true sense of the word' or a place where a really large fleet could assemble and conveniently remain in safety for a few weeks, and we see no reason whatsoever for the assumption that it was anything of the sort in Cæsar's time. How much of the Grey and White Noses may have been swept away in the last nineteen centuries we cannot profess to judge, but it is to be observed that a topographical argument is usually in a parlous case when it is forced to appeal to the sea. And even if these two promontories did extend really far beyond their present positions, they would not have rendered Wissant a safe and commodious harbour. We believe the place to have been in Cæsar's time what it was when it gained its mediæval name of White Sand and what it visibly is to-day, an open sandy beach with an expanse of sand dunes behind it. That is no suitable character for Cæsar's Portus Itius.

There is, we are convinced, only one place on the whole coastline from which Cæsar can really have started, and that is Boulogne. The aspect of Boulogne harbour has of course altered immensely since Roman days, but its earlier condition is not altogether beyond recovery. It was the estuary of a little river running out on to a coast which the west wind and the tide heaped unceasingly with sand, and the picture of it is preserved by one or two estuaries (for instance, Étaples) on the same coast. Mr. Holmes objects to Boulogne because it agrees far less well than Wissant with the sea-mileage given by Cæsar and is further from the Kentish coast; because, secondly, its ancient name was Gessoriacum; and because, thirdly, Cæsar did not need the convenience of a harbour. We do not attach much importance to these objections. Cæsar may easily have miscalculated the length of his voyages, and the geographer Strabo, writing shortly after Cæsar, actually mentions a distance which suits Boulogne, and does not suit Wissant.

The question of the name is a greater puzzle, but it is after all a puzzle rather than an objection. If the place was a very small one in Cæsar's time, he might reasonably have preferred to call it by a descriptive term like Portus Itius, the harbour near Grisnez, rather than employ an obscure name of which none of his readers would ever have heard. The third point we are not sure that we quite understand. It should be remembered that ancient writers habitually omitted unfamiliar place-names from literary narratives, and Cæsar is no exception. Mr. Holmes appears to argue that Cæsar did not need a harbour because he usually beached his ships, and he appeals to a phrase in Cæsar's text to show that Cæsar did beach his ships at the Portus Itius. Of course he did. It was not the practice of any ancient seaman to leave his ships swinging at anchor while in harbour. If Cæsar used (as we think) the estuary which is now Boulogne harbour, we may be sure that he beached his ships there. And we may add that, if the estuary in his time was anything like what we have suggested, he could have done nothing else.

Let us now pass across Gaul from west to east, from the port on the English Channel to the bridge across the Rhine. The matter perhaps interests ourselves less than that which we have just considered: to the historian it is a good deal more important, and to the local antiquary it is all-absorbing. The dwellers by the Rhine have disputed the place of Cæsar's bridge nearly as fiercely as those famous townships in the Italian Romagna who went to law to settle where Cæsar forded the Rubicon. Mr. Holmes treats the matter briefly. He decides that Cæsar's bridge, or rather bridges—for there were two near together—were somewhere between Coblenz and Andernach. We are glad to agree with him that this is the most probable district, and we have some hope that recent finds, not yet complete, may point us out the exact spot. The discoveries to which we refer have been made by skilful excavation on the west bank of the Rhine close to Neuwied. Here spade and dredge have combined to reveal an ancient camp of stately proportions, situate on the very edge of the Rhine and surrounded on the land side by a semicircular line of defences, a palisade or wooden wall and double ditch more than a mile in length. Remains found in this camp show that the site was occupied in Cæsar's time and long before and after: in particular a small square fort, unquestionably later than the larger camp, can be referred to the reign of Augustus. The inference lies near that the

larger camp is actually Cæsar's work, a part of the *magnæ munitiones* which he mentions as protecting each end of his bridge. In the river itself the piles of a bridge have actually been found, and there are said to be traces of another bridge at no great distance which there seems reason to consider Roman. The proof of the whole is not yet perfect. Provoking pieces of prehistoric pottery have been found lying in the soil where they ought not to lie, and tempt one to date the camp long ages before Cæsar. But its general character is certainly not that of a prehistoric work. Here our sympathies at least must be on the side of Cæsar. It would be too cruel if the glory of first bridging the Rhine were transferred from him to some unknown builder of the Stone or Copper Age. There are sadly few remains in Gaul which can be traced to Cæsar's rule. He did his work: he conquered the land. But the Civil War broke out at once, and he never again had a chance of attempting that reconstruction which must follow every conquest. His death, indeed, cut short many plans which extended far beyond the organisation of Gaul.

Abundant guesses have been hazarded respecting those plans. It is always pleasant to set the fancy roaming among the unexpressed and unfulfilled intentions of great men. But it is not profitable. Those unuttered thoughts are amongst the most precious treasures in the abyss of lost things, but they are gone irretrievably and no ingenuity will ever recover them for us. Perhaps, after all, the attractiveness of the search for them is not much affected thereby, for the searcher after these lost schemes does not really search: he tells us, modestly and indirectly, what Cæsar would have done, had he been Cæsar. We shall not try, therefore, to guess what plans Cæsar might have formed for the future of Gaul. We know this much, that he left the country divided into two provincial administrations. One was the old Provincia Narbonensis, to which he annexed Massilia and its territory. The other was coextensive with his conquests and included all the rest of Gaul—a huge area which he can hardly have meant to leave permanently as one single province. We know further that he planted at least two 'colonies' of time-expired soldiers in Narbonensis, and thus, and perhaps in other less important ways, increased the element of Roman burgesses in its population. Similarly in the northern province he conferred the Roman franchise on loyal chieftains and tied them thus closer to Rome: he is said even to have admitted a few Romanised Gauls into

the Roman Senate, to the scandal of all decent old-fashioned senators. But his work was the conquest, not the organisation, of Gaul, and the conquest at least was complete. There remained, no doubt, discontent and unrest in many corners and outlying districts, but there was no open and general rising. Neither in the most dangerous and doubtful moments of the Civil War, nor amid the quarrels of his successors after Cæsar's death, did the Gauls combine to reclaim the freedom so lately lost. Cæsar's admirers tell us that they had been conciliated by Cæsar's kindness. Perhaps rather they had been decimated by Cæsar's pitiless sword.

The real organiser of Gaul was not Cæsar, but his adopted son and heir, Augustus. It was a long and weary task. First, it was necessary to subdue some tribes which had been left only half conquered by Cæsar or had become unquiet and disobedient. There was fighting, at various dates, in the north between Boulogne and Brussels, in the east round Trier, in the extreme south-west among the deep shadowy valleys of the Pyrenees. The process of organisation was still more complex and difficult, and required for a considerable space of time the presence of Augustus himself. Then the great scheme, pursued through many years, for conquering the land between the Rhine and the Elbe, added fresh complications. We can hardly say that Gaul was finally settled till Augustus was dead and cold in his grave. But it is not impossible to extract from this long chain of events the special system which Augustus devised for the internal government of Gaul, and to consider it, by itself, as the final chapter in the history of the conquest.

The government of a Roman province was a simpler thing than perhaps it sounds. Very few Roman officials were required for it: a governor with his staff, such troops as occasion demanded, and perhaps a few underlings, very likely slaves or freedmen, managing the imperial custom-houses on the provincial frontiers. The governor was both civil and military administrator: he kept down disorder and disaffection, held law courts for Romans living in the province, and ensured the due payment of the provincial tribute. Unless grave scandal called for his interference, he took no direct part in the local administration: that was left to the natives, who by their own officials provided their own town councils or Rural District Boards, their own local magistrates and police, and all other requirements of local government. The Romans did not tolerate Home Rule; they did not allow their provinces the freedom which we allow to our great

colonies, but they conceded local autonomy beyond any parallel on record. In consequence, the important feature in the organisation of a province was the establishment of adequate local authorities. In some provinces this was easy. In Greece, for example, the Romans found an accepted and well-understood system in existence; the whole country was divided amongst various cities, and each city had its recognised constitution and officials. In Gaul the case was not quite so simple.

The question, as it met Augustus, was somewhat as follows. History and geography had combined to divide the land into two distinct halves. There was, first, Gallia Narbonensis. It was distinct in climate from all northern Gaul; it had been a Roman possession for a hundred years; it contained Roman municipalities, *coloniæ* of Roman citizens, some founded by Cæsar, more added by Augustus; some of its Gallic inhabitants had acquired the Roman franchise, and the Roman civilisation was familiar throughout it. Its native government had been cantonal, and this was apparently accepted, for better or worse, when the province was first formed. But things had advanced since then: the natives had learnt town life, and Augustus reorganised the province by destroying nearly all the old cantons and substituting the Italian town system. That system meant a town having a municipal constitution—senate and magistrates—self-governing, and possessing outside its walls a dependent territory which might measure fifty miles across. In southern Gaul, according to the reform of Augustus, the territories of the old cantons became the territories of new municipalities, and these new municipalities were created sometimes as homes for time-expired legionaries, and sometimes were the old cantonal capitals transformed. The change was not carried through in one day; it took many years to complete, but it owed its origin and a great deal of its realisation to Augustus.

But Gaul beyond the Cevennes was another matter. This vast area was a recent conquest. It was still divided into the old native tribes or cantons. It contained only one Roman municipality. Few of its inhabitants were familiar with Roman civilisation, and fewer held the Roman franchise. It was unfit for town life or for a local government based upon towns. Augustus accepted the situation. For administrative convenience he broke the area into three provinces, the 'Tres Galliæ,' as they were commonly called. He established one capital for the three, at the junction of

Saône and Rhone, in the great trading city of Lugudunum, which is now Lyons. The place had become a Roman municipality soon after Cæsar's death; it was the only one in the Three Gauls, and by character and position was well suited to be a capital. In the rest of the three provinces Augustus established no Italian municipalities. He allowed the cantons to continue, and only regulated their number and character. Henceforward there were about sixty; their ruling bodies were the old native nobles, and from these nobles the magistrates of the cantons were chosen by their own peers.

The local autonomy thus conceded to the Three Gauls is probably without a parallel even in the Roman world, and our readers may be inclined to call it a dangerous device, adopted to save Augustus trouble. But that clear-sighted man did not miscalculate. He established a stable form of local government, and he did it, as his fashion was, with the least possible violation of the existing order. Thus he left the Gauls free from the vexatious interference of alien officials, and he gave their nobles back some shadow of their old political power. No friction generated an anti-Roman sentiment among the Gauls, and the inevitable power of Roman civilisation and culture asserted itself upon them. In latent brain-power, in speech, and probably in blood—for race and language do sometimes go together, whatever our latest lights may seem to show—the Gauls were not far removed from the Italians. They were well able to appreciate and adopt Italian civilisation and to raise themselves to its level; they had, indeed, begun to show this capacity before the organisation of Augustus, and it must have been apparent to him.

But Augustus went a step further. He established a system which directly attracted the people of the Three Gauls to Roman ways. This system was connected with that cult which seems so strange to us, the worship of the Emperor. It is difficult for us to understand how a human being can be accounted a god: it was not difficult for the men of a polytheistic age, amply supplied with gods of the most various ancestry. Even in the Middle Ages, for instance, in the inner history of that extraordinary prince Frederic II., 'Stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis,' we meet the tendency obscurely peeping out. At Rome the cult began with Cæsar. His personality and his achievements set him in many men's eyes above a human level, and won him the title of 'god' from more than private

flattery. In the East, accustomed from of old to worship monarchs, this deification seemed most natural; possibly, indeed, it was the East that first suggested it. The West was more reserved, but after Cæsar's death Augustus styled himself *Divi Filius*, 'son of a god,' and in the provinces, both Eastern and Western, he instituted an official worship of Augustus and Roma. He did not call himself a god: that was not the way of that cool, cynical man; but he put forward this cult as an instrument to cast a religious glamour round the relation of the provincials to Rome. And, indeed, the achievements of Augustus had been such that men might well join Horace and Virgil in thinking and calling him a god. Nowhere did this cult flourish so well as in the Three Gauls. The centre of it was the capital, Lugudunum. There, close to the confluence of Rhone and Saône, stood a temple and an altar of great splendour—fragments of it have been dug up from time to time beneath the modern town—and there once a year the sixty cantons sent chosen representatives, a high priest was instituted, sacrifices were offered, and games held in much state. The old rivalry of the Gaulish tribes woke anew in a more pacific sphere; they contended eagerly which canton should furnish the high priest, and who should win distinction at the accompanying games, and they recorded the results in a stately series of inscriptions on huge ostentatious blocks of well-hewn stone. Not only their intellect but their ambition was enlisted in the cause of Rome.

In one point only did the Romans trample on a Gaulish custom. They put down Druidism. Augustus forbade any Gaul who held the Roman franchise to be also a Druid; the second and fourth Emperors, Tiberius and Claudius, struck sharper blows. The action was not, as it seems, political, but rather social. The Druids practised secret magical arts, and offered, or were thought to offer, human sacrifices. These things were an abomination to the Romans, and the government forbade them, as our government has forbidden *suttee* in India. Druidism itself survived; there were Druids even in the fourth century. But it had lost its secrecy and its more barbaric elements; the spread of Roman civilisation further weakened it, and the fourth-century Druids of Gaul were literary fictions like the nineteenth-century Druids of Wales.

The local autonomy allowed to the Gauls had, of course, its disadvantages. Some price had to be paid for the immense benefits which it secured. The Gaulish chieftains,

thus left semi-independent, failed once or twice to realise their exact position. There was an isolated outbreak early in the reign of Tiberius; there was a more concerted move during the troubles which beset the Empire, and the Gallic provinces in particular, after the downfall and death of Nero. But it is significant that the leaders in each case were Gauls who were also citizens of Rome with Roman names, and their intentions, whatever they were, do not seem to have included a national restoration of the old Celtic life and language and liberty. Speedily and surely the Roman influences permeated Gaul; the Roman language spread, at least among the nobles and the traders; the conquest concluded in a fusion of peoples, and to this day the curious traveller finds in Gaul more numerous and more stately memorials of Roman life than even in the classic land of Italy itself. We shall not now describe those memorials, much as they deserve description. It is enough at present to have traced the history of the conquest—commenced by commercial greed, continued by desperate fighting, completed by wise toleration. It was Cæsar's glory to win Gaul: it was the glory of Augustus to keep it, to appreciate profoundly the capacity of one European race to assimilate with another and, with quiet carelessness of externals, to offer the conquered a possible and even an enjoyable administration.

ART. VIII.—1. *China.* No. 3 (1900). Correspondence respecting the Insurrectionary Movement in China. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, &c. July 1900.

2. *China the Long-lived Empire.* By ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1900.

3. *China and the Present Crisis.* By JOSEPH WALTON, M.P. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 1900.

4. *The New Far East.* By ARTHUR DIÓSY. London: Cassell & Co., 1898.

5. *World Politics at the End of the Nineteenth Century as influenced by the Oriental Situation.* By PAUL S. REINSCH, Asst. Professor in the Wisconsin University. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1900.

A FEW hurried prefatory remarks are all that need be devoted to the books enumerated in the foregoing list. Events have followed each other too rapidly in China for any book written a few months ago to be of much use to those who investigate the present situation. Their authors —those who have personal experiences to narrate—depict the conditions prevailing up to the time of the recent outburst of anti-foreign animosity, but they neither describe the latter nor prepare us to expect it. Mrs. Scidmore's book is an interesting account of what she saw and heard in China, and has the merit of being the work of one who has frequently visited the country. Mr. Joseph Walton presents us with a brief and clearly written narrative of a journey through China, which was much too rapidly made to give him time for close observation. The book is to some extent a party pamphlet, in which Lord Salisbury is charged with weakness and negligence as Minister for Foreign Affairs. As no attempt is made to prove the charges, their formulation must be taken as merely a statement of Mr. Walton's opinion on very intricate questions, to the study of which he does not pretend to have devoted any very special attention. Mr. Diósy's 'New Far East' is a much more important work. He exhibits signs of a very unusual capacity for understanding the genius of the Far Eastern nations. As is natural and becoming in a founder and vice-president of the Japan Society, he shows himself to be an admirer of the Japanese and a believer in the grandeur of their future; but he does not allow his admiration to obscure his judgement or prevent his pointing out defects

where they exist. Professor Reinsch's little volume on 'World Politics'—a literal but not very convenient translation of 'Welt-Politik,' an expression made in Germany—is a work of great value. Indeed, small as the volume is, it deserves to have a whole review to itself. It is an attempt, and we may say a successful attempt, to put before us a plain and striking survey of international politics at the present day. The importance of the questions now raised in China is perceived and explained by the author, who tells us that 'the whole material of the book is focussed 'upon the Chinese problem.'

In one respect the history of the recent troubles in China conforms to that of other great catastrophes. Till the very eve of the outbreak it had been as unforeseen by those most nearly concerned as the sequel of his feast had been by Belshazzar the King, 'his princes, his wives, and his 'concubines,' or as the great earthquake of Lisbon by the dwellers on the banks of the Tagus. Alarming predictions were, indeed, printed* in some English newspapers published in China; but no importance either was, or need be, attributed to them. Similar predictions had appeared in the same quarter year after year for a long period, and nothing had come of them; whilst those who made them gave the best proof of their disbelief in their own predictions by abstaining from taking any special measures for the security of their families, their property, or themselves. In a country like the Chinese Empire, with its effete and corrupt government, every prediction of trouble is necessarily invested with some appearance of plausibility; and nearly every foreigner feels himself invited to pose as a prophet, though he may be without any authentic information and not given to observing closely the progress of affairs.

Travellers who have lately visited Peking give an account of the life of the foreign community in that city, which in no way indicated any apprehension on the part of its members that they were living, and indeed dancing, above a volcano. 'They have their club, the tennis-courts of 'which are flooded and roofed over as a skating rink, their 'spring and autumn races at a track beyond the walls, 'frequent garden parties and picnics in the open seasons, 'and a busy round of State dinners and balls all winter.'†

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* It may be mentioned that they were derided at the time in a German paper, the 'Ost-Asiatische Lloyd.'

† China the Long-lived Empire, pp. 145–6.

In his recently published work, 'The "Overland" to China,' Mr. Archibald Colquhoun let us know till how late a date life in Peking was thus conditioned. Mr. Walton more than once noted the civil demeanour of the people towards foreigners.* The most remarkable confirmation of the general feeling of security is to be found in official documents. It is hardly too much to say that the authors of these draw an idyllic picture of the prosperity and tranquillity of North-Eastern China in the first half of the current year. The publications of the Imperial Maritime Customs are as a rule rather prosaic in style than poetic, but the following extract from the 'Report on the Foreign Trade 'of China for the Year 1899' suggests a comparison with a pastoral poem:—

'The foreign trade of China during the year 1899 was characterised by an astonishing developement, and merchants, both foreign and native, made handsome profits in almost every branch. The political situation, although still unsettled, gave rise to no immediate fears; exchange remained remarkably steady; the rice crop was abundant; the spring weather during the critical period for the silkworms was unusually favourable; and except for a recrudescence of piracy on the West River [in the South], there were no disturbances to check trade. The gratifying result was that the year beat all previous records, and showed an advance without precedent. . . . The internal trade of the country was also unusually brisk, and the important changes which will be brought about by the extension of railways have already been proved. Newchwang and Tientsin have promptly responded to the stimulus of better means of communication, and the trade at those ports has leapt forward, although the former suffered from a severe outbreak of plague. It is found that immediately trains begin to run, districts through which there was comparatively little traffic, such as between Paoting and Peking, suddenly commence to hum with life and activity, and there suddenly springs up a flourishing trade which was formerly undreamt of and impossible for want of cheap transport.'

The above is dated March 6, 1900. The report of H.M. Consul at Tientsin on the trade of that port, though couched in less glowing terms, is equally cheerful. It was presented to Parliament in July last, having been received at the Foreign Office on June 19, and having apparently been written in May 1900—a date which, in view of what has occurred since, is worth remembering.

'The trade of Tientsin,' says the Consul, 'shows a very satisfactory advance in every direction . . . In 1899 the improvement on 1889 was more than 150 per cent. . . . It is astonishing to see the move-

* China and the Present Crisis, pp. 36, 143.

ment of goods and passengers which has followed on the construction of the railroad which was built mainly for military purposes to Shanhaikwan and Chinchou. . . . The long trains on the line are packed with Chinese passengers, and carry many trucks of miscellaneous produce, in addition to the coal put out from the mines at Tangshan and Liu Si. . . . The increase in the trade has naturally extended to the shipping trading to this port, and the total tonnage for 1899 is 250,000 tons over that of 1898.'

The picture was not without its shadows, though these were believed to be due to only passing clouds. 'Brigandage 'generally exists in autumn and winter.' In the previous year (1898) the brigands had been unusually bold and active.

'Eventually the leaders were captured, and at least 100 of their followers were put to death. The institution of train bands in the villages under the supervision of the military officers did much to affect this result.'

Other shadows were reported:—

'A sect known by foreigners as the "Boxers" had spread from the neighbouring province of Shantung into Chihli, wrecking chapels and the houses of converts, and demanding ransom for prisoners and their property.'

The Boxers are

'considered to be actuated by patriotic motives and in some way to be opposing foreign encroachments on their country.'

Even the shadow cast by them was thought likely to pass away soon:—

'The spread of the sect is undoubtedly due in a large measure to the absence of rain, which is ascribed to the evil acts of foreigners, and owing to which the country people are without occupation, as they have been unable to get any seed into the ground for spring crops. There is reason to hope that the fall of rain may send the people to their farms and prevent the movement assuming any serious proportions.'

The proceedings of the Boxers had forced themselves on the attention of the representatives of foreign Powers in Peking. On December 30, 1899, Mr. Brooks, an English missionary in Shantung, was attacked and wounded by a 'band of red-turbaned "Boxer" rebels'—the description being that adopted by the Tsung-li-Yamên—and on the following day was murdered by them. Strong representations having been addressed to it by Sir Claude MacDonald, supported by the Ministers of France, Germany, and the United States, the Chinese Government took measures for

the punishment of the perpetrators of this outrage. The foreign Ministers were not, however, satisfied of the sincerity of the Chinese authorities as regarded their duty of putting an end to outrages and menaces directed against Christians and foreigners, and further representations were made. On April 16 Sir Claude MacDonald telegraphed and wrote that in his opinion the Central Government was at last showing a genuine desire to suppress the Anti-Christian Society of Boxers. In this he seems to have had the concurrence of his colleagues, and, up to this point, and apparently till a considerably later date, the representative of every foreign country in Peking had no apprehension of an approaching convulsion.

It is of importance that this be borne in mind. It shows that every legation in China was without information as to the real state of affairs, and that all were equally in the dark as to the future, even the near future. In the first half of March the Ministers of Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany, and Italy had agreed to recommend that a naval demonstration should be made in North Chinese waters; but, as it was to be confined to 'a few ships of each 'nationality,' it is evident that the object was rather to put pressure on the Chinese Government to suppress the anti-foreign secret societies which were causing disturbances in Shantung and Chihli, than to give security against serious general danger. The recommendation was not submitted in a form suggesting urgency. Our own Government hesitated to comply with it, and that of the United States declined to associate itself with any such action.

If there were any foreigners in China who might have been credited with a knowledge of imminent popular movements, it would have been the missionaries of the different Christian sects. They were, however, but little better, or, at any rate, but little earlier informed than the consuls or the diplomatists. As far back as January, indeed, Bishop Scott communicated to Sir Claude MacDonald the contents of a telegram which he had received from one of his clergy, who reported the 'outlook very black,' and that there was 'constant danger.' As far as can be seen, however, the anti-Christian movement, serious as it was, was not expected to assume greater dimensions than earlier agitations—for example, that of the so-called 'Vegetarians,' some six or seven years ago. In May the French Roman Catholic missionaries became seriously alarmed. On the 19th of that month Mgr. Favier, Vicar-Apostolic of Peking, addressed to

the French envoy, M. Pichon, a letter, from which the following is extracted :—

'The situation daily becomes more and more serious and threatening. In the Prefecture of Paoting-fu more than seventy Christians have been massacred, three other neophytes have been cut to pieces. Several villages have been looted and burned, and a great number of others have been completely deserted. Over 2,000 Christians are fugitives, being without food, clothes, or shelter. In Peking alone about 400 refugees—men, women, and children—have already been given shelter by us and the Sisters of Charity; in another week's time we shall probably have several thousands to look after; we shall be obliged to disband the schools, colleges, and all the hospitals, to make room for these unfortunate people. On the east pillage and incendiarism are imminent; we receive more and more alarming news every hour. Peking is surrounded on all sides; the Boxers are daily approaching the capital, being only delayed by their measures for exterminating all Christians. . . . The religious persecution is only a blind; the main object is to exterminate the Europeans, and this object is clearly indicated and written on the Boxers' standards. Their accomplices in Peking are awaiting them; they are to begin by an attack on the churches and are finally to assault the legations.' ('China.' No. 3 (1900), p. 108.)

This report was communicated by M. Pichon to all his colleagues through the Spanish Minister as doyen of the diplomatic body. Reports of a similar character began to come in from other missionaries. It might have been expected that the foreign Ministers would feel that they were confronted by a crisis of the utmost gravity. As Sir Claude MacDonald wrote on May 21, 1900, 'The long-continued 'impunity accorded to the Boxers' organisation and the 'supineness and procrastination which the Government 'had displayed in face of the constantly repeated repre-'sentations of the foreign Ministers' had borne their natural fruit. The Boxers had become too strong to be suppressed. They had their patrons, secret or avowed, amongst the higher officials and even in the Palace itself.

If we wanted further proof of the fact that it is impossible for foreigners in China—even those of great experience—to form a correct estimate of the extent and tendency of a popular movement or of the real sentiments of the native authorities, we have it in the record of a meeting held on the afternoon of May 20 at the instance of M. Pichon. The day, it is to be specially noted, was the one immediately following that on which Mgr. Favier had written. All the eleven foreign envoys in Peking attended the meeting. They were practically unanimous in the opinion

that the circumstances were not such as to justify the bringing up of legation guards. The German Minister 'thought that the most effective means of bringing pressure 'on the Government would be by a concentration of ships 'near Shan-haikwan, from which parties could be landed, 'if necessary, to march for the protection of foreigners in 'Peking.' The German Minister, whose lamentable fate has yet to be told, was quite aware that from no possible combination of ships in Chinese waters could a force equal to an ordinary brigade of troops be landed. He must have felt fully confident that the communications with the coast of a landing party on its way to Peking would not be molested. It is no wonder, therefore, that our own Minister was 'convinced that a few days' heavy rainfall, to terminate 'the long continued drought which has helped largely to 'excite unrest in the country districts, would do more to 'restore tranquillity than any measures which either the 'Chinese Government or foreign Governments could take.' It is creditable to Sir Claude MacDonald's perspicacity that he pointed out that, as this could not be counted upon, his 'judgement as to the probability of continued security must 'be suspended' until the Chinese Government showed by its action whether or not it had the will or the power to do its duty.

On May 28 the Boxers burnt some of the railway stations —one only six miles from Peking—together with machine sheds and houses of European employés. They tore up the line in places, and interrupted railway communication between the capital and Tientsin. Our Minister described the situation as 'serious.' At a meeting held on the same day the foreign representatives unanimously decided to send for guards for the legations, 'in view of the apathy of the 'Chinese Government and the gravity of the situation.' Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, whose perception of the true nature of the position was considerably in advance of that of others, had already sent H.M. ships 'Orlando' and 'Algerine' to Taku, 'ready to land guards if required by 'Minister.' On May 31 he started himself for Taku with two more ships, ordering other two to follow him. On the same day marine guards of the American, French, Russian, Japanese, Italian, and British legations, numbering 340 men, of whom 75 were British, arrived in Peking. Three days later the German and Austrian legation guards reached the capital. They were only just in time. Railway communication between Tientsin and Peking was finally cut on

June 4. For some time it had been kept open, intermittently and with difficulty, by parties of British marines from Tientsin.

Murders of Western missionaries and native Christians, destruction of chapels, and attacks on foreigners employed in connexion with the railways had become frequent. The acquiescence of the Imperial Government, or—to speak more correctly—its complicity, in these outrages now hardly admitted of doubt. On June 5 Sir Claude MacDonald reported that, when he personally inquired at the Tsung-li-Yamên concerning the murder of two English missionaries, the Chinese officials 'displayed the greatest indifference.' Our Minister now cherished no illusion as to the loyalty of the Imperial Government. His well-grounded conclusions on the subject were not shared by all his colleagues. On this very same June 5 M. Delcassé informed Sir Edward Monson that the 'latest telegrams from M. Pichon repre-'sented that he considered that for the moment all imminent 'danger was over.' This optimism did not last long. A day later Sir Claude MacDonald found that his colleagues agreed that, 'owing to the now evident sympathy of the Empress-'Dowager and the more conservative of her advisers with 'the anti-foreign movement, the situation is rapidly growing 'more serious.'

Sir Edward Seymour, anticipating a crisis of exceptional gravity, had got the senior naval officers of the French, German, Italian, Russian, Austrian, United States, and Japanese forces to meet on board his flagship and arrange for concerted action if necessary. He telegraphed to England recommending that troops should be sent up to Tientsin from Hong-Kong, and kept H.M.S. 'Terrible' ready to convey them. Soon urgent demands for relief came from Peking, which made it plain that no time was to be lost. The Admiral ascertained that all or most of the foreign officers present off the Peiho would agree to a sudden march on Peking under his command, with a Russian colonel as chief of the staff. This was in effect the suggestion of Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, made on May 21.

On June 8 a telegram was despatched from London to Sir Edward Seymour authorising him to carry out his proposal. When we remember the difference of longitude between London and Tientsin and the consequent shortening of the time interval, we can see that the authorisation was acted upon with surprising celerity. An allied force was

landed and started towards Peking at 9.30 A.M. on the 10th. When completed this force amounted to 1,768 of all ranks—viz. 915 English, 112 Americans, 112 Russians, 54 Japanese, 40 Italians, 25 Austrians, 450 Germans, and 100 French. The circumstances in which the expedition was undertaken have to be noted. An urgent, almost despairing appeal for relief had been received from the legations in the capital. No member of these legations and no foreign consul at Tientsin—that is to say, no one whose official position enabled him to have any knowledge concerning the state of the country, or to whose opinion on the subject any weight would be ascribed—had expressed the smallest misgiving as to the sufficiency of the force now landed and on its way. The German Minister, whose mistrust of the Chinese Government seems to have been deeper than that of his colleagues, had been the proposer of a relief expedition such as that just organised, though he believed it might proceed by a longer route—viz. from Shan-haikwan, and would be strong enough if landed from even the smaller number of ships at first assembled off the coast of Chihli. The general belief in the minds of those most concerned and most likely to be well informed was that, however sympathetic with the Boxers the Chinese Government might be, it would not physically oppose the relief expedition, and would probably use that expedition's appearance to moderate in its own interest the ferocious energy of its friends.

We shall have to call further attention before we conclude to the impossibility of penetrating the designs of Chinese officials, or of perceiving the drift of popular sentiment, experienced by the representatives of every nationality stationed in the country. The officers of the allied forces, naturally and, it may be said, properly, accepted the view of the situation adopted by those who had the best or only means of knowing it. They expected obstruction and even forcible opposition on the part of the Boxers. They looked for no active help from the Chinese regular troops; but they believed that their own numbers were sufficient—as they undoubtedly were—to deal effectually with any opposition which those troops did not actively support. Unless the 'red-turbaned Boxer rebels' were helped, or secretly encouraged to sever them, the allies' communications with their base at Tientsin were secure. On June 11 an event, significant in itself and in the manner in which it occurred, took place in Peking. Mr. Sugiyama, Chancellor of the

Japanese Legation, was murdered by soldiers belonging to the army commanded by General Tung-fuh-Siang.

In the meantime the allied expedition pushed on. Beyond Yangtsun—less than a third of the way to the capital—it found the railway seriously injured. Bridges had been partially burned, and in many places rails had been torn up and sleepers burned or removed. The expedition got as far as Lang-fang. Its communications with Tientsin, though precarious, remained open till the 15th.* On the 14th the Boxers were first encountered. Some hundreds of them advanced to within short range of a train, which had stopped to water the engine, a work of great difficulty, the allied seamen having to pass buckets from hand to hand. The intention of the Boxers seems to have been to cut off small parties. Fire was opened on them from rifles and a Maxim gun, and, though they behaved with extraordinary courage, they were eventually driven off with loss. In various encounters with the Boxers it was found that, though they carried swords and spears, they had no fire-arms. This fact and the fanatical bravery with which they faced magazine-rifle and machine-gun fire go far to prove that a superstitious belief in the efficacy of the spells and incantations accompanying initiation into their society had led them to feel confident of invulnerability and invincibility.

They closed in round the expeditionary force, attacked its rear, and completed the destruction of the railway behind it. The position of the allies had now become serious. Owing to the slow rate of their advance and the impossibility of receiving supplies from Tientsin, their provisions were running short, and their ammunition had been considerably diminished. The Boxers were hanging on their flanks and rear looking for opportunities to pounce upon small detachments. Tung-fuh-Siang's troops were between them and Peking. General Nieh's army was between them and Tientsin. The attitude of the former was no longer doubtful, as news of Mr. Sugiyama's murder had reached the allied commanders. The attitude of Nieh's army might be deduced from the persistent omission of any effort on its part to prevent the Boxers from cutting the line of railway. It is easy to see what the policy of the Chinese was. They

* An interesting account of the proceedings of the expedition by Mr. W. Whittall, who accompanied it as Reuter's correspondent, was published in the 'Daily News' of August 21, 1900.

had created an opportunity of getting the whole of the foreign representatives and their compatriots in Peking, and also the allied expeditionary force, into their power. Of this opportunity they were about to avail themselves to the full extent. To have destroyed or blockaded the relief expedition and forced it into surrender by starvation, would have greatly weakened the allied forces at Tientsin, Taku, and off the mouth of the Peiho. The small squadron in the river would probably have to withdraw. Tientsin would be occupied, the Taku forts put in a state of defence, and the stream obstructed with mines.

This promising plan, if executed, would greatly retard the approach of the punitive army, which the Powers might be expected to send. Only a few days would be necessary to carry it out completely. In that space of time China would be able to organise her forces, now armed with the best modern weapons, in enormous numbers, and work up to a fever heat all over the country the anti-foreign feeling of which the Boxers' Society was the chief exponent. An immediate advantage gained by China would be delay. Little as foreign nations know about the workings of the Chinese mind, the Chinese know a great deal about foreign nations. Their rulers were fully aware of the international rivalries and covert hostility of one towards another which lurk ill-concealed beneath the so-called concert of the Powers. In no place had these rivalries and this hostility been more cynically displayed than in Peking itself.* Given but a moderate amount of time, they must have argued, and one Power more eager at the moment to get all the advantage for itself which may be hoped for from injuring another will upset the whole concert. Fortunately—we cannot exaggerate the good fortune attending on their decision—the senior naval officers of the allies remaining in the Peiho and off the bar decided on taking a step which completely frustrated the Chinese plan. They demanded the surrender, and in case of refusal determined to attempt the capture, of the Taku forts.

We may reasonably feel sympathy with the Chinese officer in command of these works of defence. He had not had time to complete the arrangements which, should the

* The depths of vulgarity to which international animosity can make highly placed European personages descend, are revealed by Mr. Archibald Colquhoun in his book 'The "Overland" to China,' pp. 183–6. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

small allied force venture to attack them, would probably have ensured at least the temporary success of the fortifications. He could not, compatibly with military honour, to which Chinese commanders, fellow-countrymen of the brave Admiral Ting, are far from being universally insensible, comply with the allies' demand. He did the best thing under the circumstances. He opened fire first. This did not avail him much. He paid the penalty incurred by even the brave and loyal when they serve a treacherous and corrupt Government. His fire was vigorously returned by the Russian, French, German, and English small craft in the river. These vessels had twenty-six officers and men killed and sixty-two wounded. The loss of the Chinese garrisons was much heavier. Storming parties were landed, and, without any very considerable loss, completed the defeat and capture of the forts.

Up to the 18th, the day following the capture, no act of overt hostility had been committed by the Chinese regular troops against the allied expeditionary force. The time for such had not come. That the Chinese were preparing for offensive operations was made evident by the fact that troops and Boxers combined made a vigorous attack on the foreign settlement at Tientsin on the 17th, directly after the forts had fallen. Next day General Tung's troops, as well as some of the Boxers, attacked Admiral Seymour's column, and were repulsed. On the same day, viz. on the 18th,* Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister in Peking, was treacherously murdered when on his way to the Tsung-li-Yamên. The miscreants who perpetrated this atrocious crime are declared to have been soldiers—that is to say, were in the service of the Government to which the murdered Minister was accredited. That the moment and, perhaps, the manner of the attack now made on the allied expedition by General Tung's army were determined by the capture of the Taku forts is likely enough ; but it would be to ignore all previous revelations of Chinese character, the obvious intention of their generals' movements, and all the probabilities—not to say virtual certainties—of the case, to believe that the aggressive operation undertaken by them was anything more than accelerated by the action of the allies on the lower Peiho.

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* June 18 seems to have been the real date of this crime. It has, however, been stated that it was perpetrated on the 13th according to our chronology ; the 18th being equivalent to that in the Chinese chronology ('Times,' August 31, 1900).

We need not follow the further fortunes of the expeditionary column in detail. It was seen that an advance to Peking was impossible, and that even retirement to Tientsin would be extremely difficult. The stock of provisions and ammunition was now much reduced; replenishment was not to be expected; the only thing to be done by the allies was to fight their way back. With much difficulty and no small loss this was effected. A relief force had been sent out from Tientsin on June 24. It found the expeditionary column a few miles from the city entrenched in an arsenal it had captured, and together with it returned on the 26th. The loss incurred by the column amounted to 44 killed and 228 wounded.

Events of great gravity had taken place in Peking. After the murder of the lamented Baron von Ketteler the several legations were attacked. Apparently there was a difference of opinion in the Palace as to the attitude to be observed towards foreigners. The more hot-headed of the anti-foreign party, largely composed of Manchus and probably led by Prince Tuan, a near relative of the Emperor and father of the latter's heir-designate, were in favour of extermination. Another party opposed this policy, most likely not out of any feeling of compassion for foreigners in terrible distress, nor any regard for the national obligations towards duly accredited envoys; but because to keep them alive and as *détenus* would be to hold possession of a valuable kind of 'material guarantee' that might be very useful in future negotiations. It is, as before indicated, difficult in the extreme to ascertain what Chinese officials really mean or intend, and it is, therefore, only probable that there existed a third party which was sincerely disposed to respect the persons of the envoys, and protect them and the other foreigners in the capital. That Prince Ching, head of the Tsung-li-Yamên, was so disposed is likely enough from what we know of him.

The foreign residents in Peking were now cut off from communication with the outside world. We cannot say that communication with the city no longer existed, for—as if to put its disloyalty beyond dispute and to accentuate its violation of the international rules which even the cannibals of the South Sea Islands respect—the Chinese Government continued to receive messages from, and send them to its officials in the provinces and in foreign countries. We knew that from June 20 a veritable siege of the legations had begun. Their premises had become places of

refuge for the foreign residents, official and unofficial. The great majority had been received in the British Legation. Meagre as was the information concerning proceedings in Peking which reached them, it was enough to inspire the civilised nations of the West with horror and resentment. Doubts of the power, and suspicions of the professed desire, of the Chinese Government to protect foreigners, were all but universal. It is true that an extraordinary and truly blind optimism still prevailed in certain quarters. On June 20 our Ambassador in St. Petersburg reported that 'Count Mouravieff still takes a sanguine view of the situa-'tion. . . . His excellency still regards the state of things 'in Central and Southern China as more threatening, and 'believes that in a fortnight the crisis will be over.'

The sudden death of Count Mouravieff shortly afterwards checks all intention of criticising him personally; but it is becoming and, indeed, desirable, to note that the words just quoted are on record for the instruction of those who never tire of extolling the superior prescience and astuteness with which the foreign affairs of Russia are conducted. Fortunately a sounder view prevailed elsewhere. On June 19, under directions from London, the Indian Government began preparations for the despatch of a considerable number of troops to China, and Lord Salisbury pointed out to the Government of Japan the critical situation and asked if it was not intended to send more troops to China, also proffering financial assistance. Further, he directed Lord Pauncefote to suggest to the United States Government the despatch of troops from Manila.

For two months Western nations were kept in a state of harassing uncertainty as to the fate of their fellow-countrymen in Peking. The anguish naturally felt by many who had relatives and friends there was grievously augmented by the duplicity of Chinese officials and the mendacity of European newspapers and telegraph agencies. The mandarins were able to communicate with their Government. Some of the Southern viceroys refused, or claimed credit for having refused, to carry out orders for the destruction of foreigners within their provinces. Scraps of intelligence as to the condition of the legations were allowed to come out. Sometimes it was reported, on Chinese authority, that all were safe. At other times it was stated that not a foreigner had been left alive. Rumours from the treaty-ports were dressed up by 'expanders' of telegrams and published as authentic statements. In the meantime troubles had been spreading.

The foreign settlement at Tientsin was persistently bombarded, and, in fact, was the object of attack for nearly a month, when, foreign troops in considerable numbers having arrived, the native city was assaulted and captured by the allies, so that it might no longer afford a place of arms for the Chinese forces. In Manchuria what looked like a pre-arranged campaign was begun against the Russians, whose army in that quarter was greatly strengthened, and who, after fighting had gone on for several weeks, occupied the city of Newchwang.

Early in July the Southern viceroys issued a proclamation declaring their intention of acting for themselves till authority was restored in the capital. They also engaged to protect foreigners. The magnitude of the task before them was now perceived by the Western Powers and each decided to send considerable forces to China. Owing to the length of time which it was expected would elapse, and which, in fact, did elapse, before some of the continental countries could get their troops to the scene of action, it was urgently necessary that effective steps for the relief of the legations should be taken before the arrival of all the contingents. Great Britain succeeded in getting the consent of Russia and Germany to the despatch of the considerable body of troops which Japan was willing to send. At length all the Powers agreed to this. Russia, who had large numbers of troops in the Far East, had been able to spare a considerable detachment. The wisdom of the naval officers in determining to seize the Taku forts was now made manifest. The road for the advance of a relieving army had been kept clear as far as Tientsin. It is particularly gratifying that the Australian colonies again came forward to support the empire at a grave crisis. They readily consented to the transfer of several ships from Australian waters to the China Station and sent a detachment of men to join the British forces operating there.

A sufficient army having been assembled at Tientsin, a fresh advance on the capital was begun in the first week of August by a force composed of Japanese, Russian, British, American, and French troops.* On August 12 the allies

* The allied forces which took part in forcing the entry into Peking consisted of:—British, 1,832 infantry, 400 cavalry, 13 guns; Russian, 3,300 infantry, 180 cavalry, 22 guns; French, 400 marines, 18 guns; Japanese, 6,600 infantry, 220 cavalry, 53 guns, and 450 engineers; American, 1,600 infantry, 75 cavalry, 6 guns, and 150 marines. (Reuter in the 'Times' of September 1, 1900.) The German detach-

were close to Peking, and early on the 14th the gates were attacked and the city entered during the day. The Ministers and the other surviving foreigners were rescued. The legations had withstood a long and terrible siege. The total loss nearly equalled a fourth of the whole number of foreigners in the city. There were 11 civilians and 54 marines and seamen killed; 19 civilians, 112 marines and seamen, and 2 foreign ladies had been wounded. A more heroic defence, in circumstances so terribly discouraging, than that maintained during two months by the legation guards and the valiant civilians who aided them has seldom, if ever, been recorded. The city had suffered heavily. The following account by Reuter's correspondent, dated August 15, 1900, is impressive:—

'The aspect of Peking is now one of absolute desolation. The destruction which has taken place is simply appalling. What used to be Legation Street is completely unrecognisable. All the houses of foreigners have been burned, riddled with shells, or blown up. The French Legation, which was one of the finest "compounds" in the city, now shows only a few portions of the walls standing; and even these are like sieves from the fire which was directed against them. The city wall of this legation was first undermined and blown up, and then fired upon. Further along, the Italian Legation is only recognisable from parts of the boundary walls which remain standing. Hundreds of acres of native houses have been burned, and few of those which remain fail to show marks of shot and shell.'*

We may here break off the narrative which it has been necessary to present to our readers to enable them to understand the state of affairs in China and the possibilities, or indeed probabilities, by which the civilised Powers find themselves confronted. One event, perhaps of great importance as regards future results, has still to be recorded. On August 14—the day on which the rescue expedition entered Peking—General Grodekoff, commanding the Russian forces operating in Manchuria, telegraphed to the Minister of War at St. Petersburg: 'After hard fighting we 'have taken possession of the right bank, thus consoli-'dating the great enterprise of annexing the whole of the 'Amur to Russia's dominions, and thus making of that 'river an internal waterway, and not a frontier stream.'† The 'Official Gazette,' in which this despatch was published, contained the statement that, when presented to the Tsar,

ment did not arrive till a day or two after the capital had been entered and the rescue of the legations effected.

* Times, August 29, 1900. † Ibid. August 20, 1900.

his Majesty noted on it: 'I sincerely thank the troops for 'their plucky action.' It has to be mentioned that a formal state of war between Russia and China had not been announced, and that the Chinese envoy was still in Russian territory.

Before we can reach any reasonable conclusion on the Chinese question we must recognise one or two facts. The first of these ought to be apparent from the record of occurrences which has been given above. It is that 'Occidentals,' even those most favourably situated for the acquisition of knowledge, have not found it possible to fathom the intentions of Chinese officials or discover what is really working in the public mind. The late terrible eruption of fanatical hatred and hostility was sudden only in the sense that those against whom it was immediately directed did not discern its approach till it was upon them. As Sir Edward Grey said in the debate in the House of Commons of August 2:—

'One cannot but feel how enormously wrong has been the estimate of the state of affairs, with regard to China, which has been made—I do not say by her Majesty's Government alone—but by all the Governments who have been mostly concerned with the question. . . . One cause has been the wrong estimate that has been formed of the condition of China, the idea that China was ripe for partition, that great liberties could be taken, and that large slices of territory could be acquired. That,' he added, 'has brought its own Nemesis.'

It has indeed! The best that can be said for the missionaries, even the Roman Catholic missionaries, is that they made out the danger a few hours sooner than their fellow-Occidentals. Yet it is perfectly certain that the tempest had been long brewing. To mark on the map the places at which disturbances and assaults on native Christians and foreigners, or the latter's property, occurred would be to cover a wide area. The crowds of Boxers who swarmed to Peking and the neighbourhood of the route thence to Tientsin could not, by any permissible figure of speech, be described as drawn from the local population. Many came from places at a considerable distance. The hostile movements of Chinese in Manchuria and the menace of similar movements in Mongolia, which seemed aimed at making the Russian line of railway communication insecure, were simultaneous with the attacks on the Peking-Tientsin line and the assemblage of riotous bands in Chihli.

Serious observers have remarked the inscrutability of the Chinese and the failure of Occidentals to penetrate it. Mrs. Scidmore frankly avows that, 'during seven visits

'to China in the last fifteen years, the mystery of its 'people and the enigma of its future have only increased.' Mr. Arthur Diósy * tells us how little information of value is to be got from the foreign residents at the treaty ports.

'There are, probably, no communities,' he says, 'residing out of their own countries, so absolutely isolated from the people amongst whom they live, so completely out of touch with native feeling and aspirations, as the European, and to a less extent the American, colonies in the Far East.'

The least acquainted with what is going on around them are, necessarily, the foreign diplomatists. Perhaps it may seem unnecessary to say this after what we have already recorded; but it is so important that some reiteration is excusable. In the immense majority of cases the foreign diplomatist does not make personal acquaintance with China till he has reached a mature age. He spends in it only a few years, a mere fraction of his official career. During his sojourn his chief desire, probably, is to leave it for a more congenial station as soon as he can. He is dependent for information about the country and the people on those whom we have seen know very little about either. The consuls, it is true, spend most of their lives in China; but there is nothing in the history of the last few months to show that they have got to understand the Chinese; whilst it is certain that prolonged residence in China does tend to impair recollection of the fact that there are other countries in the world. We have found how little the missionaries of any sect know of native feeling. This is not surprising when we remember the general principles governing their methods. They work almost exclusively amongst the poorer classes. With the intellectual life of China, except to arouse hostility, they come in contact scarcely at all. There are still, it may be said, the members of the Imperial Maritime Customs' Service. One of the most discouraging features of the late troubles has been the completeness with which the Chinese have ignored the benefits which this great service has conferred on their country. Even those immediately benefited — the Imperial Family and the ruling Mandarins—have exhibited little desire to preserve it. The members of the service foresaw the speedy approach of calamity as little as the other foreign residents.

The problem in China which we have to solve is in its essence double. There are, in truth, two distinct problems.

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* The New Far East, p. 18.

In the first are involved our relations with the Chinese; in the second, our relations with the other Powers having interests in China. In attempting a solution, we should consider the problems separately. It has been explained how completely foreigners failed to discern what was coming, and how impenetrable by them Chinese inscrutability proved to be. Are we then, as long as we remain in China, to continue to live on a volcano which may burst into eruption suddenly and destroy the great interests which have grown up in the country? Not if we go to work in the right way. Inscrutable as he is, the Chinaman is a human being after all. He has 'hands, organs, dimensions, 'senses, affections, passions.' He may well ask, 'If you 'prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not 'laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?' He puts another question, to which an answer in lurid characters has been written in advance across the 'conventions' and 'concessions' extorted from him of late years. There is now no mistaking the tone in which he asks, 'If you wrong 'us, shall we not revenge?' As Sir Edward Grey has told us, neglect of facts brings its own Nemesis. The facts of human nature being what they are, and the Chinese being human, the broad and general effect of our behaviour to them can be predicted with reasonable certainty.

As a people, the Chinese are not in the least opposed to commercial intercourse with foreign nations. The increase of trade, as shown in the Customs returns, proves this beyond dispute. As long as we confine ourselves to pure trading with them they are ready to meet us half-way. Here and there a Mandarin, or a member of the literate class from which the Mandarins come, may show his dislike of the intercourse; just as an official of some public department farther west may show his dislike of a movement likely to bring with it a cry for reform. The objector, however, gets little support from the trading public. As a people, too, the Chinese have a national self-consciousness which is but a form of patriotism. The recent outburst, which has caused so much bloodshed and material loss, was undoubtedly a display of ill-directed patriotic feeling manifested as extreme animosity against foreigners. Till recently the Chinese despised rather than hated the foreigner. It is easy to make out the cause of the change. Five years ago China was reeling from a blow struck at her by an enemy whom she had held in extreme contempt. A fable popular in Occidental circles in the Far

East ascribes to the great mass of the Chinese people indifference to, and, indeed, ignorance of the result of the complications in which the empire has been involved. This fable has been refuted by recent occurrences. The defeat of their country by Japan was received with emotions of shame and anger by multitudes of Chinese. What is more, they saw that this defeat was largely due to the inefficiency of their Government. Whilst still prostrate after her encounter with Japan, China seemed a fair object of plunder to Western Powers. Mr. Charles Denby,* formerly Secretary of the United States' legation in Peking, tells us that—as the result of the action of Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and France—'China has not a single deep-water 'harbour for herself except that of Amoy.' All have been taken from her.

The immediate excuse made for their annexations—disguised as 'leases' of territory—by Germany and France was the murders of German and French missionaries. As outrages on missionaries of nearly every nationality are followed by demands, not only for the punishment of the guilty, but also for compensation in coin, in concessions, or in 'leases' which are indistinguishable from territorial cession—it is no wonder that the Chinese regard Christian missions as organisations for facilitating the exploitation and dismemberment of their country.† They are quite able to distinguish between German and French Roman Catholics on one side, and English and American Protestant missionaries on the other; and, though they may not associate the latter with schemes of partition, they have—or, from their particular point of view, the upper classes have—grounds for being suspicious of their activity. The missionaries consort almost exclusively with the lower classes ‡ of the population. A recently published map, on which the stations of the China Inland and other Protestant missions are indicated, will astonish even those who know the Far East when they see how numerous and widespread these stations are. To the educated and wealthier classes

* The Forum, July 1900, p. 576.

† Signor Enrico Fossataro, who is not at all unfriendly to the Germans in Shantung, says: 'Sono stati i missionari tedeschi di quella provincia chi hanno preparato l'occupazione di Kiaou-tschou.' ('Nuova Antologia,' July 16, 1900, p. 343.)

‡ Miss Gordon-Cumming, in her eulogium of a missionary—the Rev. W. H. Murray—says (p. 7), 'Throughout China almost all Christian converts are illiterate persons.'

of Chinese every station seems the centre of a movement aiming at the infringement of their privileges and the destruction of some of their most cherished beliefs. We know what, in similar circumstances, would happen in even the enlightened countries of the West. The antagonism of the leading section of the nation would be aroused. It is simply a result of the ordinary laws of human nature; and, cruel and treacherous as he may be, the Chinaman, as we have already said, is a human being.

Neither the Mandarins nor the native trading classes relish the frequency with which concessions for railways, &c., have been granted. They know quite well that they have been extorted virtually by force, and they fear that more concessions will be extorted in the same way. The Chinese think that, at the present rate of giving, there will soon be no concessions for them to work themselves, and the reform party, not less than the most bigoted conservative, desires to keep in Chinese pockets as much as possible of the money that can be made in China. As Mr. Brodrick said, amidst cheers, in the House of Commons, the Chinese might well retort that 'The Governments of Europe were 'competing against each other in their desire to make them 'loans on their present security, and that the speculators 'of all the countries of Europe were tumbling over each 'other in the scramble for concessions.'* The deliberate support, or indeed vigorous pushing, by foreign Governments of the financial and commercial schemes of certain associations of their fellow-countrymen, eager to make money in Oriental countries of relatively low commercial developement, is a novelty in international procedure which we owe to the initiative of Germany. It is incurably vicious, first, because directly one Government does so others are sure to intervene in the same way, and there arises great risk of misunderstanding and even of hostility between Powers which ought to work together in the face of the Orientals; and, secondly, because, as Professor Reinsch acutely remarks, 'such intervention leads large syndicates 'into political intrigues.'

That which humiliated and incensed large classes of the Chinese people more than anything else was the seizure of territory that followed the Japanese War. Mgr. Anzer, Roman Catholic Bishop of Shantung, recently stated in

* Debate of August 2, 1900.

Austria,* that 'the whole "Boxer" movement arose a short 'time after the seizure of Kiao-chow, Port Arthur, Wei-'Hai-Wei, &c.' In the Russian Press, which, notwithstanding the constraint generally put upon it, is sometimes allowed to remind Germany that her great neighbour has an eye upon her, the Chinese name of the Boxers was translated as 'The Great Fist;' and the 'Novoe Vremya' attributed the origin of this appellation to the 'mailed fist' of Germany, 'which was shaken in the face of China when 'Prince Henry started for Kiao-chow.' It is likely enough that the Boxer movement was at first intended to coerce the Imperial Chinese authorities into preventing the country from being further dishonoured. The Government probably began by sympathising with the movement. The intrigues and internal conflicts which spring up in every Oriental palace gave the movement a new form and a new direction. We really know very little of what goes on within the walls of the Prohibited City. 'Half the grotesque and absurd 'accounts of Palace life,' says Mrs. Scidmore, 'are manifestly 'untrue. Where there is so much mystery, imagination at 'once supplies material; and almost everything one hears 'in Peking about the most exalted Pekingese circle is 'immediately contradicted and disproved.' The Empress-Dowager may be a strong-minded, imperious tyrant without any scruples; and Prince Tuan may be a ruthless savage. On the other hand, they may be quite different. We can, however, be certain—if only because we find that such characters are attributed to them by gossip from the Palace—that the members of the present dynasty are split into factions. It is reasonable to infer that the faction which managed to control the Boxer movement would soon get the better of its rivals, and that consequently each would strive to control it. This is only another instance of the frequently observed historical fact that a weak dynasty, in the hope of avoiding destruction, is apt to throw itself into the arms of the most violent party.

Every Power concerned has disclaimed all intention of making territorial acquisitions in China. The proceedings of Russia in Manchuria and some apparently significant remarks in the well-disciplined Russian Press may make the sincerity of this disclaimer doubtful in her case; and a bad example has great attractions for some people. Nevertheless, the very fact that the desire to annex territory has

* In a communication to 'Das Vaterland,' a Vienna newspaper.

been generally repudiated goes far to prove that even a modified partition of China is almost everywhere considered inadvisable.* What would best serve the interests of the majority of the powers would be a China preserving her territorial integrity, possessing a strong Government and a pure administrative system, with order maintained in every province, and as open to legitimate foreign trade as most countries now are.

The first can be secured by the simple process of refraining from annexation. The second will be made impossible if we destroy or unduly humiliate the present dynasty. If there were a better one to put in its place the case would be different; but where is the better one to be found? Consequently we ought, whilst exacting proper reparation for recent offences against civilised nations, to avoid carefully all vindictive action. Wanton destruction of institutions and even of material monuments would be unworthy of the mission which civilised Powers boast they are called upon to fulfil; and, besides, would enormously increase the difficulty of giving to the empire a stable government. No purity or efficiency can be looked for in the administrative body unless its members receive adequate remuneration. Consequently a reform of the fiscal system of China is imperative. We have a pattern by which to work ready to our hands in the Imperial Maritime Customs. If an organisation of the kind could take over the financial administration of the empire, an immense advance would have been made. The internal police of the country would rapidly improve, and the maintenance of order would be ensured; trade would extend, and prosperity hardly fail to increase. The difficulties in the way of establishing more numerous foreign commercial stations and carrying out great works like railway construction or canal construction would be diminished, or would disappear. It is permissible to hope that the missionaries of different sects have learned a lesson; or at any rate, that those who have not can be induced by their Governments to amend their methods so as to make them less mortifying to the more intellectual class of the Chinese population.

* 'It is certain that, should the policy of partition be realised, terrible conflicts between the Far East and the West must be the result. The broadest interests of civilisation, therefore, demand that the Western Powers should exert all their influence in maintaining intact and open to Western thought and life the greatest empire of the East.'—Reinsch, 'World Politics,' p. 241.

The proposals of the Russian Government, as modified by that of the United States * to which it was communicated on August 28, still form the subject of negotiations between the different Powers. The proposals, to which was added a 'reiterated statement that Russia has no designs of territorial acquisition in China,' provide for early, though not necessarily immediate, evacuation of Peking by the allies; re-establishment of the native authorities, in other words the Court, in the capital; reference of the just demands of the Powers to the processes of peaceful negotiations as soon as the Chinese Government shall have been re-established, and shall give evidence of sufficient stability to permit of treaties being made with it. The United States Government had already avowed its belief that,

'All the Powers having disclaimed any purpose to acquire any part of China, and now that the adherence thereto has been renewed since relief reached Peking, it ought not to be difficult by concurrent action through negotiations to reach an amicable settlement with China, whereby the treaty-rights of all the Powers shall be secured for the future, the open door assured, the interests and property of foreign citizens conserved, and full reparation made for wrongs and injuries suffered by them.'

The real difficulty begins when an attempt is made to reconcile the aims of different Powers and their presumed interests. We say 'presumed' because, though often believed to be in conflict, those of the majority are in truth identical. Rather more than a year ago † we dwelt upon the magnitude of the issues involved in the China question. What has occurred since in that country goes far to prove that we in no way exaggerated the gravity of those issues. Professor Reinsch has some remarks on the subject which deserve serious attention. He says:—

'Vast interests are there under contention—even the very composition of the world-civilisation of the future is at stake upon the issue. . . . The whole situation is fraught with fateful possibilities for mankind. . . . If a careful consideration of the Powers engaged in the Chinese struggle, their politics and tendencies, is of the greatest necessity, it is not less a study of most absorbing interest; for a drama is about to be enacted, the like of which the world has never seen. It dwarfs the conquests of Alexander; compared with this Titanic contest, the exploits of Napoleon seem a passing diversion;

* See the 'Times' of September 1, 1900.

† Edinburgh Review, July 1899, 'The Problem in China,' pp. 244–5.

and previous meetings between Orient and Occident seem the merest frontier skirmishes.' *

Here, again, no solution of the problem is possible unless facts are acknowledged. Several of the Powers are disinclined to territorial acquisition in China, simply because each cannot carry out the annexing process alone. In all probability the United States, Austria-Hungary, Japan, and now Italy, as well as Great Britain, are perfectly sincere in their disclaimer of a desire to annex territory. Russia's interests in China are, as the late Count Mouravieff frankly avowed, political, *i.e.* interests which can be best furthered by overt or veiled annexation. France's commercial interests in China are relatively insignificant, and in some parts, as shown by the decrease in the number of resident French citizens, tend to diminish. Annexation, in the opinion of many Frenchmen, would develope French commerce—of course, at the expense of another country's.† In the German Emperor's speeches may be detected signs of a belief that few things would prove more agreeable to him than the conversion of China or one of its provinces into a German copy of the British Indian Empire. The presumed advantages of annexation, in the case of these three Powers, would be quite neutralised if someone else were to annex also. There is no great inducement to acquire an estate of which some other purchaser has obtained choice parcels. He may give much trouble, and it would probably be difficult to expropriate him. Russia is the predominant Power in northern China: a fact which it is well to recognise. Nature and geography have done more to bring this about than any conscious action or inaction on the part of any Power. We shall find it wiser to make use of a fact than to ignore or try to disprove it.

The appointment of Count von Waldersee as generalissimo of the allied land forces was not settled in a moment of impulse. All the other Powers who had troops in China had to be consulted. The Emperor William's public statement that the appointment was due to the suggestion of the Tsar has been contradicted by the Russian Government. The excuse for putting a German officer in the position in question was that Germany had been more seriously offended by China than any other country, because her representative was

* World Politics, p. 85.

† See speech of M. Doumer, Governor-General of French Indo-China, quoted by Professor Reinsch, pp. 167–8.

murdered; but every other foreign representative had been attacked, and if he is alive it is no fault of his assailants. As a matter of fact no German troops took part in the rescue of the legations, because no Germans reached Peking in time. We may, therefore, take Count von Waldersee's appointment as a hint of what Germany would like to do rather than what she will be able to do, or will even try to do. That she will not go counter to any steadfastly held wish or intention of Russia may be regarded as certain. All the Powers having disclaimed any intention of dismembering China, or of seizing small patches of Chinese territory, we may credit them with sincerity, no matter what the real reason prompting the disclaimer may be. Equal confidence may be felt in the sincerity of their declarations that they must insist on compensation for the wrongs done them and security for permanent international good behaviour on the part of the Chinese for the future—these being precautions too obvious to be omitted. If the concert of the Powers can be maintained, it is not to be doubted that the objects specified can be secured.

It is possible to attach undue importance to the question of keeping military possession of Peking or of evacuating it and occupying some other place—for example, Tientsin. In spite of the stories which reach Western newspapers from the Far East, the Chinese have had a lesson which they are not likely to forget soon. They do not wish to see a third hostile re-occupation of their capital; and the Imperial family—for every reason that can have weight with an Oriental dynasty—must be keenly alive to the risks that it would run were it again compelled to undergo the humiliation of ignominious flight from a foreign army. It is true that, in the late operations, the Chinese exhibited a daring and a knowledge of modern warfare which were unexpected; but it is also true that these did not avail to save the Court from expulsion, nor the capital from occupation by foreigners. No one will dispute the moral, and, perhaps, the military, advantages of retaining possession of Peking; but it would be a very high price to pay for those advantages, if they are to be bought only by exhibiting to the Chinese disagreement amongst the interested Powers. It is, therefore, to be hoped that—whatever decision may be come to—it will be one to which these all may unanimously agree.

The Russian proposal for the evacuation of Peking, we are now informed, 'has been amended by force of circum-'stances.' The Tsar's Minister left on September 29, and,

though Russian troops are being withdrawn from the city, a respectable force remains. An important communication made to other Governments by that of Germany is, at the moment of writing, under consideration. All the Powers are agreed on certain points. They desire that the real authors of the recent hideous outrages on foreigners should be punished; that proper compensation should be given by China; and that arrangements should be made rendering it impossible for the late occurrences to be repeated. Germany considered 'that a preliminary condition of entering upon 'diplomatic dealings with the Chinese Government is the 'surrender of those persons regarding whom it has been 'ascertained that they were the original and real instigators 'of those crimes against the law of nations which were com-'mitted in Peking.' It is, therefore, proposed that the Cabinets concerned should invite their representatives in Peking to designate those leading Chinese personages regarding whose guilt there can be no reasonable doubt. The only reply to this communication as yet (October 1) made public is that of the United States. The gist of this reply is that the punishment of the real authors of the wrongs committed in China should be 'a condition to be 'embraced and provided for in the negotiations for a final 'settlement,' and that 'no punitive measures will be so 'effective' as those inflicted by the Imperial Chinese authority itself. Many reports of the attitude of the various Powers towards the German proposal have been published in the newspapers of Continental countries, but most of these reports are but little worthy of belief. It is likely, however, that several Governments incline more to the view of the United States than to that of Germany. This is corroborated by what looks like an inspired statement in a Berlin journal, that the German Government is ready to renounce the idea of making the surrender of the chief culprits in China a 'preliminary condition' of negotiations. The adoption of the German view might, and probably would, have been followed by a refusal on the part of the Chinese to give up the culprits in question, which must have led to a long and difficult campaign. In dealing with Orientals, no greater mistake can be made than demanding what you are not certain of being able to compel them to give. The Powers generally appear to understand this.

Towards the end of September Chinese Imperial edicts were issued directing the degradation and trial of Prince Tuan and other princes and high officials; and the Emperor

of China addressed to the German Emperor a letter expressing sorrow at the murder of the latter Sovereign's Minister, and containing a 'special earnest appeal' that early negotiations for peace might be allowed. If we may assume that these steps have been taken in sincerity, we may look upon them as indications of a desire to satisfy the reasonable demands of the foreign Powers. Count von Waldersee has arrived in Northern China, and the allied forces there number some 70,000. Of these, the German contingent amounts, or soon will amount, to 22,000. The ebullient enthusiasm aroused in Germany by Count von Waldersee's nomination as Generalissimo of the Allies and by the despatch of troops to the Far East has now cooled down. It has, in fact, given place to what is described as 'national discouragement and anxiety.' If the Chinese give satisfactory proof of an honest desire to arrive at a settlement, the moment is not unfavourable; and it ought to be within the capacity of Occidental diplomacy to formulate one promising to be durable. The withdrawal of the German forces without their having seen active service cannot but be unpleasant to those valiant troops; but, if the feeling in Germany strongly demands it, it will be carried out, though the garrison of Kiao-chow may receive a large and permanent addition.

ART. IX.—*Burnet's History of My own Time.* A new edition, based on that of M. J. Routh, D.D., by OSMUND AIRY, M.A. Part I. The Reign of Charles the Second. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1897, 1900.

WHEN, after the death of Queen Anne, the clouds of oblivion most happily began to settle down on the volcanic mountain of feuds and hatreds that for a hundred years of civil strife had been daily cast up with fire and dirt and turmoil of hell, it seemed as if nothing would ever again disturb the mists of ignorance under which the era of the Stuarts was shut off from the sympathy of succeeding generations. But now that in our own era these mists are rolling away before the searching breeze of inquiry, or are being sucked up by the sun of a warmer charity, although in the deepest gullies the clouds still roll and cluster, we are at last beginning to see the true form of that once fiery mountain that now stands cold and magnificent in the light of history.

Few men of that time gain more by this dispersal of prejudice and of ignorance than Bishop Gilbert Burnet, whose last care in this life was to offer up his reputation on the altar of posterity by leaving behind him for publication a 'history of his own time.' He had many adversaries, and he chose to write a book calculated to give them at once the deepest offence and the liveliest cause of exultation. In this book he recorded what he knew about the secret history of that discreditable series of great events which led from the Restoration of Charles II. to the final establishment of English liberty. This book was based on no proofs and attested by no documents; it was merely the record of what Burnet himself had learnt, sometimes at first hand, sometimes by rumour in high places. It was inevitable that such a book should be denounced by the indignant Tories as a pile of malicious inventions, and that his reputation for prejudice and inaccuracy should have become permanent and proverbial. Dean Swift read the book and wrote his terrible comments along the margin of his copy; in 1823 these notes were given to a delighted public in Dr. Routh's edition of Burnet.* But now that,

* The best of Swift's notes are kept in Mr. Airy's edition. They are conspicuous for fierce brevity; e.g. in one place Burnet employs an unusual expression: 'Is this a Scotch word?' asks Swift. In

in the light of modern investigation, and by the help of newly published documents, it has at last become possible to estimate the real trustworthiness of this strange book, it is remarkable how just is its estimate of the character and purpose of statesmen, how accurate its general conclusions as to the tendency of events. In matters of detail its inaccuracy is the same as that of all memoirs written without correction from documents.

The fact is that Burnet's materials, though not documentary, were better than his contemporaries believed. They knew that his pride and imagination exaggerated his intimacy with the great, and they held it impossible that so indiscreet a man should ever have been admitted to the inner counsels of statesmen. Yet his other qualities, his honesty in a venal world, his charity and moderation in a time of violent counsels, had in truth won for him from his boyhood upwards the intimacy of men in power, Tory as well as Whig.

But he had not only more of the knowledge, but more of the impartiality requisite for an historian, than his enemies would admit. His views were more moderate and his mind less partial than was supposed by many whom he outraged by the impulsive frankness of his conversation or offended by the arrogance of his personal carriage. If he snorted in church when the prayer was read for King James while the more decorous rebels around him chimed in with a hypocritical Amen, he had been one of the few Whigs who, when James's co-religionists were being murdered, regarded the Popish Plot not as a heaven-sent party occasion, but as a foul outrage on humanity and justice. A latitudinarian from his youth up, the bosom friend of the gentle peacemaker Archbishop Leighton, Burnet, in spite of his lack of humility, on the whole carried more of the Christian code of ethics about his burly person than either his Dissenting friends or his High Church foes. The violent apostle of toleration, he was always against the Whigs when they transgressed, and never hot in his denunciation of the Tories when they observed, the limits of reason and humanity.

In no part of Burnet's work does his real knowledge of secret history, his essential fairness to all men, or the moderation of his political views, appear so clearly as in his

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another place Burnet says Leighton's 'style was rather too fine.' 'Burnet is not guilty of that,' says Swift.

account of Scotch affairs between 1660 and 1679. Mr. Airy, the recognised authority on the subject ever since his publication of the Lauderdale Papers, now crowns his work by this scholarly and probably final edition of the first two volumes of the 'History of my own Times,' which Swift not unfairly nicknamed a 'History of Scotland in my own 'Times.' From his intimate knowledge of Scotch affairs after the Restoration, Mr. Airy bears witness to Burnet's 'sheer honesty of purpose,' and so confirms the dictum of Ranke as to Burnet's 'subjective truthfulness.' It is, indeed, probable that the proportion of error in this Scotch part of the history is not so great as in the later English portion. Scotch affairs, smaller and less complex, the Edinburgh statesmen, fewer in number than those at London, were all familiar to Burnet as a young man; his own attitude, too, was in Scotch politics more nearly a middle position, equally opposed to both parties, than it was in England. No one will accuse Burnet of favouring the persecution of the Covenanters; yet he never had sympathy, but only pity and admiration, for the persecuted. It is worth while to quote the language which the zealots held of the latitudinarian episcopalian who officiously ran in to mediate. Mr. Gilbert Burnet, writes Kirkton,

'was thought fit to be a father in our Church and placed in Glasgow College, to breed our young divines, and what a fry his disciples were the Lord knows better than the godly people of Scotland, who refused to hear them or to own them. Their most common political profession was latitude and indifferency in opinions and questions, and this truly not because they thought so, but because here they were in best case to turn and serve the times.'

Again—

'Mr. Gilbert Burnet, a man more disdained in the west country [Ayrshire, Dumfries, &c.] than followed at London, for tho' he speaks the newest English diction, he speaks never the language of ane excercised conscience.' *

It would be difficult to put in fewer words than this last sentence the difference between the human, social, cultured Christianity of Burnet and the spiritual, personal, untamed religion of men who never forgot that hell was burning beneath the moors they trod, that this life was a floating vision, Claverhouse and his red dragoons a passing pageant, sin and salvation the only realities upon the doomed earth.

* Kirkton's 'History of the Church of Scotland,' ed. 1817, pp. 193, 293–4.

The Restoration régime, by the ineffaceable negative impression which it left upon the Scotch mind and character, holds so important a place in the history of the evolution of mankind that it is not uninteresting to trace its historical causes.

Up to the year 1638 the Church of Scotland had been thoroughly Calvinist in doctrine and ritual, and in form of government presbyterian in all but name; so James I. had been content to leave it. His more foolish son, who had not been brought up to know and fear theological Scotland, supported the proposals of Laud to bring doctrine and ritual north of the Tweed into line with the new Anglicanism which he had established precariously in the south of the island. The attempt resulted in the uprising of the Scotch nation. The unanimity of the movement can only be compared to the English Revolution of 1688; men who for the next fifty years never ceased to pursue each other to the death, on this first summons to the field rode together to repel foreign government and foreign religion, Montrose by the side of Argyle and Baillie the Covenanter. And not only all sections of religious opinion but all classes of society were united. The King's power in Church and State disappeared at one blow, and for more than twenty years Scotland was governed by a rapid succession of native factions. The Covenanters finally had the upper hand, and after the destruction of the Scotch Royalist party the ministers became, for the moment, the real rulers of the country. In politics, as leaders of the democracy, they displaced the barons under whose guardianship they had been glad to array themselves ten years before; a great part of the nobility had gone down with the Cavalier cause, and those who remained faithful to the Covenant were forced to accept the policy dictated by the Church. Similarly the social influence of the nobles and lairds in the various parishes of Scotland had been in the last few years seriously undermined by the spirit of religious democracy fostered by the ministers.* In those days he who controlled the Kirk Session ruled the parish. Wealth, rank, and privilege were often no protection against the Calvinist inquisition into private life; the laird who walked in the fields on the Sabbath, the nobleman who lived after the questionable manner of his class, might find himself forced

* See Burnet, Airy's edition, i. p. 54.

to submit to judgement and penance at the hands of men who were his neighbours but not his peers.* In this way the nobility were permanently alienated from the Kirk, as they had been temporarily alienated from episcopalianism by the pride and pretension of the bishops. The remnants of the Royalist party, and many moderate men besides, developed the intensest hatred of the clerical rule, and nursed the hope of revenge.

At length the alternate triumph of native factions was brought to an end by the appearance in Scotland of an army of English Anabaptists and Independents, equally offensive to Episcopalians and Presbyterians, but marching 'indefatigably on' under the great sectary himself. Marvell's discourteous prophecy was fulfilled:—

> 'The Pict no shelter now shall find
> Within his parti-coloured mind,
> But from his valour sad
> Shrink underneath the plaid.' †

As soon as the chase at Dunbar had shown that Scotland, if disunited, would fall a prize to Cromwell, that section of the Presbyterian party which held the person of Charles II., and used him for their purposes, proposed to combine with the broken remnants of the old Cavalier or 'Malignant' party, now hiding in Highland straths or Dutch sea-ports. But this proposal, instead of producing union, only created further discord. It occasioned that great split in the Presbyterian party which controlled events for the next forty years. When the more zealous part of the clergy and their lay adherents 'remonstrated' against this 'resolution' to join hands with the 'Malignants,' the Church divided into 'Resolutioners' and 'Remonstrants.' The Resolutioners were moderate Presbyterians and moderate Royalists; the Remonstrants contained the new and more zealous school of religion that, without being theoretically republican, felt loyalty to no king but Christ with His crown and covenant. Geographically the division was that of east against west. Under these circumstances it was not hard for Cromwell to reap the fruits of his victory and establish English government throughout the land. He

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* It is of these palmy days that the story is told how a nobleman, having been forced to sit in the penance stool for three Sabbaths, insisted on thereafter occupying it as his family pew, 'as it was the best place in the kirk and he saw no better man to take it from him.'

† Marvell's 'Horatian Ode' on Cromwell.

brought down upon his head the curse of God by tolerating the sects, but he left the Church to itself, torn by a dissension which it was rather his interest to foment than to allay. The Kirk Assembly, with its political pretensions, suffered the fate of the English Parliament, but the Synods and Kirk Sessions were left undisturbed. Although the Remonstrants, being less royalist than the Resolutioners, were somewhat more favourably treated, the general attitude of the English proconsuls towards the two parties was that of the Roman officer towards the quarrels that divided the Jewish synagogues in the first century of our era. Cromwell himself never came to any real understanding with the unbending intellectual pride of the ministers, whom he vainly 'besought,' to use his own memorable expression, 'in the bowels of Christ to think it possible 'they might be mistaken.' *

Meanwhile the English soldiers were showing what an army of occupation should be. How different was the conduct of these hated sectaries from the violence of the Presbyterian soldiers after their victory over Montrose, or of the Episcopalian troopers in the days of Claverhouse !

'There was an order and discipline, and a face of gravity and piety among them, that amazed all people. Most of them were Independents and Anabaptists ; they were all gifted men, and preached as they moved ; but they never disturbed the public assemblies in the churches but once. They came and reproached the preachers for laying things to their charge that were false. I was then present; the debate grew very fierce; at last they drew their swords, but there was no hurt done; yet Cromwell displaced the governor for not punishing this.' †

Never before or since has there been such an army; the ideal of the English soldier whom it was Cromwell's fortune to lead was not absent-minded ignorance, but to know what was the duty of his life, and in what cause he was laying it down.

It was the imperial policy of Cromwell to unite England, Scotland, and Ireland in one republic, bound together by free commerce and by a simplified code of enlightened laws, everywhere vigorously enforced by the English army. In pursuance of this plan the feudal system was abolished in Scotland, and free trade with England granted. At the same time peace and order reigned throughout the land to a degree formerly unknown ; even the Highlanders were kept

* Carlyle, letter 136.

† Burnet, Airy's edition, p. 103.

in awe as they never again were until the English armies once more penetrated into their country under the Duke of Cumberland.

Yet for all this the rule of Cromwell was unpopular. In spite of free trade, whose benefits had not time to be fully developed, the country remained miserably poor after the destruction of life and property during the civil wars. The presence of the English garrisons, however well behaved, the rule of English officials, however enlightened, was a cruel wound to the pride of a people that came to connect the old, bad, barbarous methods with national independence. Consequently, when the antique provincial system of trade, law, and society came back with Charles II., the Restoration was hailed with delirious joy by the whole Scotch people, as the English garrisons moved slowly off along the southern roads, as the caterans began again to stir along the Highland line, as the nobles returned to their dismantled castles and resumed their ancient sway, and Scotland was Scotland yet.

But men were soon to learn that the restoration of national independence was more apparent than real. The country was indeed to be governed by a Council sitting at Edinburgh, consisting of certain Scotch nobles; but only on the condition of their adopting the policy dictated to them at Whitehall. The nobles themselves were returned Cavalier exiles whom the course of events during the last twenty years had divided from other sections of Scotch society and totally alienated from Scotch religion.

During the early months of the Restoration the settlement of the Kirk was left over until it could follow as a corollary from the English Church settlement. When the tide of Cavalier feeling had risen to its full height in the south of the island, when it was evident that the English Presbyterian party was but a shred of what it had been, and that its strength had been overestimated at the time of Charles's return to England, the King and Clarendon naturally assumed that a similar High Church reaction had as silently taken place in Scotland, and they were assured by interested persons that this would at once become apparent if episcopacy was made the law of the land. The object of introducing this change once more was not on this occasion religious; on the contrary, the move was part of a secular reaction allied to certain political interests. Charles I. and Laud had complained, foolishly enough, that there was 'no 'religion' in Scotland, and had proceeded to make it;

Charles II. and Clarendon saw too much religion in Scotland, and proceeded to unmake it. It would not be fair upon Laud to compare him to the vile instrument whom Clarendon chose as fit to represent religion in a country where the influence of religion was, if possible, to be undermined. Laud had been a genuine enthusiast for a certain ideal; Sharp was an ambitious wretch, who obtained power by treachery and kept it by abject, tearful submission to his masters, varied by secret intrigues to free himself from their yoke. His treachery consisted in this: sent up to Court in 1660 as one of the representatives of the moderate Presbyterians to negotiate for the recognition of the Covenant, if possible, in both the kingdoms, he continued to deceive his employers by reports on the progress of their cause in his hands, while he planned the restoration of episcopacy with the Cavalier statesmen.*

The Presbyterian Church had not in reality suffered that loss of esteem which English Puritanism had undergone. Its hold of the affections of the people was still firm as ever; but for the moment it sank without a struggle, from want of any adequate representation at London. The King listened, not to the true voice of Scotland, but to the broken nobility, out of touch with other classes and now bitterly hostile to the Church. The principal representative of the Presbyterian ministers betrayed his colleagues. The Remonstrant and Resolutioner parties had been so long at bitter feud and so long unaccustomed under Cromwell's rule to take effective political action in the Assemblies, that they could not at the critical moment unite to resist the return of episcopacy. Sharp was accordingly made Primate, and was sent back north with a motley crew of time-servers and epicures, ex-Presbyterians like himself, to govern the better sort of Scotch clergy.

But there was one among the new bishops who, though he had once been a Presbyterian minister, was no time-server and no epicure. If ever any man honestly said 'nolo episcopari' it was the saintly Leighton, when he reluctantly agreed to serve God in the see of Dumblane,

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* His conduct and character have long been in dispute, but have been finally determined beyond all appeal by the letters published by Mr. Airy in the Camden Series ('Lauderdale Papers'). See 'Lauderdale Papers,' *passim*, especially the preface and Ap. C of vol. ii. See also 'Scottish Review,' July 1884, and 'Quarterly Review,' April 1884, for Mr. Airy's articles.

carefully chosen by him because it was the smallest of the Scotch bishoprics, with a revenue of 120 English pounds a year. The son of one of Laud's most famous victims, he had been born and bred a Presbyterian, but had conceived an aversion for the Scotch ministers as he saw them in the heyday of their prosperity, and had imbibed latitudinarian principles from some noble Jansenists whom he once met in Flanders. Ever since that time he had stood above the quarrels of the Churches, a mystic wrapped 'in 'perpetual meditation,' an ascetic continually punishing his body for sins of which he was incapable, seldom giving way to anger, and never to mirth, yet kind and loving to others as he was cruel to himself, humble and self-effacing in proportion to his merits and his accomplishments. Among the latter were numbered extraordinary learning, a personal influence on all who came across him, and a noble gift of preaching. Burnet declares that his utterance had

'a sublimity both of thought and expression in it that it gave a man an indignation against himself and all others. It was a very sensible humiliation to me, and for some time after I heard him I could not bear the thought of my own performances, and was out of countenance when I was forced to think of preaching.' *

If the quality of Leighton's sermons had so remarkable though transient an effect upon Burnet, it is not surprising that their doctrines should have had more permanent influence; the long friendship between two men so different in temper resulted from the hearty adoption by the younger man of the latitudinarian and tolerant principles of the elder. These principles were not then in fashion, but Burnet lived to see them come in like a strong tide before the wind from Holland.

Such, then, was Leighton, who in December 1661 was consecrated bishop in Westminster Abbey, in company with Sharp, Hamilton, and Fairfoul, a jester and *bon vivant*, designated to preside from Glasgow over the religious life of the Ayrshire Whigs. After the consecration a banquet was held, at which all grew merry except Leighton, who sat thinking of the stern religious men waiting in northern farms and cottages for the arrival of their new pastors, and doubted if such 'feasting and jollity' 'became the new 'modelling of a Church.' At the new year the four bishops were sent off to Scotland 'all in one coach.'† To what a destiny were these men driving, blind instruments with

* Burnet, i. 241. † Ibid. i. 251.

which fate should forge its wonders! By the time they reached Morpeth they could no longer endure each other's company. Leighton, hearing they intended to make a triumphant entry into the capital, went on alone, and 'came 'to Edinburgh a few days before them.'

If the rulers of the Church were avaricious and Epicurean, the rulers of the State were worse in both respects. The vices of the new régime at London were reflected at Edinburgh with filthy exaggeration. The Earl of Middleton, who for the present bore rule in Scotland as High Commissioner, eventually lost Charles II.'s confidence by the continual state of drunkenness in which he and his council transacted business, for even the merry monarch thought that several hours in the day should be devoted to sobriety.* A few of the old Covenanter lords were still observed to follow the rules of behaviour that had held good when they entered politics, but many who had long professed a decent life broke out into the wildest excess, while the Cavaliers who had returned from hiding, and the young men come to seek their fortunes, soon 'perceived what spirit ruled; 'debauching was loyalty, gravity was rebellion.' These young harpies attached themselves to the political fortunes of Middleton with the ferocious greed of gain too common among Scotchmen when Scotland was the poorest country in Europe. 'There you might have seen men who, some 'weeks before, were companions to owls hiding themselves 'from messengers pursuing them for debt, vapouring in 'scarlet and ermines, upon good hopes to be all men of 'gold.'† The method by which Middleton and his party proposed to enrich themselves was by seizing the wealth of those who had adhered to the various rebel governments. The Scotch Act of Indemnity was purposely delayed, and the men whose lives and fortunes were thus left at the mercy of unscrupulous enemies compounded by great sums for their safety. After some time Charles and his advisers in London interfered to stop further spoliation, but enough had already been done to ruin many lairds and burgesses, to increase the distress and poverty of the country, to create a sense of insecurity unknown in England, and to initiate an abominable system of spoliation which was soon to be carried to greater lengths under colour of religious persecution.‡

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* Burnet, i. 251. † Kirkton, pp. 87–114.

‡ Lauderdale Papers, i. 92; Burnet, i. 216–29. Wodrow's 'Church of Scotland,' bk. i., chap. iii., for the list of statutory fines.

During the first few months of restored episcopacy in Scotland it seemed as if the people would generally submit. No attempt was made to alter violently the character of the services to which the people were attached, although parts of the Prayer Book were used in some parishes, according to the will of the minister; the *personnel* of the clergy was unchanged, and their teaching uncontrolled. In these respects the new settlement formed a happy contrast to the unfortunate 'prayer-book' policy attempted by Laud in 1638. On the other hand the theory of episcopacy was insisted upon with more ostentation than had ever been done in the reign of Charles I. Then

'the whole body of Presbyters' maintained 'such a share in the administration that the Bishops had never pretended to be any more than their settled presidents with a negative voice upon them;'

but now

'the whole government and jurisdiction of the Church in the several dioceses was declared to be lodged in the Bishops, which they were to exercise with the advice and assistance of such of their clergy as were of known loyalty and prudence.' *

Yet even this state of things the Presbyterians, exhausted and broken by twenty years of civil war, appeared ready to endure in sullen silence, until the rulers, mistaking their silence for consent, required them publicly to renounce their old principles of Church government. All ministers who had received only Presbyterian ordination were suddenly ordered to go to their bishops to be instituted. This formal recognition of the episcopal authority, under which they had been ready to live if unmolested, was refused by all zealous Presbyterians. In the north, where episcopalianism was strong among both ministers and people, the order was generally obeyed; in the east it was obeyed by a certain proportion; in the west, where the Protester party was strongest, it was scarcely obeyed at all.

If the Government had been wise they would here have left the matter without resorting to force. Sharp, who was not devoid of shrewdness, and who had no desire to persecute any one until the moment when his authority was openly disputed, afterwards declared that it was without his knowledge and against his judgement that the next step was taken. It was certainly taken without consulting Lauderdale, Bellenden, Tweeddale, or the wiser

* Burnet, i. 253.

heads either at London or Edinburgh, although it ended by involving them all in its consequences. High Commissioner Middleton, taking with him the most frivolous members of the Council, had in the autumn of 1662 gone a tour in the west, which was distinguished day by day and night by night by the most disgusting orgies; arriving at Glasgow, they found Bishop Fairfoul, who complained to them over their cups that none of the western clergy had come to him for institution, but that the threat of deprivation would soon bring the Whig dogs to their senses. A Council was held on the spot, and Middleton and his colleagues, most of them at that moment in a state of drunkenness,* issued a proclamation depriving of their kirks, manses, and stipends all ministers who had not received episcopal institution by that day one month. Out of nine hundred beneficed clergy in the whole of Scotland over three hundred quietly removed their families from the manses during the course of the winter. Although the removals were effected with due submission to authority and without interference of force they were in many cases scenes of the most uncontrolled emotion. The order in Council signed by these drunkards had torn up by the roots the feelings of a people who unite the demonstrativeness usual with southern Europeans to a depth and tenderness rare even among the northern races.

'I believe there was never such a sad Sabbath in Scotland as when the poor persecuted ministers took leave of their people. It did not content the congregation to weep all of them, but they howled with a loud voice, weeping with the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sacked.' †

In the case of the two thousand nonconformists ejected from English benefices at the same epoch half their parishioners rejoiced, and their places were filled not inadequately by the trained clergy of a rival church. But in many an upland Scotch parish there was but one religion among the people, and in all broad Scotland there was no school of episcopalian clergy to replace the three hundred 'outed' ministers. In effect religion had been disendowed and proscribed by law throughout whole districts, and a situation created which nothing but a revolution could

* Not only does Kirkton (p. 149) state this, probably from common rumour, but Burnet (i. 269) had it from Hamilton, who was one of the council.

† Kirkton, i. 150.

remedy. The pitiless scenes round the manses in the winter of 1688 might have been foretold by any thoughtful spectator who saw the parting of the people and their ministers in the winter of 1662. But the logic of history, though just in the rough to parties, is not just exactly to persons; the victims of 1688 were in many cases not the criminals; Fairfoul had long ceased to trouble the earth; Middleton and most of his colleagues had drunk themselves into their graves, and left behind a whole embittered generation of men to pay for their misdeeds. But in the spring of 1663 they were still enjoying life, and it was commonly believed throughout the west that they had drunk the devil's health by Ayr Cross at midnight.*

Religious anarchy had by this mad act been produced in one-third of the parishes of Scotland, in an age and in a country when religion included social family and private life. The authors of the great folly were indeed almost immediately removed from power, but Lauderdale, the wise head who had disapproved their measures, and who now compassed their downfall, not having the character to undertake the weary task of undoing the mischief, or the unselfishness to endanger his tenure of power by inaugurating a liberal policy in an age of Toryism, allowed petty knaves like Rothes and Sharp to further confound confusion in the north while he made himself secure of Charles's confidence at Whitehall. In this latter task he was completely successful. He was clever enough to appreciate heartily the King's cleverness and to give him sincere flattery as his intellectual boon companion. He had begun life as a good and honourable young man, but suffering, as many others suffered, from the plague of viciousness that swept through the Cavalier camp during the years of proscription among men whose mental health had been undermined by bitter losses and disappointments, he was now so unprincipled in politics and sensual in habits that he gladly ministered to the King's private vices in order to retain power. But it was, after all, as a man of sense and knowledge in affairs that Charles most valued Lauderdale. In 1664 Middleton was perceived to be a fool and removed from the Commissionership. Henceforth Lauderdale was primarily responsible for the government of Scotland, but for some time he trusted Rothes as High Commissioner to carry on affairs there as his agent, and tolerated Sharp as Rothes' right-hand man.

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* Kirkton, i. 152.

Although neither of these two would have committed Middleton's original error in 'outing' the three hundred ministers, they were ill adapted to control the existing situation. Rothes, dull, brutal, and avaricious, thought only of making money for himself and dependents, and saw his opportunity in the religious discontent of the west; Sharp, petulant when openly defied and cruel when alarmed, had recourse to violent methods to re-establish his authority over the Dissenting congregations. The vacated benefices were filled in a hurry by candidates from the episcopalian north, many of them of necessity ignorant men ordained for the occasion—Highland ploughboys, as the Whigs declared. Even those who were learned and devout failed to please the Presbyterian laity; the intruders were derisively termed 'curates,' although in their method of conducting service and their doctrinal theology they resembled the men they had displaced rather than the English clergy. The people assembled to hear either their old pastors or violent young men who were ready to 'preach 'to the times.' These services took place at first in private houses, and later on, as persecution increased, on the moors which then came down close to the cultivated ground in nearly all the parishes of Scotland. Not only were these 'conventicles,' which had become the religion of a large section of the people, proclaimed by Government, but even non-appearance at the parish church, the crime of not sitting under the hated 'curate,' was made punishable by confiscations amounting in the case of a yeoman farmer to one-fourth of his substance, while a burgess forfeited his privilege of trading in addition to the fine. The Government hereby took into its hands the livelihood of all who did not actively conform, and sent Sir James Turner to the west with an adequate military force to gather in these windfalls, to break up all conventicles, to live at free quarters on the people, and by every outrage to 'dragoon' the Whigs into submission.

It may here be not uninteresting to consider what kind of men they were against whom their ignorant and despicable Government were, for the benefit of their own pockets or of their own *amour-propre*, about to begin internecine war; the politics of the period are, indeed, only important in so far as they stimulated the remarkable moral and intellectual phenomena that appeared among the people.*

* The following remarks apply in the first instance to the west

One important difference between the lives of the Scotch and those of the English peasants was the continual pinch of poverty, the absence of ordinary comforts, and the perpetual danger of starvation. The author of 'Old Mortality,' whose knowledge and imagination never fail him in other respects, has not the heart to suppose that in the good old times the fowl was not somehow always in the pot, and has therefore overlooked one important aspect of the Scotch *dragonnades*—namely, that a district always on the brink of famine was driven to actual starvation by the civil fines and military plunder; although the driving off of a cow by a trooper may pass in his novel for a picturesque incident, it often led to very grim results in the Whig's cottage. The causes of their poverty were of a mediæval type. If an English Reeve of the school of Walter of Henley could have been summoned from his grave to superintend the proceedings of a seventeenth-century Scotch farmer he would have been familiar with the methods of agriculture, but would have been shocked at their clumsy execution; he would have laughed to see a dozen of lean oxen and horses and four gaunt men painfully scratching half an acre of stony land between sunrise and sunset, though he might have felt more at home at the annual moving of the cattle, when the neighbours came to raise the surviving animals on to their feet and support their fainting steps back to the pasture after the winter's fast. The green valley bottoms, where the wealth of Scotch farming now ripens, were then left as undrained swamps to the plovers and curlews, whose cries mocked the ploughmen as they toiled along the hill-side above. Except where a few ashes and dwarf oaks grow wild round the sounding linn in the gorge of the burn, no hedge or tree broke the 'huge naked waste,' even where the more fruitful plains of Ayrshire run between the hills and the sea; the farms were not, as they are to-day, slated castles of grey stone backed by breezy foliage, but thatched clay hovels standing up alone out of the wilderness; the kirks which passed from the ministers to the curates and back from the curates to the ministers were dark and dripping dens, often without any flooring over the bare earth, through which the bones of those who had seen

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(that is, to Lanark, Ayr, Kirkcudbright, Wigtown, and Dumfries), but it must be remembered that the 'Remonstrant' party in politics, and the corresponding type of religion, was by no means confined to the district where it was predominant.

the putting away of Popery came up among the feet of those who now suffered for the Covenant. The people themselves, whose struggle to support life on these melancholy terms coloured their whole thought, were in appearance dirty, foully clothed, and early-aged.*

But if in outward appearance the west of Scotland then resembled the west of Ireland to-day the ideas of the people were very different.

In the first place, although poverty was increased by a foolish and oppressive system of feudal dues, that generation had not begun to question its essential rightness. Nor were the still unchallenged social relations strained by harshness or want of sympathy on the part of the landlords themselves; the feeling of the common people to the lairds was that of respectful friendliness cemented by a common religious enthusiasm, that made Rothes write to Lauderdale from Ayr, 'There is not a gentleman in this whole country 'to be trusted, and I dare swear not the hundredth person 'of the commonality, and in this condition is all bewest 'Glasgow.'† Many of the deprived ministers were younger brothers of the lairds; others came from the cottages of the poor; all were held in high esteem by both classes alike.

Not only were the relations of the upper and lower classes friendly, but there was little distinction between the middle and lower ranks. The farmers and labourers, not, as in England, two separate grades of society, met at daytime round the same board, and at night round the same hearth, a true democracy in religion, discussing the doctrines and the affairs of that Church of which they themselves had the ultimate control. It will be well to quote the remarks of Burnet on this western religion, which he had unusual opportunities of observing, and equal reason to approve and to condemn. The deprived ministers, he says,

'had brought the people to such a degree of knowledge that cottagers and servants could have prayed extempore. I have often overheard them at it; and though there was a large mixture of odd stuff, yet I was astonished to see how copious and ready they were in it. Their ministers generally brought them about them on the Sunday nights, where the sermons were talked over; and every one, women as well as men, were desired to speak their sense and experience;

* See Graham's 'Social Life in Scotland in the Eighteenth Century' for account of the 'Land and the People' as they were left at the close of the seventeenth century.

† Lauderdale Papers, i. 265.

and by these means they had a comprehension of matters of religion greater than I have seen among people of that sort anywhere. The preachers went all in one tract, of raising observations of points of doctrine out of their texts, and of proving these by reasons, and then of applying those, and showing the use that was to be made of such a point of doctrine, both for instruction and terror, for exhortation and comfort, for trial of themselves upon it, and for furnishing them with proper directions and helps; and this was so methodical that the people grew to follow a sermon quite through, every branch of it. To this some added the resolving of doubts concerning the state they were in, and their progress or decay in it, which they called cases of conscience.'

Two things distinguished the religion of the Covenanters from the kind of religion usual with persons in a corresponding state of poverty and barbarism. The first was intellectual acumen, which both Leighton and Burnet, even after their overtures of mediation had been scornfully rejected by these very people, contrasted favourably with the stupidity of English congregations;* this subtlety of mind and the general delight taken in its exercise kindled a passion for education, since happily released from the trammels of the theology which brought it into being. The second characteristic was intensity of personal religion. By public opinion and by private exhortation every man was as much encouraged as he is now discouraged to have 'ane excercised 'conscience,' and to feel the unimportance of the visible world as compared to the invisible. Terrible as the consequence of those emotions often were, crude and odious as was the form under which they were most keenly felt, this view of life, handed down from father to son in the spirit rather than in the letter, to-day saves many of the descendants of the Covenanters from the vulgarisation to which the modern world is a prey. When, after a hundred years, barbarism and utter poverty began rapidly to disappear from Scotland, and with an increase of material wealth the stores of modern knowledge and thought were let in among a people ready trained to use them, there were born and bred in two neighbouring villages of the old Whig district Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle, who represent with remarkable exactness the weakness and strength of the Covenanters translated into modern terms.

Thus intellectual eagerness and deep spirituality were 'in widest commonalty spread,' but against these inestimable advantages there were many things to be set. Some

* Burnet, i. 272, 524; ii. 428.

of the Covenanters represented little of the noble qualities and much of the odious and paltry elements of their religion. Their talk was often a half insane and wholly childish babble, a caricature of the popular style of argument which could be easily attempted by the least capable, since its learning was confined to the Bible and it depended for its merits and effect chiefly on a process of ratiocination, an art frequently attempted by those who have not the gift. Yet in this school of thought, so frequently delirious and nearly always a little absurd, the Scotch intellect was admirably trained.

But there were other evils worse than absurdity. The sadness which generally characterises all serious Scotch thought was here carried to excess, and coupled with an ultra-ascetic rigour which had small place in the society where there were no luxuries and few comforts. It is also clear that the Covenanting belief was the direct cause of crimes of blood, committed not in the wantonness of power or even of hatred, but as the result of deliberate speculation on the ethics of duty. These crimes arose from the intensity with which that belief materialised the power of evil, and from the increase given to the characteristic superstitions of the country by frequent and sudden changes in Church and State, and the bewildering alternations of complete triumph and cruel persecution. These natural superstitions were, indeed, shared by the Cavalier party and existed among the governors as well as among the governed. Middleton used to relate over his cups how when he lay in the Tower after the battle of Worcester his dead friend Babigni appeared to him in fulfilment of a promise made in life. Lauderdale was

'much mistaken if that man [Sharp] die a natural death; for he has a clench, and winks with one eye when he speaks; and I fear our good friend the Lord Argyle die not a natural death, for he has somewhat of the last, and keeps his little finger folded in his hand; these are ill signs.'*

But this tone of mind, which with the careless and sceptical Cavaliers of the Restoration was merely an inherited instinct, was with the Whigs part of a connected scheme of religion; hell below, heaven above, and this earth the scene of continual emanations from both.† An atmosphere of

* Wodrow's 'Analecta,' i. 35–6; ii. 353.

† The gruesome lore of that witch-burning generation has been artistically enshrined in Wandering Willie's tale in 'Redgauntlet.'

prophecy and special judgement pervades the political history of the time as told by their writers. Sharp was a warlock, and in the days of his power stories of him that froze the blood were everywhere related and almost everywhere believed. Once when he was presiding at a witch trial the accused had suddenly cried out, 'Who was with you alone 'on Saturday at midnight?' The apostate trembled and afterwards confessed to Middleton's friendly ear that it was 'the muckle black deil.' When, deep in his bad designs against God's people, he wished in the council chamber of Edinburgh for papers he had left at St. Andrews, he could by some unknown and horrible means travel there and back faster than his messengers.* Such ideas led logically to Sharp's murder and the half approval with which it was generally regarded, while the horrible scruples felt by one section of the Covenanters against granting any quarter in the hour of victory may be traced to the same mental habit of dividing mankind into servants of God and servants of the Devil.

Such were the virtues and vices of the people who in one corner of Great Britain openly defied the secular reaction against dogmatic theology, a reaction which, though it founded the Royal Society and opened the way for modern learning and thought, must always be odious for its alliance with the religious persecutors of the Puritans and for making gross libertinism and want of all principle the best road to power. The reason why the Scotch people, who were less under the influence of this secular reaction than the English, did not unite against their scandalous governors is chiefly to be found in the old quarrel between Resolutioners and Remonstrants. The Resolutioners had under Cromwell's rule developed traditions of loyalty to the House of Stuart and of hostility to the Whigs and western men, which kept them submissive after the Restoration and cooled their sympathy for the martyrs of Presbyterianism. This cleavage was very clearly defined in the year 1666, when the first definite act of rebellion took place. Several hundred of the western peasantry, deprived by the dragoons not only of the exercise of their religion but of the means of livelihood, spontaneously drew together without plan or leaders, and as a measure of despair marched across the hills to Edinburgh. They were followed over the moors by

* See Lauderdale Papers, i. 249–50.

the bulk of the royal forces, and when they turned back from the sea, after finding the east indifferent to their cause, were headed off and cut to pieces on a steep hill-side among the Pentlands, not six miles from Edinburgh.* Some of the fugitives were knocked on the head by the country folk of Mid-Lothian, who thus showed that their hatred of Remonstrants was greater than their hostility to Episcopalians. Many more were captured by the royal troops or hunted down in their west country in the course of the next few weeks. The reign of blood now began. Sharp with calculating cruelty and Rothes with brutal jocularity hanged the unfortunate peasants by batches. The spirit in which Rothes worked is revealed in his letters to Lauderdale :—

'This day in Council there is nine more of the rebels that we have ordained immediately to go to trial, so that the next week they go to pot.' 'If many of the prisoners had been soused it had been much better, and my trouble would have been much less.'

Finally he writes to Lauderdale that the people of the western shires will never be quiet 'till they be totally 'ruined.' To achieve this object he entered into an understanding, behind Lauderdale's back, with Sharp and several of the impecunious nobles who held commissions in newly raised regiments, to ruin the west country and to divide the spoils. Old General Dalziel, a Cavalier Alva, who had fulfilled his picturesque vow never to trim his beard after the execution of Charles I., had served in the Muscovy wars, and there learnt methods that he now applied to Scotland; he was sent into the condemned district as chief in command. 'I was confident,' he wrote, 'that it is not possible to settle that country without the 'inhabitants be removed or destroyed.'† The 'settlement' was proceeding on these lines when it received a temporary check from a fresh revolution in the internal politics of the Council.

The bitter cry of the ruined and bleeding west would never have reached Whitehall had it not been that Lauderdale's own interests were endangered by this new combination of the military and clerical party under Rothes. The moderate men on the Council, Tweeddale, Bellenden, and Moray, who were attached to Lauderdale,

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* See Lauderdale Papers, i. 249–50. The place was Rullion Green.

† See 'Quarterly Review,' April 1884, article on Lauderdale; Lauderdale Papers, i. 247–53, 263–5, and ii. lxxv; Burnet, i. 423.

now wrote up to London to warn him that Rothes and Sharp were playing him false, trying to cut the connexion with Whitehall and to monopolise the plunder and perquisites of the rebels for their own partisans.* Again Lauderdale came down with a heavy hand; Rothes was deprived of his post, the army was reduced to a peace footing, and those military commissions withdrawn which were little more than licences to indigent Cavaliers to recoup themselves by the plunder of the Whigs. Sharp trimmed his sails to the new wind, and after an abject submission was finally admitted to forgiveness, when Moray reminded his chief that their principle was to 'make use of a knave 'as well as another.'†

In 1669 Lauderdale himself removed to Scotland to superintend the establishment of a new *régime* of moderation. Leighton, who ever since he left the episcopal coach at Morpeth had been modestly engaged in saving his own diocese of Dumblane from the general anarchy, much against his will accepted the see of Glasgow, and found himself the man of the hour. It was through his agency that Lauderdale still hoped by a belated and partial concession to mend the now incurable situation created by the 'outing' of the three hundred ministers. Although the Government was, of course, not prepared to turn out the curates—the only measure which would have restored peace—it was prepared to fill up the still numerous vacancies with Presbyterian clergy, on the sole condition of their taking an oath to obey the law. The offer caused a fresh split, this time in the Remonstrant party itself. Some of the ministers who had resigned their livings rather than actively acknowledge the bishops saw no harm in returning to them on these terms; they assembled round them small congregations of moderate men who enjoyed undisturbed religious peace during the remaining years of turmoil.‡

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* See especially Lauderdale Papers, i. 258–9, also the earlier letters in vol. ii.

† Lauderdale Papers, ii. 28, 31, 84. The letters bear out Burnet's account of affairs in 1666–7, i. 423–34.

‡ Yet even these 'indulged' ministers were occasionally driven to curious shifts and subterfuges to 'please both a jealous people and ane usurping magistrate' on those occasions when ecclesiastical commissioners inquired whether they celebrated the 29th of May, and whether they made a practice of reading aloud two chapters of the Bible without comment. Why the latter was considered a test of loyalty by Churchmen, and of prelatic tendencies by Presbyterians, the curious may inquire. See Kirkton, pp. 291–2.

But the area of this toleration was not extensive. At best the vacant benefices procurable for the indulged Presbyterians were few, and widely scattered over Scotland; and, as it was, the majority of the 'outed' ministers and their congregations regarded the offer as a snare of the evil one, an insidious method of getting souls to acknowledge prelacy unawares. The text that was passed from mouth to mouth as a party catchword was, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' The indulged ministers were regarded with almost greater hatred than those who had kept their livings by receiving episcopal institution, and the advances of Leighton were repelled with contumely. This good man had already won the dislike of the 'curates' of his new diocese by advising them to rely on their own humility and charity, instead of on the soldiers, to obtain congregations. He now sent a committee of his latitudinarian friends on a travelling mission through the west, to persuade the people to accept the Indulgence. Their persons and talents were soon undergoing the unfriendly criticism of a shrewd people; two of them were at once set down as nonentities; a third was called 'Leighton's ape,' because 'he could imitate his shrug 'and grimace, but never more of him.'* Burnet, who was a fourth, has left an interesting account of his own impressions.

'The people of the country came generally to hear us, though not in great crowds. We are indeed amazed to see a poor commonalty so capable to argue upon points of government, and on the bounds to be set to the power of princes in the matters of religion. Upon all these points they had texts of Scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything that was said to them. This measure of knowledge was spread even amongst the meanest of them, their cottagers and their servants. They were indeed vain of their knowledge, much conceited of themselves, and were full of most entangled scrupulosity, so that they found [or] made difficulties in everything that could be laid before them.'

Leighton, ever a quick despairer, demanded to be relieved of a post where he saw he had failed; after repeated refusals he was at last in 1674 permitted to retire from a scene whose ever-increasing horrors might have been slightly mitigated by his gentle presence, but could only be removed by stronger wills and firmer hands.

The Indulgence had given peace to a few, but it had increased the woes of the many. Lauderdale's policy was to put a fixed limit to the operations of the dragoons, but

* Burnet, i. 519–20, 524; Kirkton, p. 294.

not to abolish them altogether, to conciliate Presbyterians with the Indulgence, but at the same time to pursue with redoubled energy those who obstinately preferred an illegal religion. The mood in which Lauderdale had begun his personal government in 1669 had undergone a complete reversal. The man who as long as he exerted only a secondary and controlling influence over Scotland had stood for peace and moderation, now that his personal rule was direct and absolute, rapidly lost every liberal sentiment, contracted that personal animosity against the Whigs which immediate contact with them seems always to have engendered in their rulers, threw over his wiser confederates, such as Moray and Tweeddale, in exchange for the counsels of the vicious woman who now became his wife. Under the influence of drink he lost year by year the last vestiges of a once noble character, as Middleton had done before. But he retained to the last qualities of mind that Middleton had never possessed, and was entrusted with schemes that no one would ever have unfolded to his predecessors. He was the King's vizier in Scotland, secretly commissioned to reduce that country to such obedience that it could be made a place of arms for the royal designs on the liberties of England.* That it never became such is due to the intense dislike aroused by Lauderdale's tyrannies in all parties and among all classes. A constitutional opposition to his design, encouraged by the bold attitude of Shaftesbury's party towards the Court at London, sprang up under the ribs of death in the slavish Scotch Parliament, and found leaders in Tweeddale and other members of the nobility. Such was the general state of political unrest and disaffection all Scotland over, when the religious troubles finally drew to a head.

In the spring of 1678 Lauderdale reverted to Rothes's policy of wholesale military spoliation, which he had checkmated ten years back; he drew together in time of peace a great army of militia—the force that had been created for the King's use in England—brought down the Highlanders from the hills, and sent them together into the west to crush a rebellion that did not exist, or rather to create a rebellion that was required by the governors for their own purposes.† This invasion, known in history as the Highland Host, did not lead immediately to the desired result.

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* See 'Quarterly Review' of April 1884, and 'Lauderdale Papers,' *passim*.

† Lauderdale Papers, iii. pp. v–vii, 89; Burnet, i. 145–6.

The country remained quiet until the barbarians had returned to the hills laden with the little they had found.

Nevertheless the outbreak was only postponed for a few months. Everything was hastening on the inevitable catastrophe. For the first time since the Restoration the turn of affairs in England favoured revolt. Scotland was drawn out of the petty round of her own miseries into the wide circle of history which, from its true centre at Versailles, enclosed within its fatal circumference the mountains which the Vaudois defended and the moors where the Whigs turned to bay, so that all the free peoples of Europe were engaged in one protracted struggle against arbitrary power, only to be decided by the English Revolution and ended on the field of Blenheim. Rumours of the Popish Plot reached, in monstrous shape after so long a journey, the remote villages of the west, together with vague reports that a party boasting of the despised name of Whig, and surely therefore led by godly men, was striving to seize power in England from the hands of prelates and Jesuits. Such were the additional incitements now added to the chronic state of indignation against the outrages of the dragoons. Their practice of tying lighted gun-matches round the fingers of men and even of women, and so leaving them to burn, suggests that some of the wickedest men in Scotland must have been in their ranks. Their memory has not yet died out in the hill country between Solway and Ayr, where unrecorded stories of torture and robbery, handed down by the merest local tradition, can still be gathered on the very scene of their alleged perpetration.*

Archbishop Sharp, who had been opposed to the Indulgence and to all Lauderdale's earlier attempts at toleration, until cowed into unwilling acquiescence,† lent his hearty support to the congenial scheme of the Highland Host, towards which he and his brother bishops contributed a paper of useful suggestions to the Council. On May 3, 1679, he was travelling from Edinburgh to St. Andrews, not rapidly on his broomstick, but very slowly in his family coach, occasionally, we are told, remarking to the daughter who sat by his side on the hostility of some man whose house they were passing, and for the rest, it may be, reflecting with a smile how Lauderdale, with his airs of

* Neither these stories nor yet those in Wodrow are proved in all their details, but they represent a state of things once existent.

† Lauderdale Papers, ii. 189–91.

superior statecraft from London, had in the end conformed to the simple policy he had always advocated, or looking back, not unpleased, on the course of his whole life, how far he had got from his dim Presbyterian days, out of which reproachful faces of old friends came back for a moment to his memory. As the journey's end drew near and the open road wound across the Magus Moor in Fife, a strange face looked in at the window and a voice cried, 'Judas, be taken.' A dozen armed men were riding up. The coachman set off at full gallop, and for half a mile the pursuers raced along by the side of the coach, sending bullet after bullet through the window, but never hitting the Bishop or his daughter. Seeing that the warlock was proof against all save the edge of the sword, they caused the horses to be stopped, and with cries of, 'Judas, come 'forth,' pulled him out on to the roadside. The murderers were a party of Fifeshire lairds and peasants who had gone out to seek another of their persecutors. As soon as they heard that the Bishop's coach was coming up from Ceres, they had resolved that a solemn duty was imposed on them by God, who had surely brought about the meeting upon that lonely moor. For three-quarters of an hour the men, who were more fanatics than cutthroats, prayed, debated, preached, called on God to take witness and on the sinner to repent, hewed at him clumsily, and prayed again. All this while the coachman sat trembling on the box, and the daughter shrieked and struggled in the restraining grasp of the least cruel of the murderers. All this while, as was afterwards noticed by those who saw in the proceedings the hand of Providence, no traveller passed by, though it was on the highroad to the capital and within a few miles of St. Andrews. One of the party, opening the Bishop's tobacco box, released a live bee. The curiosity surprised none of them; it was clearly his devil. At last they made an end of their victim, and galloped towards the west, leaving the coach and horses standing quietly on the road and the group of kneeling figures round something on the heath. They drew rein at a house only three miles, distant, where they safely spent the night in prayer.

How far the safe arrival of the murderers in the west was itself a cause of the rebellion it is hard to say. But the news of the deed helped to precipitate events, by the fierce encouragement it afforded to those who approved it, and by the despair of others justly apprehensive that the vengeance of the Government would be general. Be that

as it may, little more than a month after Sharp's murder a conventicle on Drumclog Moss had defeated a regiment of dragoons, Glasgow had been occupied, and the whole west was up in arms.

This second rebellion was more formidable than the march to the Pentlands thirteen years before, since it came at a time when the whole country was so incensed against Lauderdale that it was impossible to subdue the revolted district without aid from England. Yet the ferocious character and uncompromising politics of the Covenanters rendered it impossible to turn the occasion into a national rising to secure a reasonable settlement. It would be needless to tell again the well-known story of the feuds in the camp of the rebels, their defeat at Bothwell Brig, the intercession of Monmouth in the brief day of his power to save the vanquished from the vengeance of the Scotch Tories, the arrival of James, Duke of York, when the tide began to turn in England, to let that vengeance loose and to govern the northern provinces on the lines of the general reaction.* The state of Scotland after the rising was worse than before; it was only then that the Whig who refused to take the oath of abjuration was shot down without trial. These latter years were the 'killing times,' when oftenest the solitary graves were dug in haste on the moor, or in the copse by the burn-side, ere long to be joyfully adorned by rough tombstones, each with a plain tale of wrong and a strong assertion of faith.†

Here we shall leave Scotland, in this darkness before dawn, torn by ferocious factions, oppressed by cruel laws and bad governors, dependent on the will of English parties, and crushed all the while by the decay of trade and agriculture, and by constant economic distress. To such an

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* Burnet, ii. 235–41, shows the connexion of English and Scotch affairs very well.

† An inscription typical of those on the martyrs' tombs is at the Kirk of Irongray:—

> 'As Lagg and bloodie Bruce command
> We were hung up by hellish hand;
> And thus their furious rage to stay
> We died near Kirk of Irongray.
> Here now in peace sweet rest we take,
> Once murdered for religion's sake.'

One of the most solitary is in a birch wood by Loch Trool; many in still more solitary spots have been lost.

end had come the bright hopes for a united nation, with her own good laws and her own Church protected by the strong arm of her sons, the dream which in 1638 had inspired the youth of all the native actors in this bloody drama, whatever had been their action since. Three main causes for the failure are to be traced—first, the pretensions of the Presbyterian Church, which alienated many who had armed to protect Scotland from Charles's Anglicanism, and which aroused animosities that were only sated by the ferocious persecution of the Restoration *régime*; secondly, the want of powerful and truly representative political institutions, such as the English Parliament then was, which would have given the Scotch middle class a hearing before the world and a weapon with which to make good its own cause against the political assertiveness of the Presbyterian clergy on the one hand and of the Cavalier nobles on the other; lastly, the wickedness of the few men into whose hands the Government of the country happened to fall after the Restoration, an utter want of principle so general among the Scotch governors of that period that it can scarcely be attributed to chance, but seems to have resulted from the general movement in Cavalier society against that old code of honour and morality which even Middleton and Lauderdale had observed in their youth. Owing to these causes the progress of Scotland was thrown back for a hundred years. But the resistance of 1638 had secured the ritual and doctrine of Scotch religion from absorption into the English model, and the resistance of the Covenanters after the Restoration strengthened the idealism of the people in that era so adverse to ideals. So were preserved in the darkness the foundations on which new Scotland was to be built in prosperous and happier days, still very far in the time to come.

ART. X.—*Debate in the House of Commons on Management of Hospitals in South Africa, June* 29, 1900.

ACCORDING to the theory which has, perhaps, found most favour among the learned of recent years, it was a deterioration in the health of the citizens of the Roman Empire which accounted for the ignominious collapse of the greatest civilised organisation that the world has ever seen. If such was the cause that determined the fate of that which all men thought to be invincible and eternal, health is not less the rock upon which is founded the success of an army in the field. For a time, indeed, and under special conditions, neglect of health may not spell ruin: the Americans in Cuba, and the French in Madagascar, fought and won because those campaigns were comparatively of short duration and conducted against a vastly inferior enemy. But it happens too often that, when an epidemic begins among the ranks, divisions dwindle into brigades, brigades into battalions, battalions into companies, and that the sick, by hampering the transport and consuming those so-called comforts which are in reality necessities, spread, as it were, a second contagion throughout the forces and paralyse the whole.

During the ten months which preceded the actual outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, the shadow of war seemed constantly to shift: now it receded beyond the horizon, and now it stood almost overhead. But throughout that period our people were, as the Greeks would have termed it, three removes from any anxiety, or even thought, as to the preparations to be made by the Royal Army Medical Corps for the possible event of war. Conscious themselves of not desiring it, they did not believe in its outbreak; even should it occur it was sure to be short and sharp, thus affording no scope for extensive sickness; and, thirdly, if both these two anticipations were to be negatived, they had no reason to place other than the most complete confidence in the War Office arrangements.

If such was the feeling of the general public, those who had studied the situation from a more intimate standpoint did not share those sentiments. To begin with, the corps during recent years had suffered a serious decline in numbers while our army had increased, for whereas its total of officers was a little over 850 at the commencement of this year, that figure showed a falling off in two years of not far

from one hundred officers. The cause, or at least a main cause, was the unpopularity of the service among those entering the medical profession, as is instanced by the fact that in the last examination held before the war only fourteen candidates presented themselves for twenty-eight appointments, the remaining vacancies having to be filled by nomination. To put the matter in another light, it is a fact that notwithstanding an increased army the medical establishment of officers immediately before the war was about 20 per cent. under what it was thirty or forty years ago. No further proofs are needed of what, indeed, is a matter of common knowledge among members of the profession, that the corps was not only undermanned, but was being stocked with men of inferior calibre.

Such facts as these gave rise to two remarkable expressions of opinion from authoritative sources previous to the outbreak of hostilities. The 'British Medical Journal,' having devoted itself to an examination of Lord Wolseley's statement that we had two army corps 'complete in every 'respect,' came to the conclusion that as far as the medical service was concerned the prospect of such a mobilisation was 'alarming,' and indicated a dread of an experience of the Crimean 'folly.' Professor Ogston, the Regius Professor in Surgery at Aberdeen, in delivering a lecture shortly before the war, referred to the deputation from the British Medical Association which waited on the Secretary of State in 1898, to inform him through its president that 'if there were to 'come a time of war, it is to be dreaded that all the horrors 'which occurred during the Crimea may be repeated,' in response to which Lord Lansdowne admitted that 'only 'the comparatively inferior men present themselves,' and that it was 'a very grave condition of things.' The Professor pointed out that 'the service is undergoing rapid deteriora-'tion,' that the Ministry had recently admitted that the medical contingent for two army corps was not available, and that it was a 'fatal error' to imagine that an organisation could be suddenly created by calling in civil aid.

To such administrative anxieties at home was added the knowledge that in South Africa any campaign would be productive of much sickness of the most serious kind. In Lord Wolseley's 'Soldier's Pocket-book,' as published in 1886, it is stated that the ratio among our troops of those constantly non-effective from sickness in South Africa was nearly 50 per 1,000. But, according to the last report of the Army Medical Department in 1898, that figure had risen

to 56½ per 1,000, the cause probably being that 'the pre-'valence of enteric fever in the command is assuming grave 'proportions.' Indeed, it was well known that enteric or, in other words, typhoid fever was a common scourge of South Africa, due to the neglect of ordinary sanitary precautions and the consequent absence of a pure water supply. 'Extraordinary precautions are urgently needed against 'enteric fever' were the warning words used by Surgeon-General Jameson, Director-General of the Army Medical Department.

If such was the condition of the department on the one side, and the dangers of disease upon the other, the events which immediately accompanied the actual outbreak of hostilities did not seem reassuring. On the mobilisation of the first Army Corps, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 general hospitals were ordered to accompany it, not to mention four stationary hospitals, twelve field hospitals, and eight bearer companies. It is the business of the Ordnance Department to supply such material as tents, beds, and wagons to the medical service. According to the statement of Sir Henry Brackenbury, Director-General of Ordnance,* 'the reserve 'of hospital equipment previous to the outbreak of the war 'was totally inadequate: they had a reserve of only one base 'hospital of 520 beds, and two stationary hospitals of 110 'beds each.' Colonel Steevens, Principal Ordnance Officer, added that on several occasions he asked to be allowed to proceed with the equipment of the necessary base hospitals, but was refused permission, and that, though it required about four months for the whole, he did not receive orders to proceed with the preparations until October 4. What was the explanation of this? Sir Ralph Knox, Permanent Under-Secretary for War, stated that the Government had not in July, or even in August, made up its mind as to what would have to be done.† Nor were matters much more satisfactory as regards the staff of the Army Medical Corps. Immediately after the outbreak of war the total strength of the officers of the corps was 833, or 60 below the figure which a late director-general had pronounced 'perilously 'low.' It was distributed as follows:—408 at foreign stations, 245 in South Africa, and 140 at home, besides other details to the number of 40. One single army corps had been mobilised at that date; a second army corps could

* Daily News, July 25, 1900.
† Daily Telegraph, July 25 1900.

hardly require less than 150 officers, and yet, as the 'British 'Medical Journal' stated, 'barely 100 medical officers are available to complete the mobilisation of a second army corps should that prove necessary; and not a man will be left at home to fill vacancies. Is this a safe and creditable position for a great and humane country?' Nor was this all. The embodiment of the Militia was proceeding apace. But, with the exception of a few companies of the Militia Medical Staff Corps trained for bearer duties, the Militia have no medical officers or establishments, but rely on the Royal Army Medical Corps. Against all this the Medical Corps, so far as itself was concerned, had one resource: 98 of its former members were on the retired pay list and liable to be summoned. But in the time of crisis this did not avail much, since of this number some proved unfit, others held permanent military appointments at home, and ultimately only four were sent out to South Africa.

So far, then, as our investigation has proceeded, several facts of the gravest import seem established beyond dispute. We have it on the highest authority that those who enter the Army Medical Corps are not otherwise than of 'com-'paratively inferior' capacity as a rule; that the corps is dangerously undermanned; that the mobilisation of a single army corps used up its spare officers; that its reserve practically does not exist for purposes of active service; that its reserve equipment was utterly inadequate; and that no steps were taken until October 4 to remedy that deficiency, although war actually began on October 11.

Then occurred a wonderful transformation scene—an almost miraculous change—a metamorphosis as satisfactory as any recorded. War was declared, and disorganisation, instead of exhibiting itself, disappeared from view. The curtain fell upon confusion only to rise immediately upon a department working like a machine. Its success was indeed so instantaneous and striking that even its heads and its representatives acknowledged it, for the relief of a public which had never been anxious. The most authoritative of such utterances were those of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service and of Sir William MacCormac. In a speech delivered by the former as early as November he explained that, prior to the outbreak of war, the surgical equipment had been so perfect that 'only a few extra nail-'brushes' were now required,* while as regards the dreaded

* British Medical Journal, November 25, 1899, p. 1488.

enteric he had taken the 'extraordinary precautions' of ordering Berkefeld filters—an order which we believe was not fully carried out—and of allowing anyone to be inoculated who liked. To these two precautions was added a third—the distribution among the Medical Corps of an American pamphlet on sanitation. Sir William MacCormac, who had been sent out at the Director-General's suggestion, in the capacity of a consultant, arrived at Cape Town in November, inspected No. 1 General Hospital, the only one then in working order, since No. 2 was not ready until the closing days of the month, and proceeded at once to Natal. On his way to Natal he wrote a public letter, declaring that the equipment for the sick and wounded was unprecedented and perfect, though with the exception of the base hospital mentioned the medical arrangements were either hundreds of miles up the railway with Lord Methuen's column, which he had not visited, or in Natal, the principal seat of operations, where he had not yet arrived.

The next authoritative utterances were those of Lord Roberts and General Buller in reply to certain articles which appeared in the 'Times' of January. Telegraphing towards the close of January, the former general expressed himself 'perfectly satisfied with all arrangements,' while the latter 'could only express my admiration' for them; and, accordingly, these preliminary criticisms disappeared. Proceeding in order of time, we may observe that the chorus of congratulation grew stronger as the months advanced. In March it was stated in the House of Commons that the Army Medical Corps was 'the real success of the war,' while an article in Blackwood, evidently written by a person of experience, eulogised in the same month 'the marvel-'lously perfect organisation' and the impossibility of detecting the 'slightest flaw' in the operations of the Medical Service.

But of course the great climax came at the memorable banquet given at the end of April by the Reform Club to Sir William MacCormac and Mr. Treves, when Lord Rosebery presided and spoke with all his accustomed eloquence. He pointed out that, in regard to the war, 'there has been 'unanimity only on one point, and enthusiastic unanimity '—that our medical and hospital service has been prac-'tically perfect.' Sir William MacCormac and Mr. Treves endorsed Lord Rosebery. They said they had been through the campaign and seen only perfection, though Lord Roberts pointed out subsequently that 'neither of these two gentle-

'men took part in any long and difficult march.' Last and most authoritative witness of all, the Director-General of the Army Medical Department stated in evidence at the close of July that he had not received in his official capacity any complaints of any special hospital.*

Here, then, we are face to face with a somewhat startling administrative paradox. A medical service so unpopular as to be declining in numbers, in the standard of those who enter it, and organised only to supply some 50,000 men on active service, is called upon to meet the requirements of an army of far greater numbers. It is given only a week's notice for active preparations. It operates during many months in a country rife with typhoid. The campaign is so terrible that, excluding all those who pass through its hands and do not recover or who pass through its hands and return to the front, some 27,000 soldiers are invalided home. Yet at the end of this period the great official who presides over this department can state in evidence that not a single complaint of any single hospital has reached him. Who, then, tended the remaining 150,000 men, and had any complaints reached any other quarter?

The crisis, so far as regards the inadequacy, recognised on all hands, in the numbers of the officers of the Royal Medical Staff, was met in the three following ways. First, every available officer was sent to Africa and their places in the home establishment filled by civil practitioners, secured by advertisement, and also by a certain number of retired pay officers of the Army Medical Corps. Secondly, the numbers of the Army Medical Corps were hastily increased to such an extent that not far from one out of every three officers who have been sent to South Africa are under two years' service, men, that is to say, of the smallest experience. Thirdly, civil practitioners were enlisted and despatched to the seat of war, so that, according to the most recent statements, against 466 army medical officers there are about an equal number of civil practitioners sent out by the State, and even this figure does not include the civil practitioners engaged by the State in South Africa itself. That such steps were absolutely necessary is illustrated by the fact that even when No. 1 General Hospital set sail on October 6, 1899, 'the complement of officers is, of course, 'very short of the regulation number, which will be made 'up as far as possible as more officers become available.' †

* Times, July 26, 1900. † Lancet, October 28, 1899, p. 1185.

Turning from the question of the supply of officers to that of the subordinate grades—namely, female nurses and male nurses, or in other words orderlies—here, too, a similar deficiency had to be met. Into the vexed question of the proper extent of the employment of female nurses during active operations it is not necessary here to enter. Although the traditions of the Army Medical Corps are opposed to female nursing, assigning nearly nine times as many male as female nurses to a general hospital, suffice it to say that at the present time almost all men, from Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts downwards, recognise its desirability, more especially in the fever cases, which are the common scourge of young soldiers. According to Mr. Wyndham's latest statement there are 566 female nurses employed by the State in South Africa. According to Lord Wantage, writing at the same date, in the name of the Red Cross Society, of which he is Chairman, the Army Nursing Service Reserve, a private association presided over by H.R.H. Princess Christian, has supplied the War Office with '500 fully trained 'nursing sisters.' As regards orderlies, the State had nearly 5,700 at the date of the last official statement. How many of these have been provided by private agency it is impossible to state exactly. The Red Cross Society had provided 2,000 at that date, a large number of these having been recruited from the ranks of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, a private body working in conjunction with the Red Cross Society. As the above figure of 5,700 includes other volunteers, such as those raised in South Africa to the number of five or six hundred, we should be much suprised to find that the State had provided many more than 2,000 orderlies fully trained by itself.

So far, therefore, as our examination has proceeded, some glimmer of light appears in the mystery before us. A corps organised to meet the needs of 50,000 men has to meet the needs of 150,000, and does so, according to the official statement, without a complaint being officially raised. The staff, at any rate, has necessarily to be provided very largely from outside the Army Medical Corps. But that is not all, or rather is a small portion of the whole. Not only have civilians supplemented the staff of the Army Medical Corps to an immense extent, but they have provided whole hospitals and equipment of their own. The private hospitals that have been sent out from England alone are ten in number accommodating upwards of two thousand patients, the best known being the Portland, which was the pioneer of the move-

ment and opened in South Africa on January 7, and the Yeomanry, which was the largest. It should be clearly understood that these hospitals were civil institutions, as is illustrated by the fact that these two staffs were composed entirely of civilians, except the head officer, who in each case was a member of the Army Medical Corps, appointed for official purposes and having practically little to do with the treatment of the patients. And how many beds were there altogether available, say in June, for our soldiers in South Africa? Mr. Wyndham stated it at 18,600 in June, which figures 'include everything in the shape of local hospitals.' At that time the beds provided by the Army Medical Corps were as follows: 27½ field hospitals, accommodating 2,750 patients, though in reality field hospitals have no beds at all and only stretchers; five stationary hospitals accommodating 500 patients; and fourteen general hospitals, accommodating 7,560 patients. Total, 10,900 beds. The difference between 18,600 and 10,900 represents two things—first, the indebtedness of the State to private persons in respect of hospital accommodation; secondly, the concentration of fever and other patients to a number far beyond, and with a staff far less than, what is permitted or considered prudent by the Army Medical Regulations. Nor does this exhaust the matter. A vast amount of stores of all kinds have been provided by the various charitable societies, the chief of which is the Red Cross; not so-called 'comforts' merely, but such downright necessities as pillows, beds, and bandages, the necessary equipment of a hospital. A list of such provisions as supplied to the State hospitals by private enterprise might cause surprise in view of the official statement that 'only 'a few nail-brushes' were needed at the opening of the campaign, and that as the war proceeded 'stores have been piled up to an almost embarrassing degree.'

Hitherto we have been investigating a marvel and a mystery; a department, confessedly in deterioration, suddenly called upon to meet a crisis for which it was not organised, and facing it, as is alleged, without a flaw in its organisation or a complaint raised so as to meet official ears. One cause of this paradox has now been disentangled, the advent of civil aid to a degree quite unparalleled. But there are other causes. During the first four months of the war, until Lord Roberts's march on Kimberley and Bloemfontein in February, eight important battles were fought, four by Lord Methuen, one by General Gatacre, and three by General Buller. All these battles had three

common features—they were fought upon our own soil, their tactics were based upon the theory of the frontal attack, and they were all delivered either on, or close to, a railway. The advantages from a purely medical point of view of such tactics as those of the Modder, or Magersfontein, or Colenso, were great in the following sense. In each case trains were waiting to convey the wounded into the chief centres of civilisation, Cape Town and Pietermaritzburg, and thus no difficulties of transport or commissariat could easily arise, so that it was therefore perfectly open to all men to suppose that here was 'the one bright spot in the war.'

Another explanation of the mystery was that the sickness was for many months extraordinarily light. Until January, for instance, the health of Lord Methuen's force was extremely good, while at Colesberg General French's troops were healthier than at home. But the most authoritative and final statement made upon the point was that of Mr. Wyndham in the House of Commons on March 16. 'Do 'not let it go abroad,' he said, 'that there has been a 'great amount of sickness in South Africa. The percentage 'of sickness has been far lower than in any other case of 'which we have any record.' These words were uttered three days after Lord Roberts's army had entered Bloemfontein. Consequently, if the men up to that date had been healthy beyond parallel, then easy beyond parallel had been the task of the Army Medical Department. Thus we have said enough to show that until March a remarkable combination of favourable circumstances postponed any question as to the efficiency of our medical arrangements at the front. There was no test because there was no pressure; everything was 'perfect' because the hour of stress had not come.

And yet, such is the perversity of human criticism, even in those days here and there a voice was raised. Towards the closing days of December, we read in the 'Times:' 'Complaints have been freely made for some time past 'about the military hospital accommodation at Cape Town; 'there is a want of organisation and foresight; the whole 'establishment was calculated on too small a scale; the 'number of nurses and orderlies is insufficient; it is absurd 'that the Army should depend on charity for sufficient 'food; there is a lack of a strong central organising head.' In the 'Guy's Hospital Gazette' appeared severe reflections on the management even of the hospital train after the battle of Belmont. The 'Times of Natal' also made certain criticisms on the Natal arrangements, which were, however,

at once stigmatised by the leading surgeon as 'unwarrantable, mischievous, cruel, and false.' But these were solitary and jarring notes, lost immediately in oblivion, or swiftly condemned by authorities beyond appeal. Like the sudden cry of some animal in the wilderness, they came and went without a trace, and were followed by a silence profounder than before.

It was on February 12 that Lord Roberts left his camp at the Modder River, and with some 45,000 men commenced the movement which ended on March 13, a month later, at Bloemfontein. During that month, in spite of the terrible heat and drought, the health of the troops was excellent. But now that for the first time we no longer rested upon a railway, an essential weakness of our medical organisation was revealed. It had no transport of its own, and, transport being short generally, its equipment both as regards ambulances and bearer companies was cut down to one-fifth of that usually allowed. What happened? At the battle of Driefontein, for instance, on March 10, there were about 400 wounded and only four of our ambulances to serve them. The result may be imagined when it is stated that our ambulance-wagon, an antiquated affair, holds only two men lying down and three or four sitting up. The consequence was that the removal of the wounded to hospital was not finally accomplished until the middle of the succeeding day. Fortunately, the general situation was alleviated by the arrival of a private hospital, the New South Wales ambulance, which, having its own transport, proved invaluable. 'Without this field hospital,' as Mr. Watson Cheyne, the leading surgeon with Lord Roberts's army, has observed, 'the 'Army Medical Department would very often have been in 'serious difficulties.'* It is curious that at almost the same date the organisation of the Army Medical Staff in Natal was also undergoing its first serious trial. Here the staff, and not the transport, was being tested. On March 1 General Buller entered Ladysmith. Up to that time the health of the Natal field force had been excellent, but now, with the sick in Ladysmith and with the sickness caused by the hardships endured during the relief, heavy calls were made upon the medical staff. Yet so little provision had been made to meet such an obvious emergency that 'there 'is not a single field hospital in Natal which has its full 'complement of officers and men, most of them having lost

* Times, July 23, 1900.

'from twenty to forty per cent. of their establishment from 'sickness and other casualties, there being no reserve to fall 'back upon.' *

A more serious strain was to come. Cronje surrendered on February 27, but during the days of his obstinate resistance, in the Paardeberg laager, the men encamped on the Modder below had drunk the water poisoned by the presence of that refuse and decay which is always so prominent a feature of a Boer camp. A month later, with the punctuality of a natural law, typhoid became rife among the troops who by that date had been some little time established at Bloemfontein. These cases, once having declared themselves, run for nearly a month, and accordingly any one who saw Bloemfontein on April 28 or thereabouts was witness of the results of the Paardeberg encampment exactly two months previously.

The Paardeberg laager was followed by another event of medical importance, the capture of the Bloemfontein water-works by the Boers on April 3, and again with equal punctuality, about a month later, in the early days of May, a further outbreak of typhoid began. At that time the troops were clearing from Bloemfontein for an advance on Kroonstad, and they accordingly entered that place on May 12 with the new fever constantly declaring itself among them.

The absolute perfection of our medical organisation in South Africa had become meanwhile so much an axiom among the people of this country, and had been so repeatedly enforced upon them by authority, that an article published by Mr. Burdett-Coutts on June 27, in the 'Times,' as one of a long series upon the general question of our wars and our wounded, was received with positive stupefaction by the British public. The pith of the statement was that on the date of April 28 before mentioned, hundreds of typhoid patients were lying in the Bloemfontein field hospitals 'with no milk and hardly any medicine, without beds, 'stretchers, or mattresses, without pillows, without linen of 'any kind, without a single nurse among them, with only a 'few ordinary private soldiers to act as "orderlies."' It should be added that once the way had been opened by this critic the press, particularly the country press, opened its doors to numberless similar statements. The 'Daily 'News' correspondent stated of Natal that 'on the face of

* Brit. Med. Journal, May 26, 1900, p. 1311.

'it there appears to have been scandalous mismanagement,' while a medical correspondent of the 'Times' declared that 'if the condition of the sick at Bloemfontein was bad, words 'fail to describe the state of affairs here at Kroonstad, a 'shambles of sick soldiers lying immured and untreated.' Into the accuracy or otherwise of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's statement we are not concerned to enter, since Mr. Wyndham at once frankly admitted that 'to a lamentable 'extent it is true,' and since Mr. Watson Cheyne, the leading scientific authority with Lord Roberts at the time, has subsequently written as follows:—

'These field hospitals,' he wrote in the 'Times' of July 23 last, 'had arrived in Bloemfontein with a very much reduced equipment, and they very soon became overcrowded with sick to a most distressing extent, and not only was there extremely imperfect accommodation for the patients, but both the medical staff and the orderlies were undermanned and very much overworked. As the epidemic continued to spread this sad state of matters became daily more and more distressing, while there was but little increase in the facilities for dealing with it.'

We think that it will be more profitable to consider what ought to be done in future, and this leads us necessarily to consider what are the principles which should govern the organisation and direct the energies of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

It has been argued that every one anticipated that this was to be another of our comparatively small wars, and that therefore it could not be expected that our medical corps should have been prepared to meet it. But this plea in reality is beside the point. A body such as the one under discussion must clearly be organised on such a scale as to meet the needs of the largest body of men which this country can put into the field. It seems to be recognised that under our existing system about 200,000 is the number which we can maintain in the field for any length of time, and thus our medical arrangements must be framed to meet such an emergency. On this view an organisation, or at least a framework, should at all times exist equal to the demands of any such crisis. On the other hand, it is clearly impracticable and undesirable on the score of expense and other reasons to maintain a standing Army Medical Department fully up to the strain of a great war, since in peace time its members would be necessarily idle and superfluous. This problem has been solved in Germany as follows. In that empire every medical man who has served in the army

possesses a fixed military rank, even if engaged in civil practice, and is liable to be called upon to serve as a medical officer when and where required. Those who have not served in the regular army, but are in private practice, receive annually an inquiry addressed to them by the War Office as to whether they are prepared to assist their country in time of war. Every German medical man who has served in the army at all is maintained for nineteen years under military orders—that is, he possesses a fixed rank, and is allotted, even in time of peace, a known military post which he would occupy if war broke out. Thus the university professors hold high military positions, corresponding to their civil standing and attainments, rank as lieutenant-generals or generals, and in the event of war act as consulting surgeons to the medical officers of the army in the field or the base hospitals. On the other hand, the efficiency of the medical officers employed by the army in time of peace is carefully ensured. The most promising of them are sent to do duty for a year at a time in the medical and surgical departments of the great civil hospitals, while the senior medical officers serve in rotation in the larger military hospitals, in which are treated not merely soldiers but all kinds of ordinary patients. Compared with this elaborate and instructive system what have we to show? Will it be unpatriotic if we answer—little or nothing? As regards the Army Medical Department the system is as follows: The candidate, who must be between twenty-one and twenty-eight years of age, after passing an examination for entrance attends a course at Netley, and, passing out after another examination, receives a commission as lieutenant with pay of 200*l.* a year. From this point he rises to the ranks of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, an advancement practically determined by seniority and not merit, though there are two qualifying examinations. From these lieutenant-colonels a board selects twenty-four colonels, and from these again 10 surgeon-generals. Such, very briefly stated, is the hierarchy of the profession.

Two points of primary importance suggest themselves at once to the observer. In the first place, there is no system by which the members of the corps are kept abreast of the time and practised in the difficulties of their profession, as is ensured by the German system, nor, as in Germany, is there any system whereby civilians are at once drafted into the corps in case of war. As regards the first point, it is urged in answer that all the larger military hospitals

are being, or are now, provided with operation rooms on the most modern lines, and that in India and the colonies there are cantonment hospitals where much experience is gained; but this answer is of only a limited nature, and at all events has no application to that one-third of the army medical officers serving in Africa who, as already pointed out, had not more than two years' experience. Leave for study has been promised as often as it has been proposed, but has seldom been given on account of shrunken establishments. The army medical officer spends so much of his time abroad in isolation from modern scientific progress that an occasional leave for study is a real necessity, not merely in fairness to himself, but in justice to the valuable lives placed under his care. If, according to Lord Lansdowne, it is the men of minor capacity who enter, and if these men are promoted practically according to seniority, and if the State does not enforce their attendance from time to time at the best civil hospitals, with all their vast range of cases from which to learn, it becomes a matter of absolute certainty that the standard of the profession must be low.

As regards the measures taken to reinforce the corps in time of war the Medical Reserve can scarcely be said to be useful if, as already mentioned, it could provide only four officers to proceed to the seat of operations. The State had accordingly to look for civil practitioners. But, in the first place, it had no system of calling upon civilians; nor, of course, when those civilians had answered the advertisement, had they received any training in military medical affairs. For instance, at the outbreak of war, in order to fill up vacancies at home, civil practitioners were advertised for at a pay of 270*l.* a year, while as regards the front civil surgeons were secured at the rate of 365*l.* a year, with certain extra allowances and a gratuity of two months' pay on conclusion of service. Also a few eminent consulting surgeons were despatched at a salary of no less than 5,000*l.* a year. We cite these facts not as an account of all that was done, but as an example of the want of system, and, perhaps we may add, in respect of the last figure, of the expenditure that prevailed. But expenditure and want of system are old and inevitable allies. Suppose that in time of peace the War Office, as in Germany, were to keep a list of those civilians willing to serve in time of war, were to give a selected number a retaining fee, in return for which they were to undergo occasional instruction in the elements

of military medical organisation, then by an easy and immediate process an efficient reserve would have been created against a time of stress.

Passing from the training of the superior to that of the lower ranks, something must be said as to the instruction of orderlies and nurses. The army has hitherto neglected the question of female nursing, and, as already explained, did not place more than sixty or seventy of its own nurses at the seat of war up till a recent date at least. For instance, Mr. Clinton Dent, writing in March of No. 4 General Hospital in Natal, commonly known as the Mooi River Hospital, said that there were only nine nursing sisters at work. Nursing was, therefore, practically out of the question, since the beds numbered nearly six hundred. All that the sisters could provide was a general superintendence —valuable beyond question, but still of necessity so limited that its value was reduced to the smallest compass. Nurses were not only deficient, but in the early stages offers of trained nurses were actually declined. But as the war proceeded, as orderlies became scarce, as Lord Roberts insisted on female nursing, and as the usefulness of such assistance became apparent to all, more particularly at the base hospitals and in fever cases, the number of nurses was increased. Recourse was had to the Army Nursing Reserve already referred to, the selection for which rests with a sub-committee of the Red Cross Society. The qualification is three years' training in a civil hospital of a size adequate to ensure a varied training, good certificates, and a personal inspection of each candidate by a member or members of the committee. The regulations provide for nine nurses for a general hospital of 520 beds, but so inadequate was such a provision found in practice that in April, for instance, Nos. 1 and 3 General Hospitals at Capetown had 58, instead of the prescribed 18 nurses, between them. The regulations allow no female nurses closer to the front than base hospitals. Clearly the experience of the war is in favour of female nursing, to be utilised to a far greater extent than hitherto, having this further advantage, of releasing men for work at the immediate front. This, in its turn, will necessitate that organisation of a female nursing service, which has hitherto been neglected.

As regards the orderlies, it is not to be disputed that very often there has been a grave deficiency of such men, their places having to be taken for longer or shorter periods by untrained regimental orderlies or the actual convalescents

of the hospital itself. The situation has been saved to some extent by volunteer societies, and principally by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade. Here, again, the system has been somewhat haphazard, and the men of the brigade, though admirable and willing, have not had the advantage of a practical training. This might be placed at their disposal in peace time by the State, which in return would have the advantage of knowing the quality and capacities and numbers of fully trained men on whom it could lay its hand in time of war. Such men could also be directly enlisted in the great centres of labour, trained in the evenings in the various duties of hospital orderlies, taken out once a year for a fortnight's field training, and given a retaining fee to come when called for. In this way a fine reserve of male nurses could be created, ample for all emergencies.

Having now dealt with the weaknesses disclosed and remedies suggested by the present war in the organisation and training in peace-time of the medical officers, nurses, and orderlies, let us deal as clearly and as concisely as possible with the proper principles which should govern the disposition of this *personnel* and its equipment on the outbreak of hostilities, using this war to illustrate and enforce them. According to the published arrangements, the first army corps was assigned four general hospitals, four stationary hospitals, twelve field hospitals, and eight bearer companies, one to each of the eight brigades into which the army corps was divided. Each of the brigades has also a field hospital —that is, eight altogether—and the total of twelve above named is accounted for by the fact that each of the three infantry divisions has a field hospital attached to its divisional troops, while the corps troops of the army corps have another field hospital assigned to them also—that is, twelve field hospitals altogether. The theory is for the general hospitals to remain at the base, for the stationary hospitals to be on the lines of communication, and for the field hospitals and bearer companies to provide for the immediate requirements of the fighting force. The question at once presents itself as to how the *personnel* of civilians, which we have already dealt with as the necessary reserve of the Army Medical Corps to be called up in time of war, should be distributed throughout this system. There has been wanting in our present war any very definite method in this respect, and that for two reasons. The staff of a base hospital is constructed in the main with a

view to performing the complete work of a hospital in all its parts, and not to supplying a framework for the admission of civil aid when necessary. Consequently, as soon as pressure arises, where is the civilian to go? To the front—that is, to the field hospitals and bearer companies? But the closer the work is to the front the more does it demand a military training. Are, then, the civilians to remain at the base? But the base hospitals, though permitting, according to regulations, a certain number of civilians, are largely provided for already. The solution of the difficulty is that the existing staff of a base hospital may be analysed up into that which is administrative and that which is medical, the whole consisting of 166 men and 11 women—177 persons in all. The administrative section may, perhaps, be restricted to army men, but the medical section, numbering about 128 persons, could almost wholly be filled up by civilian doctors, orderlies, and nurses, organised under the control and supervision of the administrative section, which is presided over by a colonel, who is the principal medical officer, and a major, who is secretary and registrar. Now in time of war the vacancies occur, of course, mainly among the staff of the bearer companies and of the field hospitals, who are exposed to the risks of an active campaign. Hence, if the staffs of the base hospitals were left as a skeleton into which civilians could be poured in time of war, this would release a large number of trained military men for service at the front. And what applies to the base applies similarly to the stationary hospitals.

The second reason why no very clear system has been in working order during the campaign in the relations between the civilian and military members of the profession at the seat of war is the advent of a number of hospitals organised and manned almost wholly by civilians. Among the many services which these have rendered to the State there is one bearing directly on the matter before us, for they have shown what very little military training is required by those who manage a hospital in time of war. Take the case of the Imperial Yeomanry hospital established at Deelfontein about thirty miles south of De Aar. Though equal in point of the number of their beds to a general hospital, they began at once not with the regulation nine, but with forty nurses. Their staff of some 200 persons did not include more than one member of the regular Army Medical force. Yet this system, so admirable in its practical results, is open, as a system, to a criticism which is very cogent to the point at

issue. When did the first of these hospitals arrive at the seat of operations? This was the Portland Hospital, which may be said to have opened at Capetown there months after the war broke out. And the Portland was no larger than a section of a base hospital, containing, that is, some 104 beds, while the larger Yeomanry hospital did not get into working order until five months of the war had passed. This delay clearly might have rendered the movement very much less useful than it has actually proved, if it had not happened that the war was prolonged and that sickness did not become serious till March. Clearly it would have been better that some framework, some cadre, should have been provided by the Government, or should be provided in future, into which private enterprise should fall at once.

Leaving the base hospitals and moving, so to speak, to the front into the sphere of the stationary and field hospitals and bearer companies, it should be premised that when a man falls wounded in action it is the duty of members of the bearer company to convey him to the collecting and dressing stations, whence he is passed by the ambulance into the field hospital.

If the army is on the move, the field hospitals have to be evacuated as soon as possible and their inmates passed into a stationary hospital, which is established on the lines of communication. A stationary hospital differs from a field hospital mainly in this respect—that it is equipped to receive patients, not temporarily, but for the period wherein they may become fit to return to the fighting line on the one hand, or, on the other, wherein it becomes clear that they must be returned to the base on account of permanent or of prolonged incapacity. If the force, however, is not on the move, it becomes an administrative question as to whether the sick and wounded shall be passed down to the stationary hospitals, or whether the stationary hospitals shall be moved up to the front. For instance, on Lord Roberts's march to Bloemfontein the sick and wounded at the early stages of the march were moved back to Jacobsdal, to Kimberley, and to Enslin; but as the march proceeded the sick and wounded were no longer sent back. After the battle of Driefontein, on March 10, they were left at that place with a field hospital, and then, soon after the entry of the army on March 13 into Bloemfontein, they were sent for and conveyed into that town. Henceforth the business was not to return the sick and wounded to their medical equipment, but to send the medical equipment to the

Bloemfontein army. But where was the equipment? We had held the Modder since the battle of that name, fought in the closing days of November, and, during the course of an occupation of over three months, had piled up a great amount of stores. We had held Nauuwpoort on the line, soon to be opened from the south, ever since the opening of hostilities, with the exception of a very few days of withdrawal. If wagons could go from Bloemfontein, three days' journey, and fetch the sick and wounded from Driefontein, could they not have fetched equipment from the Modder? But Boer raids were to be feared. Then could not the field hospitals have carried equipment across with them on the march with the troops? But they had no transport of their own. Why not, if the New South Wales hospital had its own transport on the same march from Enslin? If *personnel* and equipment had been ready south of the Orange River, could they not have marched by road, as we read was done by a portion of the Irish hospital presided over by Sir William Thomson? * Or why not by train, as soon as the line was opened? Because it must be entirely used to feed the troops. Not so, since it was utilised not only to feed the troops, but to prepare stores for a future advance. If there were twelve trains a day, could not a few trucks have been set apart? Or was it rather that down south there was disorganisation? No. 8 General Hospital did appear—at least its tents did, but apparently not its equipment for a fortnight later; while No. 10 also arrived with its staff, but not its equipment. All these are questions which suggest themselves or have been suggested. Writing in May from Bloemfontein to the 'British Medical Journal,'† Sir William Thomson, surgeon-in-chief to the private Irish hospital, uses these remarkable words: 'The wagon equipment of 'the Irish hospital, fifteen ambulances, has been found of 'inestimable advantage to the local medical authorities. 'No other hospital here, except the Australian, is supplied 'with such means of transport. We have carried hundreds 'of sick and wounded for the various hospitals which have 'no efficient means of conveyance.' No efficient means of conveyance for the sick and wounded of an army corps of the richest and most generous nation that the world has ever seen!

Certain other very instructive or suggestive lessons are

* British Medical Journal, June 2, 1900, p. 1370.

† Ibid., p. 1371.

also to be learnt, as regards medical arrangements in the field, from the experiences and practice of the Colonial Division, organised by the authority of Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener soon after their arrival at Capetown in January, and placed under the supreme control of Brigadier-General Brabant, with Colonel Hartley, V.C., as the principal medical officer. Early in the war the Imperial authorities, being short of the necessary staff, had taken over the volunteer bearer companies of the Cape Medical Staff Corps, and in December were calling for recruits to that body. Nor was this all. Owing to the pressure upon them, they had further absorbed into their organisation a majority of the rank and file of the medical staff, who are regulars, of that fine body, the Cape Mounted Riflemen. Consequently, when orders came to raise the Colonial Division in the Eastern Province, Colonel Hartley found that besides himself and one sergeant-major there was no medical staff whatsoever in existence. Our well-wishers, however, in that patriotic district clubbed together and subscribed for medicines, ambulances, and medical comforts. Advertisements were issued, and a mysterious and multifarious medley of some eighty persons assembled under the denomination of Brabant's Ambulance, while some fifteen medical officers were chartered, all of whom had practised in the colony and understood the nature of its ailments. On mature consideration, and after experience of the earlier months of the campaign, a departure from the practice of the imperial army was instituted which, as we have arrived upon the subject of bearer companies, it may be well to notice. It should be said that, in order to assist the regimental doctor and regimental stretcher-bearer in a day of battle, a bearer company consisting of three officers and fifty-eight men is attached to every brigade of a corps. It is the business of this company to supply first aid to the wounded, having collected them out of the zone of fire; then, having carried them to the dressing station either by hand or by ambulance, to place them in the ambulances for conveyance to the field hospitals. On a day of battle one sees men carried in, some dying and some already dead, lying on all sides among stained tunics and rifles thrown away. They pass rapidly through the hands of the surgeons and disappear. But as soon as the action is over this large and valuable body of bearers seems to have few or no duties assigned to it. Thus, while the staff of the field hospital may be overworked, the

members of the bearer company may be idle till the hour of the next engagement arrives. It accordingly occurred to the organisers of the medical department of the Colonial Division that the only rational way out of this difficulty is to make the bearer companies an integral part of the field hospital, in order that men of the bearer companies might be given other duties than those already described. A day or two after the relief of Kimberley by General French on February 15 the colonial troops had their first engagement at Dordrecht, to be followed by others at Labuschagne's Nek and on the line of the Orange River. In March heavy rains broke out, and fever, diarrhœa, and dysentery ran their course among the troops. But they coped with all their difficulties of sick and wounded in practical, if rough and ready, colonial fashion by utilising at every point every assistance that a school-house, a public building, or private aid could supply, making use also of the civil hospital at Queenstown as a base hospital. The next event of medical as well as military importance in their history was the siege of Wepener in April, and again they pulled themselves out of their difficulties by availing themselves of the churches, schools, dwellings, and medical stores of Mafeteng and Maseru. Colonel Hartley followed up these measures later by forming small colonial hospitals as occasion demanded at such places as Thabanchu, Rouxville, and Ficksburg. Are not some of these things written even for our own learning? Are they not illustrations of the primary principle that an active organisation of stationary hospitals, wherever and whenever it is humanly possible, is the great secret of medical policy in time of war?

Such, then, stated without fear or favour, is the truth. Such also are the lines on which we trust that her Majesty's Government will undertake to remodel the Royal Army Medical Department. The officers of that great service have had to endure the most arduous labours; they have had to battle with all the difficulties of an imperfect organisation. May it be for the last time!

ART. XI.—1. *The Third Salisbury Administration*, 1895–1900. By H. WHATES. With maps, treaties, and other diplomatic papers. London: Vacher & Sons, 1900.

2. *Liberalism and the Empire.* Three Essays by FRANCIS W. HIRST, GILBERT MURRAY, and J. L. HAMMOND. London: E. Brimley Johnson, 1900.

3. *Address of the Marquis of Salisbury to the Electors of the United Kingdom.* Published in the Daily Papers, September 24, 1900.

SINCE household suffrage was accepted as the basis of the electoral system of the towns eight general elections have taken place, five of them since the extension of that franchise to the whole country; and we have now, therefore, sufficient evidence before us to indicate how far the hopes or the fears of those who took part in the great struggle of 1866 and 1867 have been justified by the event. The genuine terror with which men like Mr. Lowe and the Adullamites regarded the Americanising of the British Constitution, the establishment, as it seemed to them, of the rule of the ignorant and propertyless many over the wiser and better instructed and propertied few, seems to all of us now almost as exaggerated and fantastic as it seemed at the time to the Reformers a generation ago. Property in this country at the present day is at least as safe (we might easily put it higher) as in any other country of the world, or as in our own country at any previous time in its history. Even our country gentlemen, 'with their long line of 'ancestry behind them and their posterity before them,' in spite of the direst predictions, are with us still; and as for the 'Tory Party,' instead of having been extinguished, it claims to have ruled the country, with the exception of a very short interval, for the last fifteen years, and to have at its back at the present time, and in the new Parliament, as it had in the late Parliament, such majorities of the House of Commons as can be compared only with the sweeping Liberal majority which followed the Reform Bill of 1832.

Yet, in truth, our political institutions have been democratised or Americanised, if that expression be preferred. Indeed, it was necessary that they should be, if they were to continue to fit a social condition which circumstances were rendering more and more democratic. No man, who is not deceived by mere party names or party clap-trap, would think of measuring political progress in the last half-

century merely by the test of which party prevailed at the polls. When the Conservative party embraced the policy of what used to be called 'the Bright Clauses' in dealing with Irish land, when it made education free, and when it substituted in the government of counties a representative system for the old privileged administration of local affairs, it was conclusively established that no prejudiced attachment to the ways of the past would prevent Conservative statesmen from leading their countrymen in the paths of political progress according to the exigencies and requirements of their own day.

What, we wonder, would Mr. Lowe have said to the third item of the references at the head of the present article? How comes it that Lord Salisbury issues an address to the electors of the United Kingdom? Lord Salisbury is a Peer, and in Mr. Lowe's time, and long afterwards, were a Peer to have requested the electors of any particular constituency to record their votes for any special candidate, the Commons of the Realm would almost have been in arms at the aggression upon their dearest privileges. Even now we take it that, were, say, the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire, or Lord Salisbury himself in Herts, to issue an address to the electors of those counties warning them of the danger to their party of abstention from the poll, and urging them to record their votes for the Government candidates, so novel a step would be keenly resented by each constituency, and would produce little benefit locally to the Unionist cause.

It is, however, not chiefly as regards the relation of a Peer to the electorate that Lord Salisbury's action is of interest. It is as Prime Minister that he appeals to whole people in language directly addressed to them; an appeal which, with the exception of his own similar appeal in 1892, is, we believe, in form without precedent. When the Prime Minister has been a member of the House of Commons it has been usual to regard and to describe his address to his own constituency as a manifesto to the country at large. When a Peer is Prime Minister a similar object has been attained in a different way. Thus Lord Beaconsfield's famous letter of 1880 to the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was intended as an address to the country, and it was accepted by the public as a manifesto of policy from the head of the Government to the people as a whole. In constitutional theory the Government depends upon the support of Parliament, not on the direct vote of the electo-

rate; but the clear tendency in modern times has been in the direction of modifying the old theory, and towards regarding the House of Commons less as an arena of national debate, than as a mere piece of machinery by which the electorate puts in or out of office the Executive Government of its choice. Among ignorant people the belief is not uncommon (indeed at least one recent election address shows that it was held by a candidate for Parliamentary honours) that the Executive Government becomes extinct with the dissolution of Parliament. Thus, in their belief, a very close approximation indeed has been brought about with the American system.

Lord Salisbury, in 1892 and in 1900, recognised facts, and acted accordingly without any slavish adherence to old forms. Yet there is sometimes not a little virtue in old forms, and even in constitutional fictions. As yet no statesman has, in this matter, followed the example of Lord Salisbury. Yet his is clearly an example which might be followed by a leader of opposition as easily as by a Prime Minister; and we are not enamoured of a possible future spectacle of a general election where rival addresses are issued by party leaders 'to the electors of the United Kingdom.' Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are, of course, equally entitled with the Prime Minister to ask for the support of the whole electorate, and to get it if they can. Still, a general election to choose the British Parliament is one thing; the choice of a President and Executive Government for a fixed term of years is another thing, and something is to be said for retaining old forms which keep these ideas distinct.

It is certain that, at the General Election which is just over, the one question which transcended and kept out of sight every other was the question of the choice of Executive. *Who* is to govern the country? was the question every elector put to himself. He did not ask what laws should the new Parliament pass; and hence very seldom have so few pledges been required from candidates. The war with the Dutch Republics, regarded in the light of a war to repel aggression, was exceedingly popular; and the chief concern of the electorate has been to see that its results should redound to the establishment of British supremacy in South Africa, and to the general strengthening of the military and naval position of the Empire. This policy has had for its chief representatives before the country the Prime Minister, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen, and Sir M. Hicks-Beach,

men individually of the highest standing and of long-proved worth, closely united together, and heartily supported by a very large majority of the late House of Commons. To whom else *could* the electors look for guidance? It was perfectly clear to them that in South Africa, in China, and in foreign affairs generally there were difficulties, very probably dangers, ahead of us, which would make firm and careful steering essential to the safety of the State. However complete has been our military success in South Africa, the possible danger to the Empire due to insufficient readiness for war has been borne in upon the mind of every elector. This, we think, is likely to be the most enduring effect which the war has produced upon the popular mind. Had the South African war broken out at the time of the Fashoda trouble, or had Russia in November or December last despatched a force to Afghanistan, it is plain that the defence of the Empire would have been no easy task. So reasons the elector. This feeling of insecurity has gone very deep indeed, and it has, naturally enough, turned men more than ever away from statesmen whose chief and almost only claim to consideration has been the inheritance of the political mantle of Mr. Gladstone.

No one can pretend for a moment that there are not, on the so-called Liberal side in politics, individual statesmen in many respects well fitted to take part in the government of the country. The public has, indeed, never recovered the shock it received when they turned their backs upon their own past in order to follow Mr. Gladstone in the great *volte-face* of his old age, half a generation ago. If Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, and Lord Spencer, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Henry Fowler are still to be accounted Home Rulers, it must be admitted that they are able to keep under strict control their zeal for the establishment of a separate Irish Parliament in Dublin. The electorate —the British Liberal electorate, we mean—is sick of the very words 'Home Rule.' If Home Rule is not dead, it is not their fault. But, unfortunately for 'Liberals,' the mere wishing Home Rule dead does not kill it, or kill the disastrous consequences that have followed from their ill-starred alliance with a section of Irish politicians whom the country now thoroughly understands.

Can there be a Liberal Government when there is no longer a Liberal 'Party'? 'Party,' according to Burke's well-known definition, 'is a body of men united for promoting by their

'joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular 'principle in which they are all agreed.' Where do we see 'a united body of men'? Where are their 'joint en- 'deavours'? Where is 'the principle in which they are all 'agreed'? For years past there has been little evidence of the existence of these essentials to any political party in the conduct of the Opposition in the country, or in the House of Commons, or even on their own Front Bench. It is the fashion when a party is disorganised and discredited to lay all the blame upon faulty leadership, and thus Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have successively been held accountable for the disastrous condition to which the Opposition have been reduced. In truth, the leadership has been unsuccessful from no want of capacity on the part of the leaders, but from the absence, among those it is proposed to lead, of any fundamental agreement of political opinion. The fact of the matter is that the Liberal Party, if so it is to be called, has gone to pieces, and no mere selection of 'a leader' will suffice to reunite it. There can be no doubt that some day again, possibly much sooner than is generally expected, a formidable opposition will grow up; but it will be born out of conditions and be the result of circumstances not yet in view. Who, at the commencement of any one of the last seven Parliaments, could have anticipated the events which attended its close? One thing, however, seems certain—viz., that a successful party cannot be formed out of the heterogeneous elements, English and Irish, which for some years it has been the vain effort of a succession of statesmen to weld together. The shipwreck of Home Rule was too complete to render possible the reorganisation of the old crew; but that is no reason why, as time goes on, Parliament and the country should not again see that for which they would both be the better, a strong, united, and responsible Opposition.

The plain issue before the country was amply sufficient to justify the overwhelming support given by the electorate to Lord Salisbury's Government, and the result was perhaps almost as much due to the demerits and want of character of the Opposition as to the high deserts of the Administration. To the ordinary elector, there really appeared to be no choice; and it is more than doubtful whether Liberal candidates could have polled even the numbers they did had electors supposed the effect would have been to eject Lord Salisbury from power. Party names have a strong hold over voters, and in all probability many a man, especially towards

the end of the elections, voted Liberal in the comfortable feeling that his party allegiance would do no harm.

In every general election there is of necessity much exaggerated nonsense, on the one side and the other, poured into the ears of the electors. Electioneering, as professionally conducted, is not a high-class business, and where without any exaggeration the issues to be determined were so plain it is to be regretted that attempts should have been made to create personal antipathy and prejudice against political opponents, and to treat a difference of political opinion as if it involved a want of patriotism. Mr. Chamberlain has had the compliment paid him of being the most attacked statesman in the Government. Unfortunately many of the attacks took the singularly offensive form of imputing, without the slightest foundation, interested motives of a private character in the business of administration. Indeed, if these charges meant anything at all, they conveyed a suggestion of positive corruption. With some few electors this sort of thing might tell, but by the great mass of them it must assuredly have been felt that this was a 'striking 'below the belt' unworthy of English politics, and the slander must have recoiled on those for whose benefit it was employed. On the other hand, the preposterous absurdity of charging Englishmen who condemned the South African war, or who disbelieved in the policy of annexation of the Republics, with disloyalty to their own country, though it might tickle the ears of party groundlings and draw thoughtless cheers from party mobs, brought no real strength to the Unionist cause, and served only to exasperate political opponents. The Liberal party has plenty of failings, but no reasonable man seriously associates Liberal candidates or Liberal electors in general with the views of Dr. Clark.

There can, we think, be little doubt as to the meaning of the General Election. Lord Salisbury's Government is to carry out the arrangements in South Africa consequent upon the war, it is to continue to conduct our foreign affairs so as to safeguard Imperial interests all over the world, and it is to strengthen the military and naval defences of the United Kingdom so as to render those interests as secure as possible against attack. This is the whole mandate of the country to the new Parliament, a 'mandate,' general in its character, leaving entire freedom to the Government to adopt its own measures, and at the same time a 'mandate' limited to what may be termed the non-domestic fields of political action. As to home affairs the country appears to

be satisfied with the steady progress made during the last five years, of which an excellent account will be found in the very useful history of 'Lord Salisbury's Third Administration' cited at the head of this article. The country in 1892 did not ask for, and was not promised, any showy legislation such as would strike the imaginations of men, and accordingly it is not disappointed at a record of useful and practical, though for the most part unsensational, legislation. One measure of exceptional importance deserves to be mentioned—the Workmen's Compensation Act. An entirely new principle has been introduced throwing upon the employer the burden of compensating employés for injuries received from any cause in the course of their employment. The fears felt by very many employers at the passing of the Act have been greatly allayed by a few years' experience of its operation, and many of them frankly confess that their alarm was founded on misapprehension. Parliament has already greatly extended the scope of the Act, and the Government, and in an especial degree Mr. Chamberlain, are entitled to receive the greatest credit for what promises to be a most beneficial reform of the law.

How far the new Parliament is specially well fitted to carry out the desires of the country remains to be seen. The majority at all events is ample, but quality as well as quantity counts for something even in parliamentary politics; and it was never more necessary than at present that the character of the House of Commons, its independence and high tone in debate, should be preserved. Some time must elapse before any judgement can be formed as to the value of the new elements added by the General Election. The disappearance of several members of mark is much to be deplored in the interest of the House of Commons itself, irrespective of party considerations. For thirty years Mr. Goschen has been one of the most respected and trusted of our statesmen, doing equal service to the State whether in or out of office, and affording an example to younger men of the influence which may be won by courage, and an independence which no one was ever so foolish as to suppose sprang from anything but the most patriotic motives. Mr. Goschen has not, perhaps, always played his own game well; but then it was never his own game that he was playing, and certainly, when the full history of the troubled politics of the last thirty years comes to be written, few names will stand higher in the estimation of his countrymen than that of Mr. Goschen.

Mr. Courtney has also, we have no hesitation in saying, served his country well, and assuredly the country has given him very little thanks for his pains. Yet the House of Commons without Mr. Courtney will be much the poorer. He was necessarily and by nature always in a minority and the strenuous advocate of the rights and of the cause of minorities. In a democratic age King Majority is absolute monarch. He is surrounded with courtiers, and flattery is the easiest road to favour. Nevertheless, as with the older-fashioned absolute monarchies that the world has known, it is not an altogether happy condition of affairs when men are silenced for giving advice which is unpalatable to the powers that be. However little they may have agreed with Mr. Courtney's views, members of both parties will miss in him a most able, thoughtful, and conscientious man, whose frequent interventions in debate never failed to raise its tone and deeply to interest the whole House. The Conservatives and Liberals have each lost an able speaker who will be greatly missed in the House of Commons, and not only by their own political friends; but Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Birrell are certain to find their way back to Westminster very shortly if they wish to return there; and, on the whole, the new Parliament does not show many gaps among those to whom its predecessor lent a delighted ear.

Rarely has Prime Minister received such a testimony of public confidence as has been awarded to Lord Salisbury in the years 1895 and 1900. He makes again a fresh start with a great majority in both Houses of Parliament, and a free hand. He need not surely bring any reproaches now against the British Constitution! The difficulties which he has to encounter lie in the problems themselves, not in any defects inherent in our system of government. The people have done their part, and it is now the duty of the Prime Minister and his colleagues to do theirs and to justify the confidence reposed in them.

With the end of the war South African politics have entered upon a new stage. Nothing is to be gained by the reiteration of mutual complaints by Dutch and English as to the real cause of the war. Statesmen have to accept facts. The Republics have been conquered and annexed, and a situation exists which many wise and patriotic Englishmen were deeply anxious to avert. The end to be attained—the establishment of just and equal and free government for the whole of South Africa under the British flag—can only come with time, and as a result of

the reconciliation of two races now of necessity bitterly hostile. Mr. Rhodes is reported to have reminded the South African League at Capetown on October 10 that it was against Krugerism, not against the Dutch, that they had fought. Would that this lesson could have been enforced upon them earlier! How different were the two things all who have read the admirable letters of Sir Henry de Villiers must recognise. He and many another British subject of purely Dutch blood in Cape Colony, with entire loyalty, did their very best to resist Krugerism, and so to avert the war which they more than any others in South Africa looked forward to with horror. Since the war it will be for a time more difficult than ever for Englishmen and Dutchmen to make the best of each other; but however difficult, that is what they have to do, and what a prudent statesmanship may greatly help them in doing. Whatever temporary arrangements are found necessary in the annexed States, Cape Colony has the same system of free constitutional government as the other great colonies of the Empire; and no parliamentary system can be expected to work smoothly or satisfactorily while the electorate is torn asunder by the bitterest sentiments of racial animosity. So far the Government of the Cape, supported by Mr. Schreiner and the majority of the Parliament, has not shown any vindictiveness or desire to go beyond what is necessary for the restoration of law and order in the districts where war (practically civil war) prevailed. In some respects for a time more difficulty may be found in Cape Colony than in the annexed States; but so far the action of the Cape Ministry and Parliament promises well, and is such as to encourage the well-wishers of South African constitutionalism. Taking South Africa as a whole, it is clear that the ultimate restoration of a feeling of common citizenship between Dutch and English will depend far less upon any cut and dried so-called 'settlement' of the conquered territories than upon the firmness, patience, sympathy, and tact shown by those who represent the conquerors. We have to substitute a sense of fellow-citizenship among South Africans for the unhappy relation of conqueror and conquered, inevitably the immediate, but, we hope, only the transitory, result of the war. The task before us is no easy one. We began, to our cost, by greatly underrating the difficulties of conquering the Transvaal; do not let us now make a similar mistake as to completing the pacification of South Africa.

How will the Government and Parliament carry out that part of the national 'mandate' which relates to strengthening the military and naval power of the Empire? Here, also, the Government has a perfectly free hand, no sort of pressure in favour of any special measures having been attempted. The dissatisfaction with the War Department is natural, and out of it much useful reform may come; but it is well to recognise that the public has expected from the Department, in the South African war, very much more than it was provided with means to perform. Previous Governments and Parliaments considered, rightly or wrongly, that a very large army was not required for the defence of the Empire, and that we were doing all that was necessary in making ready to send and maintain abroad an army of 50,000 or 60,000 men. That it has been possible to provide at all, at short notice, an army of 200,000 men, and keep them fully supplied, at a distance of many thousand miles across the seas and many hundred miles inland, and that there has been nothing in the nature of a breakdown, reflects great credit not only upon the spirit of the British race all over the world, but upon Lord Lansdowne and those who have assisted him in the arduous work of administration. What the British public now requires is to make provision on a very much larger scale than heretofore against the danger of foreign war. In truth, it is not so much that the War Department has been to blame as that our need for a larger army has now been realised, the inadequacy of our old arrangements having been forced upon the public mind by recent events.

How the very reasonable demand of the country for greater security is to be satisfied, it is for the Government in the first instance to consider. There is no desire to rival the great military empires in the number of the forces which we can put in the field. To the popular mind the problem to be faced does not appear an insoluble one. The United Kingdom and the Empire have to be made practically secure against attack. In our favour is our insular position. We have a very powerful, and we may have, if we choose to pay for it, an overwhelmingly powerful fleet. As regards our military strength, we have a willingness to serve amongst all ranks of the community, as the last eight months have conspicuously demonstrated. There is, after all, a foundation of truth in the foolish old 'Jingo' song. The means of defence seem ample if capacity is forthcoming to organise and utilise them.

It is unnecessary to consider the details of the General Election, which are given and discussed *ad nauseam* in the daily press. No reasonable man can suppose that the overwhelming majority for the Government reflects a permanent preference for Conservatism or Unionism in the party sense at all proportional to the vote. It was expedient, and in our opinion right, not to delay the verdict of the constituencies, and to strengthen at the earliest possible moment the hands of the Government. There is little reason to suppose that a General Election in January of next year would have produced results at all different from this one in October. And it was clearly desirable, to say nothing of the general inconvenience of a January General Election, that the national will should not be left in doubt a moment longer than necessary. Nevertheless, the result of the elections has been largely caused by the passing circumstances of the time, and it would be jumping to a very rash conclusion indeed to suppose that it proves the steady growth in popular favour of the Conservative or Unionist party. The prosperous condition of trade was much on the side of the Government. The verdict was asked for and given almost on a single issue, and this will certainly not be the issue at another General Election; from which reflection Radicals and Home Rulers may perhaps draw some consolation in this day of their gloom.

Apart from the question of the moment, it is interesting to watch the political prescriptions offered from time to time by well-meaning advisers to cure the sickly condition of the Liberal party. Three years ago * we called attention to the laudable anxiety of half-a-dozen 'Oxford men' to discover a principle of wide application, easily understood, to serve as a basis upon which party Liberalism might raise again a noble structure.† In 'Liberalism and the Empire,' published on the very eve of what is described as a coming 'khaki election,' we find the three essayists protesting, with no less fervour than that of the Oxonians of 1897, that the honour—nay, the safety—of the nation requires that its destinies should be in the keeping of the 'Liberal party.' They lose all sense of proportion in their conflict with the modern monster—Imperialism. Now it may be at once admitted that 'Imperialism' may be, and sometimes is, little better than vulgar swagger; that gentlemen whose

* Edinburgh Review, October 1897.

† Essays on Liberalism, by Six Oxford Men. London, 1897.

real interest in politics is financial may try to turn to their own advantage the genuine patriotism of an unsuspecting nation, and that the people do require to be warned of the danger of yielding to the reckless ambition of territorial expansion. It may well be that consolidation rather than expansion is the policy best calculated to increase the strength and welfare of the Empire. To paint the map red may tickle the popular fancy, but it is not necessarily an end at which a wise and patriotic policy must aim.

But the Liberalism of our three essayists is not content with this, for they are determined to prove that in every difficulty in recent years—with the Khalifa at Khartoum, the French at Fashoda, the Boers in the Transvaal—the nation, or rather those who have led it, have been not so much mistaken, as influenced by miserable motives and low ideals. The partisanship which, treating the events of a century ago, can write of Pitt as 'the statesman who sold 'his soul and his country to the war party, Continental 'despotism, and the Court,' may be expected, in the heat of living controversy, to be blind indeed to the actual circumstances and forces of its own day. If this is Liberalism, it is no less certainly partisanship of the narrowest kind. Advocacy such as this does a positive injury to what there is of good (and there is some good) in the cause the essayists espouse. It is not unworthy of notice that, if the position of our essayists could be established, the first result would be the expulsion of Imperialist Liberals—who after all count for something—from the ranks of the Liberal party!

We are told in the preface to these essays that

'there is no sentiment so dangerous, there is no sentiment so easy to stimulate, as the false excess of patriotism. There is probably no country in the world from China to Peru in which the sub-conscious voices of national egotism do not persistently whisper in men's ears the same intoxicating tale: "We are the pick and flower of nations, and (in one sense or another) the chosen people of God! Various foreigners may or may not have their good points, but only we are really whole and right and normal. Other nations boast and are aggressive; only we are modest, and content with our barest due, though it is obvious that we are by nature specially qualified for ruling others, and no unprejudiced person can doubt that our present territories ought to be increased. That our yoke is a pure blessing to all who come under it is a plain fact, proved by the almost unanimous testimony of our own citizens, our historians, our missionaries, our soldiers, our travellers, and only denied out of spite by a few envious foreigners whom no one believes."'

A caricature, of course, even of the self-satisfied jingoism

of the platform and the press, which is far in excess of the sober patriotism of the majority of Englishmen. But can this excessive chauvinism or jingoism best be fought by embracing heart and soul on every occasion the cause of our national foes? Let it be granted that the official and unofficial representatives of the opinions of Englishmen, those who are authorised to speak for them and those who profess to do so, are sometimes too little mindful of the prejudices and even of the natural pride of other nations; still it is too much to tell us that in every quarrel Englishmen are always and wholly to blame! Liberal statesmanship would, it seems, have avoided all the wars of the last five years, and we should have remained in happy and peaceful relations with Afridis, Soudanese, and Boers—a view of things hardly warranted by experience, if we recall to memory the halcyon days of Gladstonian rule! Wars are hateful things in themselves. Yet Liberal, Tory, and Unionist statesmen have all found it, in their judgement, at times necessary to wage them. To contemplate the horrors *only* of any particular war is to incapacitate oneself from passing judgement as to its necessity, possibly even its righteousness. It is mere declamation, and offensive declamation too, to speak of 'the almost motiveless expedition 'to the Soudan, with its barren and intoxicating splendour; 'its necessary weakening of our military power by the 'locking up of British and Egyptian soldiers to hold a 'remote desert; its Oriental pageant of revenges, ex-'tended, it is to be feared, even to the wounded, and in one 'case to the dead.'

More than half of this little volume is taken up by Mr. Hirst's essay on 'Imperialism and Finance,' in which the easy, but certainly by no means useless, task is undertaken of pointing out the prodigious increase in recent years of the expenditure upon the army and navy. Lord Randolph Churchill, as we are reminded, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a stand in favour of economy, and actually retired from the Government because he could not persuade his colleagues to make great reductions in the military and naval expenditure. But, after all, experience is the great test of political wisdom, and, with the light of the last thirteen years, few Englishmen are inclined to reproach their rulers for having maintained a larger military or naval establishment than the necessities of the country required. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach does much more in the cause of economy by persevering in the somewhat thank-

less task of preventing waste than ever Lord Randolph did by resigning. Mr. Gladstone once declared that the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was an unpopular office because the Minister necessarily spent his time in saying to those who clamoured for expenditure, 'No! no! no!' According to Mr. Hirst, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach should be called 'the yes! yes! yes! Chancellor of the Exchequer,'* a nickname we recommend to the consideration of 'the 'Departments' and Members of Parliament in general!

Mr. Hirst's essay is followed by others on the 'Exploitation 'of Inferior Races' and on 'Colonial and Foreign Policy.' It is to be regretted, we repeat, that a blind partisanship and very bad advocacy serve to conceal from the public what there is of good in the views the essayists would press upon it. Times will change, and even the cause of national economy and the reduction of expenditure will some day gain a hearing from the public. When that time comes, if our essayists can manage to urge their case without first insulting their audience, they may yet help forward the really good objects at which they are undoubtedly aiming.

To return to the General Election. The towns of Great Britain have declared almost wholly for the Government; and Great Britain, it must be remembered, is becoming yearly more urban. This is one of the most remarkable features of the General Election. No better reply could be given to the old taunt about the 'classes and the masses,' in which, indeed, from the first there was never anything more than a jingle! That Glasgow should give a solid vote for Lord Salisbury, that the Scotch burghs should return as many Unionists as Liberals to the House of Commons, that Scotland as a whole should show no majority for the 'Liberal Party,' must convince the most bigoted of old-fashioned Scottish Radicals that the policy of modern Unionist statesmen is something different from the 'Toryism' of their younger days, however fondly they as Radicals may cling to the old denunciatory word. From Ireland, as a matter of course, the Nationalist majority greatly predominates, and as usual no members at all are returned who profess any allegiance to the Liberal Party. In Ireland alone has a member of the Government been defeated at the polls, in the person, moreover, of the politician who has worked harder than any one else to soften the party animosity which is the bane of that country, and to bring together

* Essays on Liberalism, p. 40.

men of varying opinions and political connexion to work for the common good. Mr. Plunkett's defeat displays in an unhappy light the difficulties which beset the efforts of a Government influenced by the sole desire of maintaining an impartial rule amidst the jars of faction; and we are afraid that some time must elapse before in that country at all adequate justice is done to the little-requited labours in her behalf of Mr. Gerald Balfour and Mr. Plunkett. What effect among Nationalist rivalries the loss by Mr. Healy's followers of several seats may produce, remains to be seen. For the time being the alliance between Nationalists and Liberals is entirely at an end, and the loss or gain of members to one or the other group of Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons will produce no effect upon the general political situation.

A united party consisting of some 400 Unionists supporting the Government will face on the Opposition benches 190 British Liberals and Radicals, and 80 Irish Nationalists. That is the new House of Commons! The British Liberals in the late Parliament were, as to their political sympathies, sometimes even in their votes, sharply divided among themselves, and it is quite certain that they are not coming back to the new Parliament on any better terms with each other. The Welsh members form a conspicuous element of modern Liberalism, but it is hardly one to which Liberal-Imperialist reconstructors can look for assistance. Yet, if the Liberal party is to be reconstructed at all in the present state of public feeling, it must be by men such as Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey. For the time being, rightly or wrongly, the country can hardly be brought to contemplate seriously a party dominated by the views of anti-Imperialists. Yet this has to be remembered—a strong party in opposition cannot be formed on the principle of agreement with the Government of the day in its main policy. Many amateur advisers of Liberal statesmen, while constantly expressing their desire to see a strong Opposition asserting itself in the House of Commons, appear to think that its chief function will be to lend a helping hand to forward the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers. Now no Opposition ever was, or ever will be, built up out of anything but opposition to the Government of the day. Well, then, to what conclusion are we compelled? To this—that at the present time the conditions do not exist which make possible the reconstruction of a strong Liberal party, or a strong party of any sort in opposition,

and that nothing is to be gained by pretending to unanimity of opinion which has no existence in fact.

It does not, however, follow from this that the present Government will last for ever. Times change, sometimes very rapidly. A general election and a huge majority have given to Lord Salisbury's Administration fresh life and strength, but they do not smooth away all the difficulties that stand between the Government and success. The British people are apt to think that when they have shown their confidence in a Government that Government can do what it likes and get what it wants, and are not always as satisfied as they should be when the Government merely does or gets the best which circumstances admit. Lord Salisbury, eminently successful as he has been as Foreign Minister, has already had some little experience of the exacting expectations of the public. An Opposition cannot be constructed artificially and to order, but one is certain to arise when conditions admit of it, when, as is inevitable, mistakes are made and failure comes, and when, as is also inevitable, the people begin to want a change of men. It is the Irish Alliance and the Home Rule policy that still weigh down the present and obscure the future of British party Liberalism. When these are frankly repudiated an Opposition will perhaps again arise capable of taking advantage of a turn of the tide.

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